

The COLLECTED POEMS
of JOHN RUSSELL HAYES



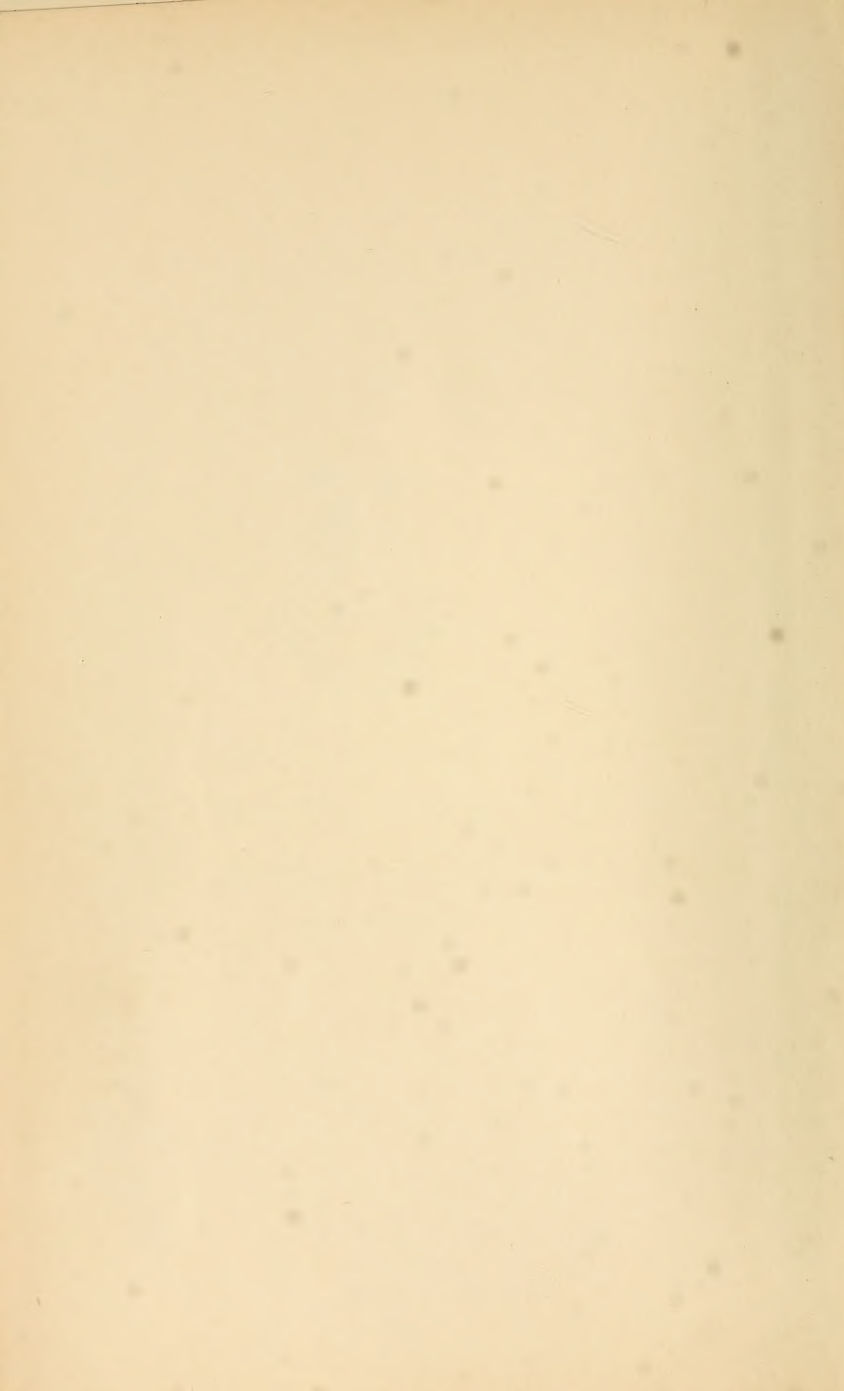


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Collected Poems

The Author's Separate Books

The Old-Fashioned Garden and Other Verses

(out of print)

The Brandywine

Illustrated by Robert Shaw 50 cents

Swarthmore Idylls

Illustrated by Robert Shaw 50 cents

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

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Illustrated 25 cents

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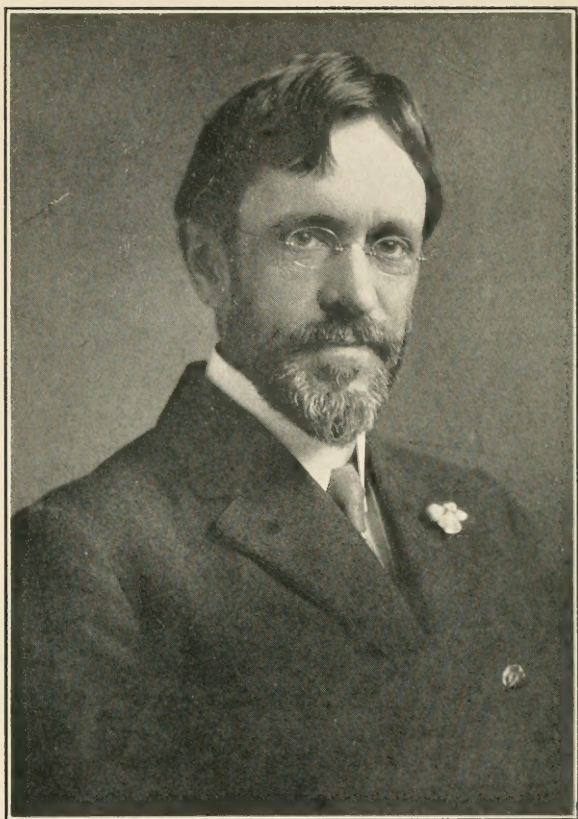
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John Russell Hayer

The Collected Poems
of
John Russell Hayes



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For valued help in publishing this volume, the author is sincerely grateful to these friends:—J. M., W. P. B., C. F. J., E. T. B., and to his brother, J. C. H.

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1895, 1898, 1899, 1909, 1910,
1911, 1914, 1915, 1916,

By

John Russell Hayes

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—A

TO MY FRIENDLY READER

*"I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them.
God hath no better praise,
And man in his few short days
Is honored for them."*

—Robert Bridges

I TOO, have loved goodness and beauty, and in my verse have sought to tell of this love.

Kind hearts, beloved faces, nature in her pastoral moods; the dignity and unworldliness of old-fashioned Quakerism; college ideals; children and their innocent fancies; the sentiment lingering alike round venerable cathedrals and the tranquil meeting-houses of the Society of Friends; ocean and clouds, birds and flowers; the charm of the Brandywine meadows; the storied scenes of Pennsylvania; home-love and music and the friendship of books—these are the subjects of my unambitious song, in whose quiet lines I have sought to follow Wordsworth's faith, that

"We live by admiration, hope and love."

If no tragedy, no deep passion, inform my pages,—my paths have been rather those of pleasantness and peace. I have "found the common daylight sweet, and left to heaven the rest." Unsatisfied by the debate and jargon of modern life, I have found solace in the woods and friendly fields; for

*"'Tis my dream
That best on dawn-red hills I seek the Master's face,
More nearly find Him by a sunlit stream."*

J. R. H.

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*The Old-Fashioned Garden
and Other Verses*

DEDICATION

SWARTHMORE, fairest!
Ah, to thee
Must my earliest offerings be,—
To thee upon thy grassy hill
'Mid thy meadows sweet and still,
With thy charms that dearer grow
As the hasting seasons go.
In the summer of my youth
Drank I at thy founts of truth,
Joying in the ample store
Thou didst ever freely pour,—
Lessons out of Nature's page,
Words of scholar and of sage,
And the love of poets old
Chanting numbers all of gold.
Happy years and dreamy-sweet,
Happy years, but all too fleet!
Holding these in memory
I inscribe my Book to thee.

The Old-Fashioned Garden

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

AMONG the meadows of the countryside,
From city noise and tumult far away,
Where clover-blossoms spread their fragrance wide
And birds are warbling all the sunny day,
There is a spot which lovingly I prize,
For there a fair and sweet old-fashioned country garden
lies.

The gray old mansion down beside the lane
Stands knee-deep in the fields that lie around
And scent the air with hay and ripening grain.
Behind the manse box-hedges mark the bound
And close the garden in, or nearly close,
For on beyond the hollyhocks an olden orchard grows.

The house is hoary with the mould of years,
And crumbling are its ivy-covered walls;
The rain-storms dim it with their misty tears,
And sadly o'er its gloom the sunlight falls.
Ah, different far the sweet old garden there,
For balmy rains and warming suns but make it glow more
fair.

So bright and lovely is the dear old place,
It seems as though the country's very heart
Were centered here, and that its antique grace
Must ever hold it from the world apart.
Immured it lies among the meadows deep,
Its flowery stillness beautiful and calm as softest sleep.

Fair is each budding thing the garden shows,
From spring's frail crocus to the latest bloom
Of fading autumn. Every wind that blows
Across that glowing tract sips rare perfume
From all the tangled blossoms tossing there;—
Soft winds, they fain would linger long, nor any farther
fare!

The Old-Fashioned Garden

The morning-glories ripple o'er the hedge
And fleck its greenness with their tinted foam;
Sweet wilding things, up to the garden's edge
They love to wander from their meadow home,
To take what little pleasure here they may
Ere all their silken trumpets close before the warm
mid-day.

The larkspur lifts on high its azure spires,
And up the arbor's lattices are rolled
The quaint nasturtium's many-colored fires;
The tall carnation's breast of faded gold
Is striped with many a faintly-flushing streak,
Pale as the tender tints that blush upon a baby's cheek.

The old sweet-rocket sheds its fine perfumes;
With golden stars the coreopsis flames;
And here are scores of sweet old-fashioned blooms
Dear for the very fragrance of their names,—
Poppies and gillyflowers and four-o'clocks,
Cowslips and candytuft and heliotrope and hollyhocks,

Harebells and peonies and dragon-head,
Petunias, scarlet sage and bergamot,
Verbenas, ragged-robins, soft gold-thread,
The bright primrose and pale forget-me-not,
Wall-flowers and crocuses and columbines,
Narcissus, asters, hyacinths, and honeysuckle vines,

Foxgloves and marigolds and mignonette,
Dahlias and lavender and damask rose.
O dear old flowers, ye are blooming yet,—
Each year afresh your lovely radiance glows:
But where are they who saw your beauty's dawn?
Ah, with the flowers of other years they long ago have
gone!

They long have gone, but ye are still as fair
As when the brides of eighty years ago

The Old-Fashioned Garden

Plucked your soft roses for their waving hair,
And blossoms o'er their bridal-veils to strow.
Alas, your myrtles on a later day
Marked those low mounds where 'neath the willows' shade
at last they lay!

Beside the walk the drowsy poppies sway,
More deep of hue than is the reddest rose,
And dreamy-warm as summer's midmost day.
Proud, languorous queens of slumberous repose—
Within their little chalices they keep
The mystic witchery that brings mild, purple-lidded sleep.

Drowse on, soft flowers of quiet afternoons,—
The breezes sleep beneath your lulling spell;
In dreamy silence all the garden swoons,
Save where the lily's aromatic bell
Is murmurous with one low-humming bee,
As oozy honey-drops are pilfered by that filcher wee.

The poets' flower, the pale narcissus, droops
Like that lorn youth beside the fountain's brink;
Aslumber are the phlox's purple troops,
And every musky rose and spicy pink;
Asleep the snowdrop's tiny milken spheres,
And all the fuchsia's little white and crimson chandeliers.

A sweet seclusion this of sun and shade,
A calm asylum from the busy world,
Where greed and restless care do ne'er invade,
Nor news of 'change and mart each morning whirled
Round half the globe; no noise of party feud
Disturbs this peaceful spot nor mars its perfect quietude.

But summer after summer comes and goes,
And leaves the garden ever fresh and fair;
May brings the tulip, golden June the rose,
And August winds shake down the mellow pear.

The Old-Fashioned Garaen

Man blooms and blossoms, fades and disappears,—
But scarce a tribute pays the garden to the passing years.

Nay, time has served but to enhance its charms,

And for a century the folk have blest

This glowing isle amid their sea of farms,

On which 'tis sweet the tired eyes to rest.

O'er all the land its flowery spell is cast,

A fragrant chain that links the present with the misty
past.

And here the daffodils still yield their gold,

And hollyhocks display their satin wheels,

The soft harebells as in the days of old

Ring out their carillon of fairy peals,

And dandelion-balls nod o'er the grass

And give from out their fluffy store to all the winds that
pass.

The droning bees still sip ambrosial dew

Within the spiral foxglove's purple tents;

Emboldened by the poppy's angry hue,

Sweet-williams hold their little parliaments,

Discussing in a silken undertone

The mullein's insolence for that, from fields plebeian
blown,

He dares to flaunt his vulgar woollen face

Among the garden's aristocracy.

Long nurtured in this rare and cloistered place,

These gentles hold themselves of high degree,

Disdaining as a common, low-born weed

Each wilding bloom that traces not his line from ancient
seed!

O fair the larkspur's slender tufts of blue,

And fair the saffron-kirtled columbine;

Fair is the lily from whose luscious dew

The elfin-folk distil their honeyed wine.

The Old-Fashioned Garaen

The flags are fair, and fair the flowers that ope
And spread the sweet, old-fashioned redolence of helio-
trope.

Fair is the sweet-pea's witching little face,
And fair the dodder's reels of amber thread;
Fair is the slim brocade of dainty lace
The sweet-alyssum weaves along each bed.
All, all is fair within the garden's bound;
No sweeter or more lovely spot, I ween, could e'er be found.

And here, methinks, might poet-lovers' sighs
Chime with their ladies' sweetly winsome talk,
Here Astrophel adore his Stella's eyes,
And Waller with his Saccharissa walk,
Or Herrick frame a flowery verse to please
His silken-bodiced Julia here beneath the cherry-trees.

Ah, Herrick, what a sunny charm is thine,
Rare laureate-singer of the lovely flowers!
Across thy page the rosy garlands twine,
And dewy April melts in fragrant showers
Of cloudy blossoms, pink and white and red,
And May-Day maidens weave a wreath to crown their
Poet's head.

O sweet old English gardens, he is gone,—
Green Devon lanes, ye know his face no more;
But long as dew-kissed buds shall wake at dawn
And daffodils sway by the grassy shore,
So long will Herrick's floral music sound,
And Memory's greenest tendrils climb to wreath his name
around.

And here on dreamy August afternoons
I love to pore upon his golden book;
And here among the roses that are June's,
On some green bench within a bowery nook,

The Old-Fashioned Garden

Where rosy petal-drift may strew the page,
'Tis sweet to read the pensive numbers of old Persia's sage,

Omar Khayyam, the wisest of the wise.

Ah, now in balmy Naishapur he sleeps
These almost thousand years ; and where he lies
His well-loved rose each spring her petals weeps.
Of what may be hereafter no man knows,—
Then let us live to-day, he cried, as lives the lovely rose!

O stately roses, yellow, white, and red,
As Omar loved you, so we love to-day.
Some roses with the vanished years have sped,
And some our mothers' mothers laid away
Among their bridal-gowns' soft silken folds,
Where each pale petal for their sons a precious memory
holds.

And some we find among the yellowed leaves
Of slender albums, once the parlor's pride,
Where faint-traced ivy pattern interweaves
The mottoes over which the maiden sighed.
O faded roses, did they match your red,
Those fair young cheeks whose color long ago with yours
has fled?

And still doth balmy June bring many a rose
To crown the happy garden's loveliness.
Against the house the old sweet-brier grows
And cheers its sadness with soft, warm caress,
As fragrant yet as in the far-off time
When that old mansion's fairest mistress taught its shoots
to climb.

Enveloped in their tufted velvet coats
The sweet, poetical moss-roses dream ;
And petal after petal softly floats
From where the tea-rose spreads her fawn and cream,—

The Old-Fashioned Garden

Like fairy barks on tides of air they flow,
And rove adown the garden silently as drifting snow.

Near that old rose named from its hundred leaves
The lovely bridal-roses sweetly blush;
The climbing rose across the trellis weaves
A canopy suffused with tender flush;
The damask roses swing on tiny trees,
And here the seven-sisters glow like floral pleiades.

Nor lacks there music in this lovely close,—
The music of the oriole's soft lute,
The gush of cadenced melody that flows
And echoes from the blue-bird's fairy flute;
And here beside the fountain's mossy brink
There rings the lilting laughter of the happy bobolink.

From forth the branches of the lilac tree
The robin-redbreast's bubbling ditties well;—
O cherished will his name forever be,
For he it was, as olden stories tell,
That eased the crown upon the Saviour's head
And with the bleeding thorn stained his own breast forever
red!

And now and then the shy wood-robin comes
And from the pear tree pours his liquid notes;
The black-bird plays among the purple plums;
The humming-bird about the garden floats
And like a bright elf wings his darting flight,
A shimmering, evanescent point of green and golden light.

Down in the lily's creamy cup he dips,
Then whirrs to where the honeysuckle showers
Its luscious essences; but most he sips
From out the deep, red-throated trumpet-flowers;—
Sweet booty there awaits the spoiler's stealth
As horn by horn he rifles all their summer-hoarded wealth.

The Old-Fashioned Garaen

The ragged-robins gaze with pleased surprise
Upon the jewelled beauty flashing there;
The pansies open wide their velvet eyes
And ponder sweetly on that rover fair,
Until the purple Canterbury-bell
Chimes out its little curfew tolling them to slumber's spell.

* * * * *

O sweet is every rural sight and sound
That greets us in the pleasant countryside,—
The fields of crimson clover walled around
With greenest hedges, fertile valleys wide,
Long wooded slopes, and many a grassy hill,
And peaceful silver rivers flowing on from mill to mill.

Sweet is the odor of the warm, soft rain
In violet-days, when spring opes her green heart;
And sweet the apple trees along the lane
Whose lovely blossoms all too soon depart;
And sweet the brimming dew that overfills
The golden chalices of all the trembling daffodils.

Sweet is the fragrance of the fruity vine,
And sweet the rustle of the broad-leaved corn;
And sweet the lowing of the great-eyed kine
Among the milking-sheds at early morn
As they await the farmer's red-cheeked girls,
While still the spiders' filmy webs are bright with dewy
pearls.

And sweet the locust's drowsy monotone,
And sweet the ring-dove's brooding plaint at eve;
And sweet from far-off meadows newly mown
The breath of hay that tempts the bees to leave
The corridors of hollyhocks; and sweet
To see the sun-browned reapers in among the ripened
wheat.

The Golden Days of Old Romance

But sweeter far in this old garden close
To loiter 'mid the lovely, old-time flowers,
To breathe the scent of lavender and rose,
And with old poets pass the peaceful hours.
Old gardens and old poets,—happy he
Whose quiet summer days are spent in such sweet
company!

And now is gone the dreamy afternoon,—
The sun has sunk below yon western height;
The pallid silver of the harvest-moon
Floods all the garden with its soft, weird light.
The flowers long since have told their dewy beads,
And all is silent save the frogs' small choir in distant
meads.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF OLD ROMANCE

I LOVE the golden days of old romance
That live for us in legend and in story,—
The Age of Gold when man was in his glory,
The feats of fairies and their moonlight dance,
The stately jousts with noble knights a-prance,
And lordly loves in castles gray and hoary.
And so I turn to some old allegory
Of merry England, or of sunny France,
Or dreamy Spain; and all entranced I sit
With mystic Arthur at the Table Round,
Or visit that dark vale where Roland wound
His last sad horn, or thread the purple light
Of Spenser's woods, or laugh with him who writ
Of old La Mancha's crazed, fantastic knight.

TO BION

ON HIS 'LAMENT FOR ADONIS'

THE woe of widowed Cypris and the groan
Of that sweet lady drooping o'er the bed
Where lay the form of lovely Adon dead,
Whose too, too early death she did bemoan
For that it left her loverless and lone
Amid the tears the Loves lamenting shed,—
These dolors have in later poets bred
The melancholy music of thy moan,
O gentle Bion. On this languid string
Young Moschus, mourning thine own parting, played;
Sweet Spenser, stroking its sad minors, made
His moan for Sidney, as for hapless King
Great Milton. Last the noble Laureate laid
The 'In Memoriam' as his offering.

SPENSER

I WENT with Spenser into Faerie Land,
And passed through purple forests deep and wide;
Down dim, enchanted glades where I espied
The lovely hamadryads' sylvan band.
Along the marge of many a golden strand
We swept in cedarn shallops down the tide;
And ever as we fared he magnified
The name of Gloriana high and grand.
O mighty Dreamer! great Idealist!
The fields of Phantasie are thy demesne.
Sweet is the marriage-music thou dost play,
And sweet to hear thee pipe the shepherd's lay;
But sweeter far in summertide to list
To the stately measures of thy 'Faerie Queene.'

In Poet-Land

THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES

ON A PICTURE BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON

FAR on the western borders of the world,
Hard by the utmost pale of sunset seas,
Where never mortal men have felt the breeze
Of those dim regions murmur round the furled
And idle sails of vessels tempest-whirled
Far from their course,—dwell the Hesperides,
Forever languorous laid in poppied ease
On beds of amaranth with dew's empearled.
Sweet are their days; no other care have they
Than watching o'er that fruitage fair and golden
Which Earth to Hera at her wedding gave.
A paradise is theirs, and poets olden
Have sung how mortals ever yet essay
To reach those Isles of Bliss beyond the wave.

IN POET-LAND

O WHO will leave sad care and go with me
To that enchanted land where Poets dwell—
A glorious brotherhood—in some far dell
Among the meads of golden Arcady!
There blind old Homer, lord of poesy,
And Virgil, his far son, hear Dante tell
Of that dread pilgrimage through Heaven and Hell.
There Chaucer joys in sunny minstrelsy,
And gentle Spenser floats on silver streams
Of phantasie; and ah, what raptures run
From Shakespeare's lute that shames the
nightingale!
There Milton meditates celestial themes,
Keats paints his purple page, and Tennyson
Is singing Arthur and the Holy Grail.

The Grave of Shelley

VENICE

THEY told me thou wert fallen to decay,
Old Venice, and hadst lost thine ancient pride;
But as upon thy silent streets I glide
And mark the stately piles that line the way,
And all thy spires and domes in dim array
Soft mirrored in the Adriatic's tide,—
I cannot think thy glory all has died.
Nay! in the calmness of thy later day
Thou hast the mellow bloom of ripened age;
Gone is thy youth, yet thou art still as fair
As any dove that haunts thy holy square.
Like Ariadne's was thy heritage,—
A lonely queen beside the silver sea,
Sad but forever beautiful to be!

THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE

I TROD the streets of that fair Tuscan town
And saw the men that Florence called her own;
In pictured effigy and sculptured stone
Repose those peerless sons of old renown.
Far-thoughted Galileo there looks down,
And Michael Angelo, severe and lone,
With that same sleeping strength that he has shown
In his own 'Moses.' And I marked the frown
Of him who traversed Hell and Paradise;
And, near the stone whereon great Dante dreamed,
Calm Brunelleschi's upward-gazing eyes
Fixt rapturous upon his glorious dome;
And last, San Marco's Monk whose lightnings beamed
Like some pure star in that dark night of Rome!

THE GRAVE OF SHELLEY

THE cypress throws across the yellowed stone
Its darkness gathered from the countless years;
The sad, wan flowers drop their pallid tears,
And by the moon the night-owl makes her moan.

Switzerland

And yet no narrow tomb claims him its own,
For where the riotous sea-wind uprears
The foaming billows 'neath the starry spheres,
Forever are his deathless ashes blown.
O Heart of Hearts, bright Ariel of the dawn!
The most ethereal of poetic race!
Like young Actaeon saw he face to face
Divinest Beauty with her veil withdrawn;—
Was it for this he passed from earth so young
And left so soon that glorious lyre unstrung?

THE GRAVE OF KEATS

HERE lies young Adonais, stricken low
All in the dewy morning of his days.
Upon his sleep the soft moon bends her gaze,
As on the Latmian shepherd's long ago,
And for her own loved Poet pours her woe.
Here no dark cypress-tree its shadow sways,
But through the grass the lowly ivy strays
And tender violets in sorrow grow.
Above his earthly bed we stand and weep,
And yet we know his spirit never dies,
Sweeter than all the songs he ever sung.
Soothed in the languor of eternal sleep,
Like his beloved Endymion he lies,
Forever beautiful, forever young!

SWITZERLAND

I SAW thine orchards as they lay aglow
With April's bloom; I saw thy lower vales
Roll their green waves high as the fields where fails
All verdure, 'neath the icy winds that blow
Across those wastes of everlasting snow.
I stood among thy lofty forest dales
And saw the peaceful lake, the mirrored sails,
And all the little universe below.

Ireland

Emblem of Freedom, Switzerland, art thou!

Thy air, thy soil, thy mountains, all are free;
Wild-free thy streams that from the high cliff's brow
Leap joyous down to meet the southern sea.
Before thy Tell's beloved name we bow
And hail thee perfect type of Liberty!

OXFORD

WHO loveth not the hundred-towered town
By which the Isis' lingering waters flow,—
Those mediæval streets where silent go
The pensive scholars clad in cap and gown;
Green gardens whose deep quietude can drown
All worldly thought; the carven fanes where blow
The rapturous organs, and whose dim panes glow
With blazoned saints and kings of far renown!
A city of enchantment thou dost seem,
Rare Oxford, and thy sweet and tranquil charm
Comes like the soothing of an old-world dream
To cheer our restless days, and to disarm
The blinded ones who scorn fair Learning's fame
And rudely seek to mar her ancient name.

IRELAND

THY memory, green Erin, haunteth me
Since first I stood upon Killarney's shore,
Or saw from Limerick's spires the Shannon pour
Its turbid waters toward the western sea;
And in my fancy's hour I turn to thee
To muse upon thy never-failing store
Of ancient myth and legendary lore
Enshrining every glade and rock and tree.
Across thy lonely bogs the Banshee moans,
At eve the fiddle cries in mystic tones,
And elfin-folk dance on the moon-lit green.
Thy scenes I love, but chiefly Mulla's dell,
Where Spenser, rapt in rich enchantment's spell,
Saw his great vision of the 'Færie Queene.'

Addison May

AN OLD-TIME GARDEN

O FOR a garden of the olden time
Where none but long-familiar flowers grow,
Where pebbled paths go winding to and fro,
And honeysuckles over arbors climb!
There would I have sweet mignonette and thyme,
With hollyhocks and dahlias all arow,
The hyacinth inscribed with words of woe,
The small blue-bell that beats a dainty chime
For elfin ears; and daffodillies, too,
The sleepy poppy, and the marigold,
The peony with petals manifold,
And ragged-robins, pink and white and blue.
All these and more I'd have, and back of all
A thousand roses on a mossy wall!

A PORTRAIT OF LUCRETIA MOTT

I LOOK on that serene and saintly face
And mark the placid beauty pictured there;
In that calm countenance no weight of care
Nor darkness of distress could e'er efface
Or overshadow the sweet, old-fashioned grace.
She seems an angel sent to do and dare,
A gentle martyr fortified to bear
Truth's sorest trials. Yet here is no sad trace
Of her life's battles; from those tranquil eyes
There beams a perfect peace. O noble soul,
What do not Truth and Freedom owe to thee!
Thy name we love, thy memory we prize;
And round thy brow we see the aureole
That crowned thy life of sweet philanthropy.

ADDISON MAY

A LAS, that fairest flowers must fall at last!
Alas, that earth should lose such men as he,
And we be reft of one whose courtesy
Made glad the very children as he passed!

Spring

In finest mould his gentle soul was cast,
Learning and wisdom his in large degree;
His days were spent in calm serenity
Communing with the great ones of the Past.
Farewell, rare friend! All empty is thy place,
And e'er shall be; yet we who stay behind
True comfort take as reverently we scan
Thy blameless life, that fine and courtly grace
Of thine, which, wedded to a noble mind,
Made rich 'the grand old name of gentleman.'

"THE GROVES WERE GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES"

THE groves were God's first temples, and to-day,
Should man yet worship there, were he unwise?
The gray old woods whose mighty trunks uprise
In silent majesty, where wildings sway
Their fragrant bells and scent the air with May;
The fields whose flowery beauty open lies
Beneath the glory of the summer skies:—
These have been nature's simple shrines for aye,
These are the temples of the living God.
And so for dome the over-arching blue
I'll take, for floor the soft and verdant sod,
For aisles the trees in stately avenue,—
While myriad choirs of birds in hymns of bliss
Fill all the heart of this vast edifice.

SPRING

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thee, lovely Spring,
Sweet time of mellow rains and gentle dew!
Like Flora comest thou, with retinue
Of every tender plant and leafy thing.
At thy approach the world is wakening,
And tree and shrub and grass their life renew;
The meads are starred with flowers of fairest hue,
And orchards wide their blossomed fragrance fling.

Autumn

Emblem of budding innocence thou art,
Sweet, gentle, virgin season of the year;
A note of love awakes in every heart
When earth enrobes herself in thy rich green.
Then come, sweet youths and maidens all, come near,
And weave a flowery crown for this fair Queen!

SUMMER

SWEET, languorous days of perfect calm and peace
And drowsy somnolence, we love you well:
Fields, woods, and gardens own your lulling spell,
And nature from her labors finds surcease.
On high slow drifts the soft cloud's billowy fleece,
Within the lily's golden-dusty cell
The bees are murmuring, the ring-doves tell
Their evening sorrow, and the farm's increase
Wafts from the bursting mows its odors sweet.
The sheep-bells tinkle faintly on the hills,
And where the vales are swooning in the heat
Upon his droning lute the locust shrills.
O balmy Summer, dear thy soft repose
As is the fragrance of thy sweetest rose!

AUTUMN

'T IS golden Autumn, and a mellow haze
Envelops all the dreamy countryside;
Soon o'er the world will creep a crimson tide
Of fairy fire and set the woods ablaze
With sullen splendor. By the dusty ways
The golden-rod is drooping, and beside
The wall the grapes are swelling in their pride
Of purple lusciousness. The drowsy days
Are almost silent, save where orchard trees
Are dropping down their ripe and ruddy store,
Or where the farmer beats the threshing-floor
With rhythmic flail. Sweet nature's symbols these,
That mark the evening of the dying year
And prelude the approach of winter drear.

A May-Day Invitation

WINTER

NOW earth within the arms of Winter old
Is softly slumbering, and deep and warm
The mantle lies that shields her tender form
From bitter blast and storm and numbing cold.
Upland and meadow, sombre wood and wold,
All silent lie beneath the frost-king's charm;
O'er every frozen stream and sleeping farm
The mage's spell is laid. Like ruddy gold
Low swings the sun in waning afternoon
Down towards the world's blue edge; then comes the moon
And silvers all the land with fairy light.
Within, the hearth glows warm, and 'tis the time
Of fireside joys, when gentle hearts are bright
And beat as sweetly as the sleigh-bells' chime.

A MAY-DAY INVITATION

(To C. F. J.)

COME, let us leave the busy town
And to the country hasten down,—
We'll go this very day!
The hills and dales are deckt with green,
On every bush the buds are seen,
And all the countryside is sweet with May.
What pleasure can the city yield
When every grove and verdant field
Is drest in spring array?
Or who would wish a dusty street
When he can rest his weary feet
In meadows odorous with flowery May?
The robin plumes his ruddy breast,
And to his mate upon the nest
He sings a roundelay;
And all the golden afternoon
The blue-bird pipes his happy tune
And flits among the fragrant fields of May.

Whittier's Birthday

The violets empearled with dew
Reflect the heaven's perfect blue,
The tulips softly sway;
The primrose haunts the woodland hills,
And golden-hearted daffodils
Dance gaily in the balmy winds of May.

The orchards are a lovely sight,—
The trees embowered in pink and white,
Each like a great bouquet;
And wide they spread their spicy scent
Till all the air is redolent,
And O, we wish that it were always May!

The city bindeth men with care,—
Engaged in this and that affair
They wear their lives away;
But in the country's leafy lanes
Simplicity securely reigns,—
Care sorteth not with happy-hearted May.

Then leave thy desk and come along,
We'll go and hear the robin's song,—
Let's haste without delay!
We'll drink a draught of morning dew,
And wandering the meadows through
We'll see the country girls bring in the May.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY

DEAR Friend, we come to yield anew
The reverence we owe thy name,
And celebrate with fresh acclaim
Our Quaker Poet, strong and true.
For though there needs no day of praise
For him who held with all his sect
That love and honor and respect
Belong alike to all our days,—

Whittier's Birthday

Yet do we love in special wise
To celebrate his nat̃l day,
And, pausing in our onward way,
Look back awhile with reverent eyes
Upon his long and noble life,
A life as blameless and serene
As yet the world has ever seen,—
Yet one that had its doubts and strife,
Its martyrdom to sternest duty
In days when men were weak with fear,
A life that grew from year to year
Nearer the type of godly beauty.

Lowly his birth, his fortunes low,
His kin a plain and simple folk;
The weight of toil and labor's yoke
He learned from early years to know.
And yet there blossomed in his heart
A passion native-born and strong,
That made him love the poet's song
And practise it with homely art.
A 'barefoot boy' he oft would climb,
In lonely mood, his favorite height,
And, gazing o'er the hills, recite
The songs of Burns, or set to rhyme
His thoughts of fields and woods below,
The grassy meads and joyous brooks,
The flowery banks and sylvan nooks,
And the blue river's peaceful flow.

And as he strengthened day by day
His touch upon the lyric string,
The world was glad to hear him sing,
This nightingale in Quaker gray.
But when there swept across the land
The ebb and flow of Freedom's tide,
The tuneful harp was laid aside,
And Whittier stood hand in hand

Whittier's Birthday

With those great comrades true and brave
Who led the van of that crusade
Which cleansed the sullied land and made
A freeman of the shackled slave.
'Twas then he shone upon our sight
A second Milton among men,
The poet scourging with his pen
The enemies of truth and right.

And still like that great Puritan—
When peace succeeded iron war,
He donned his singing robes once more,
And, newly heartened by the span
Of those dark years, he sang with tone
So full of hope, so large and free,
It made the mourning nation see
That o'er the hills the sun still shone.
He sang in songs of many keys,—
He sang of home and sweet content,
And through his verses came the scent
Of flowers, and sounds of birds and bees.
He sang of duty, faith, and love,
He sang the brotherhood of man,
And ever shorter made the span
That parts us from the life above.

The life above,—ah, it is thine,
Dear Heart, for, ever through the years,
Through all thy human hopes and fears,
There gleamed a spirit half divine,—
A spirit that in all its moods
Of joy and grief obeyed the Light,
That read the laws of God aright
And followed the Beatitudes.

His creed,—and who shall name his creed?—
If so we may those feelings call

England

That were too wide for ritual,
That asked no priest to intercede
With service born of man's device,—
But rested in the faith content
That God is good, that reverent
And upright living is the price
Of joy beyond. So while he stood
Within the faith his fathers held,
His great and loving heart out-welled
Towards all the human brotherhood.
O gentle Friend, serene and strong,
O Poet, sweet and tender-true,
Thy work was such as martyrs do,
Thy life one grand and noble song!

ENGLAND

(To C. F. J. and M. C. J.)

THE day is fair, the breeze is free,
The ship has crossed the bar,
And you are fleeting o'er the sea
To lands that lie afar.
My fancy to old England turns,
As o'er the deep you fare,
And memory the picture brings
Of all that waits you there.
I see the velvet meadows walled
With hedges deep and green,
The lordly forest trees that mark
The nobleman's demesne;
The gray old church and Norman tower
Embosomed deep in trees,
The fields aflame with poppy-heads
Where flit the drowsy bees;
The stately minster's Gothic pile,
The noble heritage
Bequeathed us by the living faith
That stirred the Middle Age;

England

Old gardens and old village inns
With all their old-time charm,
And ancient coaching-roads that wind
By ancient garth and farm.
By Cam's and Isis' banks I see
The hoary college towns,
Where cloistered scholars pace the walks
In mediæval gowns;
Where silver-chiming vesper bells
Peal from a score of spires,
And glorious anthems soar on high
From snowy-vested choirs;
Where old libraries, oaken-ceiled
And dim with Learning's haze,
Entice the traveller to stay
And dream away his days.

And over all that storied land,
By every burgh and mere,
Are spots that poets' lines or lives
Have made forever dear.
Westmoreland's peaks majestic are,
And fair each lake and fell,
But doubled is their beauty now
That Wordsworth here did dwell.
His great heart was in harmony
With nature's graver moods,
And in his song he showed the soul
Of these sweet solitudes.
And now he sleeps in Grasmere vale,
The Rotha's bank beside,
But still his calm, sweet voice is heard
As is the Rotha's tide.

The level moors of Lincolnshire
Recall a later name,
The peerless laureate who sang
Of Celtic Arthur's fame.

England

Across these downs he wandered oft,
By beck and lonely dune;
He loved their sombre beauty well,—
They set his heart atune.
And ever in the after years
These boyhood scenes were dear,
And through his every song there floats
Some breath of Lincolnshire.

In ancient Stratford's holy fane
Immortal Shakespeare sleeps,
And placid Avon by his grave
Her silent vigil keeps.
His native county's name will aye
With his own name entwine;
His fancy drew no fairer scenes,
Green Warwickshire, than thine.
Thy peaceful fields and silver streams
Upon his page we find;
Thy woods are like the Arcady
Where dwelt sweet Rosalind.

As in the rural lanes you roam
Of olden Devonshire,
The echoes of the golden harp
Of Herrick you may hear.
Beside these brooks he loved to pipe
In summer's dreamy hours,
And watch the hock-cart coming in
Engarlanded with flowers.
Along these leafy lanes he trudged
To wassail and to wake,
Or where the rosy country girls
Swung through the barley-break.
Old Devon's flowery meads and dales
Can never withered be,

A Dream of Other Days

For Herrick shed on them the dew
Of immortality!

And so o'er all that ancient land,
From Cornwall to the Tweed,
Her poets' names are ever green,
And to this day, indeed,
Along the Canterbury road
With Chaucer we may ride,
Or pace the placid Ouse's bank
By pensive Cowper's side;
In stately Penshurst's summer woods
With courtly Sidney stray,
Or muse beneath the church-yard elms
With meditative Gray.

Fair are the fields of sunny France,
And fair is Italy,
But dearest is the love we bear,
Sweet English land, to thee.
Thy Saxon blood we share, and all
Thine ancient memories;
To thee with filial love we look
Across the orient seas.
We love thine old ancestral worth
Throughout the ages long,
But most we love thee for thy wealth
Of glorious English Song!

A DREAM OF OTHER DAYS

I FELL asleep upon a summer's day
As on a shady woodland bank I lay,
And as I slept there came to me a dream
Of days of eldest time. The land did seem
Lovely and happy with a strange delight;
All round were flowery fields and regions bright,
Enchanted groves, and brooks that danced in glee
Down ferny slopes to meet the silver sea

A Dream of Other Days

Far in the west. There spiced zephyrs played,
And birds of wondrous plumage charmed the ear in every
glade.

And in that lovely land there dwelt a race
Of godlike youths and maidens; every face
Was glowing with a comeliness divine.
There moved the beings of Olympic line,
Tall gods and goddesses, among the bloom
Of dim Hesperian trees that spread a gloom
Of purple shade around; great heroes, too,
And all the sylvan folk that Hellas knew,—
Dryads and fauns and nymphs in beauty's glory,
And every fair familiar form that lives in ancient story.

Divine Apollo sat within the shade
Among his flocks, and on twin pipes he played
Such strains as held his fleecy audience rapt;
The trees bent low to hear, the fountain lapt
Its marge in joy, and all the air was thrilled.
And then I heard the distance faintly filled
By Orpheus, as in echo to his sire,
Where, to the weeping of his plaintive lyre,
He strayed slow-footed down the grassy lea,
And ever sadly moaned, 'Eurydice! Eurydice!'

Across the silver tides of that far sea
Young Jason, dauntless prince of Thessaly,
Fared in his questing of the Golden Fleece.
With him were ranged the chiefs of early Greece,
Castor and Pollux, mighty Heracles,
Theseus, and Meleager, and with these
Full many another; while the Argo broke
The virgin billows with her sacred oak,
The comrades smiting with the ashen oar
Those wondering seas whose waters ne'er had seen a ship
before.

A Dream of Other Days

Beside a woodland fountain's turfy shore
I saw a youth who, ever bending o'er
The watery mirror, seemed with his sweet grace
To lend a two-fold beauty to the place.
Ah, foolish boy, will never maiden prize
A look of love from those soft violet eyes?
In Hellas there are girlish charms as fair
As is the picture which thou watchest there;—
Shall it be said Narcissus took no bride,
But ever loved an imaged shape and in his folly died?

And there the great Odysseus did I see,
Recounting to the fair Penelope
And to the Grecian heroes gathered round,
The tales of all the wonders he had found
In that far voyage of his,—the Lotus-land,
Of Circe's spells which men may not withstand
Save by advice divine, the Sun-god's isle,
And of the Sirens with their luring wile;—
And long and loud those goodly heroes laughed
To hear how Polyphemus was outdone by human craft!

Of Scylla and Charybdis all the tale
He told to them, and every face was pale
O'er that untoward hap; and then he turned
And pictured all he saw when he sojourned
In that Phæacian realm, where summer knows
Not any ceasing and where ceaseless grows
The peerless fruitage by the palace wall.
And when Odysseus had related all,—
'O come, my comrades, come!' I heard him cry,
'We'll sail unto the Earthly Paradise ere yet we die!'

Two beings there whose beauty none may tell
Went hand in hand among the asphodel,
Cupid and Psyche, an immortal pair;
Of godlike presence he, and she as fair

Sweet Spring is Here

As Cytherea's self. O gentle bride,
O patient pilgrim-soul so sorely tried!—
Hasting with tireless step through regions dread,
O'er mountains wild and down among the dead,—
Till Love divine to crown thy Faith was given,
And through thy earthly trials thou found'st eternal joy
in heaven!

When night came down and spread its perfect peace
Upon that dreamland picture of old Greece,
I cast my eyes along a mountain side,
And there within a sacred cave espied
A beauteous shepherd youth who lay aswoon
In slumberous repose. Low swung the moon,
And Luna leaning from her silver car
Just touched his drowsy lips, then sped afar
Across the starry heights,—while from that kiss
Endymion sleeping smiled as conscious of immortal bliss.

When now at length the soft moon veiled her light
Behind the walls of Latmos' snowy height,
And rosy Dawn proclaimed another day,—
My lovely vision faded all away,
Goddess and nymph and hero;—but to me
Was left the fragrance of their memory,
A dower sweet; yet with it sad regret
At thought that human kind may never yet
Again, as in the glorious days of old,
Commune with the divinities of that fair Age of Gold.

SWEET SPRING IS HERE

SWEET spring is here, and o'er the earth
A verdant garb is seen,
As drenched in balm of April rains
The fields put on their green.
The apple-orchards, all transformed,
Are wrapt in clouds of bloom,

Sweet Spring is Here

And here the robin loves to swing and breathe the rare
perfume.

The dandelions by thousands gleam,
And every little one
Seems, with its round of golden rays,
Like to a fairy sun.
The tulips burn with crimson flame
Along each narrow bed,—
Like dainty elfin lamps they glow, and light the lawn with
red.

The violets uplift their heads
And star the grass with blue,
The daffodils hold up their cups
To catch the morning dew.
The small May-apple spreads abroad
Its leafy little tent,
And with the jasmine's balmy breath the vale is redolent.

Beside the sylvan banks unseen
Shy Quaker-ladies blow,
And on the hill the blood-root spreads
Her drifts of vernal snow.
From oak-tree roots the primrose runs,
And paints with paly gold
The carpeting of withered leaves that clothes the sombre
wold.

Where is the dear hepatica
With its sweet baby face?
There, in the shadow of the wood,
It peeps with modest grace.
And near it is that child of spring,
The pale anemone,
While in the mossy dell the fern uprears her tiny tree.
Down by the pond 'tis like a camp
Of mimic state, I ween,

In Blossom-Time

For all the tender willows stand
Pavilioned o'er with green.
Wild honeysuckles pour their scent
Upon the woodland breeze,
And tempt from far-off pasture fields the golden-belted
bees.

The crocuses and hyacinths,
Sweet infants of the year,
Show dainty faces dimmed at dawn
With many a dewy tear.
The hedges of japonica
Have donned their spring attire,
And border all the grassy lawn with walls of flowery fire.

The orchards, lanes, and meadows all
Are odorous with May,
And every happy little bird
Is carolling his lay.
The hills and valleys, woods and streams
Are smiling far and near,
And all the world is filled with joy because sweet Spring
is here.

IN BLOSSOM-TIME

IN blossom-time the orchard trees,
Aroused by April's balmy breeze,
In loveliness are glowing;
All blushing with their rosy bloom,
They lade the winds with faint perfume
That over them are blowing.

I watched them in their dawning fair,
I watch them as they fill the air
With petals earthward snowing;
And as I see their branches thinned
And stript by every passing wind,
I mourn at that quick going.

FLOWERS AND FAIRIES

TO

DOROTHY

SYDNEY

MARTHA

MARGARET

ISABELLA

DOROTHEA

BEATRICE

WALDO

THOSE LITTLE LOVERS OF THE
FLOWERS AND FAIRIES

THESE VERSICLES I GIVE

AURORA

WHEN the rising sun is tinting
All the sky with opal hue,
Comes the sweet Aurora tripping
For her morning draught of dew.

There she quaffs the rose's nectar,
And the morning-glory's wine;
Hyacinthine honey sips she,
Vowing it a drink divine.

And the lovely flowers regretful
As they see her go away,
Sighing forth their gentle sorrow,
Breathe a fragrance all the day.

CROCUSES

FRAIL children of the early spring,
We love you well;
Ye seem to tell
By your rathe blossoming,
That time of leaf and bud and fruit is coming.

The Fairy Sky

First-born are ye of all the flowers,
 Ye gentle ones;
 Sweet April runs
Her course of dewy hours
Heart-happy that she saw your early coming.

Close on late snows your blooms are seen,
 Pale vernal things;
 The robin sings,
The grass grows rainy-green,
And all the world awakens at your coming.

When golden June scents all the air
 With her sweet rose,
 And lovely glows
Each bed, we'll still declare
'Tis not more dear than was your springtime coming!

WHITE VIOLETS

A BAND of sweet blue violets,
 All on an April day,
Went down into a sylvan dell
 At hide-and-seek to play.
But while they played a bat flew by,
 Which gave them such a fright
That every little countenance
 Was changed to milky white!

THE FAIRY SKY

ABOVE a glassy woodland pool
 Queen Mab her body bent,
And saw her face, a lovely moon,
 In that small firmament.
And for the stars the spangles all
 That on her robe did shine
Made such a twinkling there, I vow
 Was ne'er a sky so fine!

The Fairies' Supper

THE SNOW-DROP

THE snow-drop, pearly white of hue,
Each morning sheds a fragrant dew,
Which little goblins come and get
And use to bait their beetle-net.

THE ROSE'S REPLY

I SAID unto a lovely rose
That in my garden grew,
'When chilly Autumn comes around,
Sweet rose, what will you do?'
Said she, 'When Autumn breezes blow
I'll rain my petals down,
And on them little brookside elves
Will sail to Fairy Town.'

THE FAIRIES' SUPPER

WHEN fairy-folk sit down to sup
Each has for plate a buttercup,
And for mug a tiny cell
Of the delicate blue-bell
Filled with dew-drops of the rose
Gathered when her buds unclose.
I ween it is a witching sight
To see each bonny little sprite
Seated at the mushroom board
All with toothsome dainties stored.
Here are plates of cricket meat
Dressed with sauce of clover sweet,
Appetizing little pies
Made of wings of bottle-flies;
Omelet of emmet's eggs,
Fricassee of beetles' legs,
Liver of the bumble-bee,
And ragout of chickadee;

The Fairies' Supper

Barbecue of lady-birds,
And nut-shells filled with creamy curds
Pilfered while the dairy-girl
Gossiped with the farmer's churl.

The chalice of a daffodil
Is their great bowl, which they fill
With syrup of the wild strawberries
Much esteemed by all the fairies.
Here are gnats' wings, and by these
Many little loaves of cheese
Made of daisies' golden eyes,—
Tadpole tongues of smallest size,
Tiny seed-cakes with their tops
Gemmed with honeysuckle drops,
Salad made of violets blue
Moistened o'er with April dew,
And the roe of small brook-fishes
Served on pink rose-petal dishes,
Strips of candied gad-fly's wing;—
And many another dainty thing
Only to be named aright
By those who have the fairy sight.

While these wee folk feast away
They are cheered by music gay,
For behind the soft sweet-fern,
Where the fire-fly lanterns burn,
Is the band of players hid.
There the green-robed katydid
Tweedles on his violin
Elfin-music high and thin;
The cricket blows his dulcet flute,
And the locust on his lute
Strums a droning monotone,
And silvery melodies are blown
On the little lily horns;
While on shells of small acorns

Cherry Blossoms

Stretched across with skin of plum
Little drummers briskly drum,
Pigwigin deftly keeping time
With his little hare-bell chime.

All the fairies shout with glee
At the dainty minstrelsy;
And the supper being ended,
Each sylph by an elf attended,
They pace among the mossy glades
Listening to the serenades
And sonatas soft and low,
Till the stars begin to glow,—
When at Oberon's command
The tiny company disband,
To ply the tasks with merry cheer
Set them by their sovereign dear.

THE MUSHROOM TENT

WHEN showers make the woods all wet
The tiny wood-folk run and get
Beneath a mushroom's sheltering eaves,
And there on beds of violet leaves
They sleep secure till cease of rain
Sends them forth to play again.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

I RAMBLED in an orchard old
Where gentle winds were blowing,
And saw the blooming cherry trees
Their petals downward snowing.
'O stay, sweet blossoms!' cried I then,
'Withhold your wasteful showers;—
Why will ye scatter thus and fade,
Ye dainty cherry-flowers?
As when in some fond dream we see
That die which most we cherish,

The Fairy Crown

So when we love you best, alas,
Ye flutter down and perish!'

THE FAERY FLEET

I SAT beside a forest pool,
And there I chanced to see
Come sweeping o'er the tiny tide
A fleet from Faerie.
The ships were shells of hazel-nuts
That grow in greenwood dales;
Rose-petals on pine-needle masts
Did serve them for their sails.
The tiny navy moved in state
Before a zephyr light,
And as it swept along, I trow,
It was a winsome sight!
But when the little admiral
Did through his glass spy me,
He turned and with his tiny fleet
Fled far o'er that small sea!

THE BLUE-BELL CLOCK

THE blue-bell hourly rings her chime
To let the fairies know the time.
She rings it all the long night through
From set of sun till death of dew;
She rings it through the livelong day,—
And every little elf and fay
Prepares his meals and feeds his flock
By this same dainty little clock.

THE FAIRY CROWN

I MET three fays within a wood
As I was walking there,
Who wove a coronal of fern
Commixed with maidenhair.

Poppies

‘What make ye here, sweet maids,’ I cried,
‘With this your dainty craft?’
Whereat the fairest of the three
Looked up and sweetly laughed,
And said, ‘This leafy crown we weave
To set upon the head
Of our dear Queen, who at dew-fall
With Oberon will wed.’

POPPIES

O PERFECT flowers of sweet midsummer days,
The season’s emblems ye,
As nodding lazily
Ye kiss to sleep each breeze that near you strays,
And soothe the tired gazer’s sense
With lulling surges of your softest somnolence.

Like fairy lamps ye light the garden bed
With tender ruby glow.
Not any flowers that blow
Can match the glory of your gleaming red;
Such sunny-warm and dreamy hue
Before ye lit your fires no garden ever knew.

Bright are the blossoms of the scarlet sage,
And bright the velvet vest
On the nasturtium’s breast;
Bright are the tulips when they reddest rage,
And bright the coreopsis’ eye;—
But none of all can with your brilliant beauty vie.

O soft and slumberous flowers, we love you well;
Your glorious crimson tide
The mossy walk beside
Holds all the garden in its drowsy spell;
And walking there we gladly bless
Your queenly grace and all your languorous loveliness.

The Fairies in the Dairies

THE ROSY RAIN

PIGWIGGIN once a-napping lay
Pavilioned in the shade
Of a rose-tree, whose petals fell
And him all overlaid.
But when he woke and found himself
Deep in the rosy rain,
He got him up and scampered off
From where he late had lain.

PINK CHEEKS

I N the starlight kindly fairies
Gathering the elder-berries
Make of them an ink,
Which in cups of crocus steeping
Bear they where sweet maids are sleeping
And paint their cheeks all pink!

THE FAIRIES IN THE DAIRIES

I N the night-time come the fairies
Breaking into farmers' dairies,
Each one with a lantern bright
Of a glow-worm's shining light.
First they spread a golden gleam
O'er the milk and make it cream,
Giving it a taste more fine
Than their own most dainty wine.
Then they wrap the curded milk
In filters fine of cobweb silk;—
This they take and quickly squeeze
Into loaves of gilt-edge cheese,
Which they skilfully dispose
Down the dairy-bench in rows.
Next, with neither noise nor clutter,
Fashion they the golden butter,

The Death of the Bee

In a trice by magic power
Making that which costs an hour
Of weary work and many a turn
To the milk-maid with her churn.
Then having moulded it in presses,
They lay it on soft water-cresses,
And sprinkle it with sweetened dew
Gathered from the violets blue.

When their work is deftly done
Ere the rising of the sun,
To the garden out they go
Where the dainty pansies grow.
Here they hold their sprightly dance
In and out among the plants,
Footing featly to the tune
Of the locust's small bassoon
And Pigwiggin's purling whistle
Whittled from a spike of thistle,
Accompanied by pipers three
On their oat-straw pipes so wee.
When morning 'gins to light the sky,
To their woodland homes they hie;
In their rose-leaf beds they creep
And soon are sunk in balmy sleep,
Each little head upon a pillow
Of a downy pussy-willow.

THE DEATH OF THE BEE

A LITTLE bee in search of sweets
Flew in a lily's bell,
And revelled in the lusciousness
Of that soft honeyed cell.
But as he sipped the nectary,
O'ercome with rich perfume,
He fainted unto death and lay
For aye embalmed in bloom!

To Mercury

PANSIES

SWEET baby faces do I see
 Along the garden beds,
With pretty caps of velveteen
 Upon their dainty heads.
Some purple are and some are blue,
 And some are golden yellow,
With tiny neckerchief of green
 For every little fellow.
The children of the garden they,
 So gladsome and so merry,
And every one is tended by
 A loving little fairy.

THE QUAKER-LADY

WITHIN a dewy woodland dell
 I spied a Quaker-lady;
Her home was on a mossy bank
 Where all was cool and shady.

And as I saw her sitting there
 So sweetly and demurely,
I said, 'There's peace within thy heart,
 Dear Quaker-lady, surely!'

TO MERCURY

(HORACE, I., 10)

O SUASIVE son of Atlas' line,
 Dear, artful Mercury, 'twas thine
To teach the fathers of the race
A smoother speech, a gentler grace.
Thou messenger of mighty Jove
And all the gods that dwell above,
To thee I sing, O subtle sire
Alike of thieves and of the lyre!

To Virgil

Apollo, once, reft of his quiver,
With threatening mandates made thee shiver;
Yet angry as he was, he laughed
At thy ox-stealing, infant craft.
Rich Priam, aided by thy wile,
The proud Atridæ did beguile;
Thessalian watch-fires burned in vain,
Unharm'd he crossed the hostile plain.

All righteous souls are borne along
To realms of bliss, an airy throng,
Led by that golden rod of thine,
O loved of all the race divine,
Sweet Mercury!

TO VIRGIL

(HORACE, I., 24)

WHY checked or hidden need our sorrows be
For one so fondly loved? Melpomene,
God-gifted mistress of the moving lyre
And melting voice, my melancholy strains inspire!

And does our dear Quintilius repose
In death's enduring sleep? Ah, when shall those
Twin sisters Faith and Justice, Truth severe,
And Modesty another find that is his peer!

Bewept of all the noble was his end,
But chiefest wept of thee, his fondest friend,
My Virgil. Yet thy prayers, alas, are vain
That ask the gods to lend Quintilius again.

What though thy music's magic far excel
That Orphean lute which held the trees in spell,—
Yet never, never can the life be made
To stir again the pulses of that empty shade,

To Calliope

Which Mercury, relentless of our doom,
Drives on before him to the realms of gloom.
Hard fate indeed! But what we cannot cure
Is better borne if we but patiently endure.

TO CALLIOPE

(HORACE, III., 4)

A LENGTHENED strain, Calliope,
Melodious queen, descend and sing,
With plaintive pipe or shrilling voice,
If so it please, or on Phœbean string!
Hear ye, or am I made the sport
Of raptures sweet? I seem to hear,
And stray through hallowed groves, the seat
Of playful winds and pleasant waters clear.

In childhood's hour, when tired with play
I dreaming lay on Voltur's steep,
Far from my home, the storied doves
Embowered my bed with leaves, a verdant heap.
A thing of wonder 'twas to all
Who habit Acherontia's tops,
Or have their homes in loamy meads
Of low Forentum or 'mid Bantine copse—

How, safe from bears and vipers fell,
A god-protected child I lay
And fearless slept, while I was strewn
With gathered myrtle and with sacred bay.
Yours, O ye Muses, yours I am,
If now the Sabine heights I scale,
Or if I joy in Tibur's slopes,
Or Baiae's strand, or cool Præneste's vale.
Because I love your founts and choirs
Philippi's rout destroyed not me,—
Nor tree accursed, nor beetling rocks
Of Palinurus in the stormy sea.

* * * *

THE BANDUSIAN SPRING

(HORACE, III., 13)

O FOUNT that dost the glass outshine,
May flagons wreathed with flowers be thine!
To-morrow I shall give to thee
A kid, whose forehead swelling free
In vain foretokens war and love.

Child of the flocks that frisk and play,—
His budding life shall ebb away,
To color like the rosy wine
Thy surface cool and crystalline.

Fierce, burning Sirius knows thee not;
The plough-worn oxen seek the spot
Where thy sweet water flecked with foam
Refreshes all the race that roam.

I'll rank thy name
With founts of fame,
While singing of the ilex tall
That overhangs thy waterfall,
Bandusian Spring!

TO HORACE

*One dreamy April day I roved from Rome
To seek thy sylvan home
On hills green with the olive and the vine
By that loved farm of thine.*

*Thy little valley beautiful and wild,
Thy fountain undefiled,—
All as in thy immortal song did seem.
O still with joy I dream
In recollection of the happy hours
When from thy verses' flowers
I drank the honey of thy golden balm
And sweet poetic calm.*

The Brandywine

DEDICATED TO CAROLIEN HAYES

*Beneath whose gentle smile the boy first learned
To love the music of the tranquil Stream
That winds among our dear ancestral fields,
Reflecting in its heart the willows old,
The green hill-pastures and the peaceful clouds.*

*"I lie as lies yon placid Brandywine
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart
For contemplation."*

—SIDNEY LANIER

DEAR Stream of Beauty,—famed from olden time,
Renowned in annals of our early days;
Stream by whose banks the ancient Indians dwelt,
And on thy waters plied their swift canoes,
And in thy woodlands tracked the fleeting deer;—
Wawassan called by those red foresters,
Or *Susqueco*, as other legends say:
Stream on whose shores our fathers fought and fell,
Immortally remembered with the name
Of Washington,—and Wayne, our county's pride,—
And glorious Lafayette,—and many more,
Whose memories romantic shall not die,
Forever in our grateful hearts enshrined:

The Brandywine

Dear Stream of Beauty,—loved of poets all;
Dear to our Taylor in his ardent youth;
The joyous theme of Read and Everhart;
And sung by him from out the southern land,
Lanier, the lover of all loveliness:
Dear Stream of Beauty,—flowing gently down
Among the windings of my native hills,
Gathering from all thy tributary brooks
A richer force, and bearing from far heights
Eternal tidings to the hoary sea:—
Thee would I celebrate. O fill my page
With thy soft music, and vouchsafe to grant,
In measurement however small, the power
To picture with a true and loving hand
Thy visionary beauty calm and sweet!

A song of gratitude is mine, for since
In boyhood's hour I rambled on thy banks
And bathed or angled in thy peaceful pools,
My love has been for thee; and later days
Have but enhanced the joy thy presence gave.
Youth's golden years and seasons of delight,
Its happy fantasies and dreamings high,
Were brighter yet for thy companionship;
Thy rocks and shadowy groves, thy daisied fields,
Deep pastoral solitudes and placid vales,
And all the voices of thy hundred hills,
Did speak in memorable accents, rich
With messages from Nature's inner heart.

Among thy sunny meadows first I breathed
The joyousness, the passion that delights
In all the tranquil loveliness and charm
Of field and dell, of tree and stream and sky,
Blue misty hill and dreamy woodland soft,
Life-giving sunshine and the fragrant rain,
The dew-drops twinkling on the grass and leaves,

The Brandywine

The billowy clouds,—soft islands of the air,—
Morn's tender radiance, the hushed repose
Of forest sanctuaries, and the songs
Of warbling birds, wild Nature's choristers;
May's vernal freshness exquisitely fair,
The sunny summer-tide of popped ease,
The gorgeous autumn's melancholy grace,
And all the beauty of the rural world.
How many happy hearts have thus been led
To close communion with earth's lovely forms,
Belovéd Brandywine, and who would not
Record with grateful voice the debt of joy,
Of pure unfading joy and rapture high,
Whose first awakening he owes to thee!

Born of the distant hills and northern woods,
And wandering wide throughout a fertile land,
Bringer art thou of richest fruitfulness,
Abundant harvests and the laden bough.
Full-handed plenty follows all thy course,
And thou art blessed by thankful multitudes
Who love thy placid beauty well, and hold
In fond regard thy ever-winding stream,
Each quiet little gulf and gleaming bay,
From those high crystal springs that give thee birth
To thy last reach in Delaware's far fields.
For whether hastening with murmurous song
Down pebble-fretted slopes, or lingering
In tranquil majesty along thy deeps,
A kindly influence is ever thine.
No fairer meadows or more fertile farms
Are known than those thy quiet currents lave.
Thy mellow acres yield their rich increase
Of clover, corn, and gently waving wheat;
Sleek-coated cattle graze upon thy meads,
The sweetest flowers cluster by thy banks
And waft their incense from a thousand vales.

The Brandywine

The old farmsteads upon thy grassy slopes
Are homes of a contented people, proud
To till the acres which their fathers held
Ere that red day on Birmingham's high hills.
Here old-time faith and manners are not dead;
Calm days and nights fill out the tranquil year;
Simplicity hath here her dwelling-place,
And all is pastoral happiness and peace.

Far from hot pavements and the vexing cares
Of crowded marts thy quiet waters flow,—
By silent groves and soft idyllic glades,
By upland slopes where wild strawberries grow,
And meadows green with spicy peppermint;
By banks where bloom the cowslips named for thee,
And fields of crimson clover where the bees
Are gleaning fragrant harvests all the day:
Now loitering many a cool and shady mile
By woodland aisles and sylvan corridors,
Where moss and tangled fern clothe all thy banks
With softest green, and little fairy groves
Of dainty maidenhair sway in the breeze;
Now drifting quietly in sheltered pools
And fords where mild-eyed cattle seek the shade;
Now issuing forth into the gleaming day
And rollicking with silver laughter down
In foamy waterfalls, across whose breast
The tiny rainbow bend its jewelled bars.
Then winding forth again thou dost caress
The whispering reeds that line thy small lagoons,
And water-grasses whose long amber arms
Wave ceaselessly along thy currents clear.

And oft thy forceful waters are restrained
And sent along the full, rush-margined race,
To turn the mossy, ever-dripping wheel
Of some loud-droning mill among the trees.

The Brandywine

What pleasure, pausing here, to peer within
The olden chambers dim with dusty meal,—
To see the portly sacks of new-threshed wheat,
And yellow corn that almost bursts the bins,
And hear the mill-wheels grumbling o'er their task
Of grinding grain for all the countryside!

Beneath the arch of many an ancient bridge
Thy waters move with eddying swirl, untouched
By languors of the dusty road above.
In stately march thou sweepest past the fields
Where ruddy farmers ply their harvest toil,
Mixing the music of the whetted scythe
With thy soft murmurs, piling up the rows
Of dry, sweet-smelling hay, which thence is drawn
In creaking wagons to the generous mows
Of old stone barns,—upon whose mossy roofs
The crimson-footed pigeons sit and croon
In sober companies; now wheeling down
In white-winged circles to the yard below,
To pick the scattered grains of wheat and oats;
Now settling on the eaves with stately pride
To show the beauty of their burnished necks.
High overhead the snowy cloud-land floats,
And in the mirror of thy lucent depths
Repeats the beauty of its mystic forms,
Its pearly mountains and its creamy capes,
And islands drifting through the azure seas.

How sweet I found it oft on summer days
To launch my boat, and on thy placid tide
To drift as do the clouds, without a care
And full of peace as they. O hour of dreams,
Of dreams and soft imaginings and fond
Reflections,—fantasies without a name!
Or waking from my revery, 'twas joy
To send the boat along with eager stroke,

The Brandywine

Rousing thy surface into sparkling rings
That eddied toward the shore with rhythmic dance.
Anon I loved to pause with dripping oar,
And peering into thy transparent deeps,
To mark the timid fish that hovered there,—
The silver-sided chub, the dusky bass,
And little sunfish with their golden scales,
Now winnowing the water with clear gills,
Now darting with a flash of purple fin
Far into watery shades and silent homes
Of willow roots beneath the sedgy bank,
Or shadowy chambers in the sunless rocks.

In drowsy afternoons oft have I heard
The tiny insect voices by thy shores,—
The lazy chorus of the katydids,
The faint, small murmur of the busy gnats
That dance in fretful clouds above the sands
That border on thy shallows, and the keen,
Sweet chirrings of the sleepy locust-kind,
Those happy idlers of midsummer days.
There would I muse till misty evening brought
The clear nocturnal croakings of the frogs
Sheltered beneath thy overhanging banks,
Or perched upon green lily-pads afloat
In star-lit waters of thy waveless coves.

The tranquil evening hour beside thy stream,—
What peace and pensive solitude then reign!
The herds have left the fields, the harvest-teams
Long since have gone with their last fragrant loads;
Soft vapors o'er the meadows sleep, and all
Is rest and quietude, save where the dove,
In some cool covert hid from human eye,
Grieveth and grieveth all the darkling eve.
Ah, gentle mourner, what soft pain is thine,
What tender melancholy stirs thy breast?

The Brandywine

Perchance some old romantic sorrow lies
About thy heart, or memory of wrong
Done to thy kind long since in some green vale
Of dim Thessalian woods. Thy pensive note
No elegy can match, and thy sweet woe
Makes memorable the sacred twilight hour.

An ever-varying poetry is thine,
O gentle Brandywine; songs light or grave,
As fancy's changeful ear interprets them,
Thy crystal-chiming waters sing to me.
Yet not thy voices only do I hear,
Soft and mellifluous ever though they be;
For blending with their harmony the sound
Of Old World rivers comes across the years,
And pleasant revery bears me to the banks
Of Derwent sweet, whose music filled the heart
Of Wordsworth while as yet a little child;
Or silver Duddon, offspring of the clouds;
Or honest Walton's peaceful river Lea;
Or that slow-winding stream, the languid Ouse,
Well-loved of him who sang of country joys
In calm reflective verse; or yet again
To old Dean-Bourne, where by the plashy brink
Grew Herrick's daffodils whose loveliness
He made immortal. Yea, and farther yet
My musings carry me, and echoes faint
Of reedy-marged Ilissus do I hear
Murmuring of nymphs and river-deities,
And all the glory of the violet hills
That lie around Athena's marble town.

Athena! ah, the name is here unknown;
Unheard Cephissus and Ilissus here;
Thy woodlands are unhaunted by the nymphs,
No hamadryads whisper 'mid the leaves
Of thy tall trees; nor does the sportive crew
Of satyrs range with Pan thy vernal fields.

The Brandywine

No far-descended echoes wake thy hills
Of that poetic life whose perfect joy
Made fair unto all time Aegean isle,
Idalian fount, and Heliconian vale,
And liveth now but in the faded grace
Of carven Attic frieze or Grecian urn.

Nor does the nightingale, lorn Philomel,
Among the shadows of thy moonlit glades,
Pour out her old ancestral threnody
For Itylus through all the summer night.
Nay,—yet thy thickets have their own sweet bird,
The poet-bird that keeps his lonely state
In sylvan cloisters far from eye of man,—
The dear wood-robin! Underneath green roofs
Of forest solitudes what joy to hear
The liquid fluting of this minstrel rare
Thrilling the beechen shades with rapturous song!
Now fading,—now returning,—comes his voice,
In purling cadence clear as is the plash
Of sweet-toned rills o'er pebbles smooth and cool.

Streams of romance and beauty have I known,—
The lordly Shannon rolling down his tides
Far in the west of green Hibernia's isle;
The tranquil Thames that dreams beside the grey
And storied walls of Oxford's ancient town,
And passes on through England's loveliest meads
By many a hamlet quaint and flowery garth;
The "wandering Po" that waters Lombardy;
And Rhone's imperial river, icy-pure,
Bearing a largess from high Alpine fields
To pour into the lap of the Mid-Sea.

Yet still with happy heart to thee I turn,
Belovéd Stream, that nourished first my joy
In rural beauty and idyllic scenes,
And solitude, that teacher calm and wise.

The Brandywine

Well may fair Chester County's children bless
Thy tranquil flood that from far northern hills
Brings fruitfulness to these wide meads and vales,
And fills the fields with verdure rich and deep.
The soul and centre thou of every tract
And fertile township where thy currents flow;
Each bubbling waterfall, each amber pool,
Each tributary runnel dimpling down
From folded hills, confirms thy gentle power,
Thy peaceful charm and sweet tranquillity.

Unfading is the loveliness that clings
Round each familiar scene along thy course:—
The upland fields of fertile Honeybrook;
The willowed banks of pastoral Fallowfield;
The silent wooded vales of dear Newlin,
Home of arbutus and primeval pine,
And its old hillsides where my fathers wrought
For generations long gone by; thy shores
In green Pocopson, haunt of fishermen;
And pleasant Bradford rich with waving corn;
And those wide hills of storied Birmingham,
Where Lafayette, exemplar bright and pure
Of old noblesse and ancient chivalry,
Spared not to shed his blood in our high cause,
And linked his name and Liberty's for aye!—
Such beauties and such memories still cling
Around thy valleys and thy verdant glades,
Rich pasture-lands and silent, virgin woods,
Historic hills and loved ancestral farms,—
From those high crystal springs that give thee birth
To thy last reach in Delaware's far fields.

Forever fair, O Brandywine, art thou,
Forever fair in thine unceasing flow!—
A type and symbol unto restless man
Of calm contentment, and devotion high

The Brandywine

To duty's bidding,—with unceasing flow
Fulfilling through the years thy destiny.
The sun in stately majesty doth rise,
Across wide heaven journeys all the day,
Fades in the crimson west and disappears;
The sickle moon swims high above the woods
And sheds her radiance o'er the dreaming hills,
While that lone eremite the evening star
Comes loitering across the azure fields.
Each hath his season, each his time of rest:
But thou unresting art; majestic sun
And sickle moon and lonely evening star
In turn are mirrored in thy lucent breast,
While day and night thou movest on thy way,
Forever fair in thine unceasing flow!

Then blessings on thy heaven-given power
To cheer the heart of man with lofty joy,
With joy and sweet content and deepest peace,—
Dear Stream of Beauty,—flowing gently down
Among the windings of my native hills,
Gathering from all thy tributary brooks
A richer force, and bearing from far heights
Eternal tidings to the hoary sea!

Swarthmore Idylls

Series I

Dedicated to
WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON
Duci docto et dilecto

*These Swarthmore walls that rise toward heaven's blue,
Etched with memorial green, the ages long
Will in the dust lay low. But human hearts
Pure, sweet and strong, are walls invisible,
Growing more deep and broad in years that touch
The granite to decay—foundation sure
For building of the Architect Divine!*

—ELIZABETH POWELL BOND

SWARTHMORE

GRAY College, on thy green and silent hill,
Beside thy groves of beech and shadowy spruce,
O'erlooking many a mile of peaceful field,
Deep, dreamy wood and river-meadow fair,—
Thy children love thee well, and he not least
Who offers now this slender meed of song.

In thee, Swarthmore, are centered noblest hopes ;—
Not without spiritual light they planned
And built, those Quakers of the olden school,
Here in the sweet and wholesome countryside,

Swarthmore

Free from the city's tumult and its stain,—
Erecting here by Penn's primeval woods
An edifice to learning dedicate,
To science and the high humanities,
And beauteous arts that nourish mind and soul;
Their fair foundation gifting with the name
Of that old House in ancient Lancashire
Where Fox, the high-souled Founder of his sect,
Oft sought retirement from the world's loud noise
And steeled his godly heart for fresh crusades.
—And not a few with pilgrim feet have fared
From this new Swarthmore in the western world
To that old home and cradle of their faith;
And on these walls, "etched with memorial green,"
An English ivy grows, fair living link
Binding our younger Swarthmore to the old.

Here in the sweet and wholesome countryside,
Free from the city's tumult and its stain,
The youth who pays allegiance unto her,
Our *Mother Loved*, grows in his loyalty
As weeks and months go by, and all her peace
And tranquil beauty fill his finer moods,
Moulding his consciousness by slow degrees.
Here, pondering the poetries of old,
The records and the lore of ages gone,
He in a measure heritor becomes
Of ancient men and good, of Socrates,
Of Virgil, and of Luther, and the sweet
Assisan, and of many a sage who taught,
Or bard who sang in accents high, the great
Imperishable and universal truths.

Fair is the landscape sloping from thy walls,
Gray Swarthmore, to the distant river-meads:
Fair in its springtime mantle soft and green,
When Krum winds slow by banks of violets;

Swarthmore

Fair in the autumn when the dreamy mists
Their glamour lend unto the ripened year;
Yea, fair in lean midwinter's sombre days
When all is wrapt in silence weird and white,
Hamlet and hill and stream and far-off farm,
And yonder low-eaved West House quaint and old.
Fair are thy western woods where sinks the sun
In glory tender and ineffable,—
Tall western woods where all the summer long
Stillness prevails and shady solitude.
In stormy twilights when the year is old
The swaying trees a mournful music make
Along those steep wood-slopes; and warmly housed,
The cheery student-mates with twofold joy
Converse, or muse, or find a fresh delight
In books, those high companions of the soul.

Each season hath its pleasures, its rewards
For keen devotions and for studious days;
Each season finds the Swarthmore landscape fair
With beauty and sweet peacefulness, of power
To soften and make glad the graver hours;
But fairest in the young and tremulous days
When April whitens those old cherry trees
And wraps the campus all in verdure soft,
And the dear meadow-lark in dewy grass
Pours out his clear, pellucid notes of joy;
While students in the dreamy afternoons
Read pastoral poets 'neath the bowering trees,
Or old romances out of Spenser's page,
Musing in revery, as Arnold mused
In Oxford's academic solitudes.
Arnold,—a cherished name in Swarthmore shades!
And once among us came that seer august,
Lingered beneath our trees, and in our halls
Lifted his sweet, sad voice, bequeathing fair
Hellenic echoes that can never die.

Swarthmore

—Wordsworthian music fills this master's page;
And while in college days are sown the seeds
Of friendships true and sweet, his idylls twain
Beloved shall be, and sympathetic youth
Shall grieve with him for Thyrsis lost from earth.

As turns some traveler in a distant land
And dreams of his far home across the seas,
So we thy children, Swarthmore, dream of thee
When we have gone from out thy sheltering arms
To cope with sterner life. Dear memories rise
In those more pensive hours that haunt us all,
When by the ingleside on winter nights
Or in some tender sunset by the sea
The heart is warmed,—dear memories arise
Of the loved Quaker college, once the home
And happy sanctuary of our youth.
In those more pensive hours old Swarthmore days,
Fair with the glamour years and distance give,
Rise up to cheer the meditative heart:—
The old remembered hours; the faces dear
Of class-mates, friends and teachers; and the scene
We loved to contemplate in those far days,—
The peaceful townships sloping to the south,
With fields and farms and nestling villages,
And ever-beauteous woodlands fading far
Into the misty edges of the sky;—
A hundred recollections like to these
Make glad those winter evenings by the fire
Or tender summer sunsets by the sea.

To these calm precincts age can never come,
Save as the ivy comes on yonder walls
To clothe with fadeless green:—here Youth abides,
Here bright Enthusiasm hath her home,
And Faith and clear-eyed Hope are sisters here!
—Then, Swarthmore, we thy daughters and thy sons

Happy College Days of Old

Still turn to thee and feel the rosy touch
Of youthful days, the glamour and the glow
Of golden years and memorable hours.

Mother Revered, still be thy message given
With amplest hand; still be thy children led
Along the pure and consecrated paths
With Beauty for their talisman and guide;
Not that "mere beauty" which some men condemn
And others fear, but Beauty which is one
With truth and power and widest perfectness,
Beauty admitting them to fellowship
With all of pure and high and holiest
In nature and in spiritual realms,—
Beauty that wakes to life the harmony
Which Shakespeare says is in immortal souls!

HAPPY COLLEGE DAYS OF OLD

O HAPPY college days of old,
And have ye gone forever,
So rich in memories untold
And joys that wither never!
Ah, fair and fadeless were the flowers
That bloomed for us in those dear hours!

O days that never knew a care,
O days of youth and glory,
That led by magic paths and fair
Through summer-lands of story!
Across the years your echoes flow,
Ye golden days of long ago.

Now over life's wide fields we roam
With little time for dreaming,
Yet visions of our college home
Within our hearts are gleaming.
O sweet and unforgotten years,
We see you through our misty tears!

Anniversary Ode

O comrades scattered far and wide,
By forest or by river,
By mountain-slope or ocean-tide,—
One bond shall bind us ever;
Old Swarthmore days shall dearer grow
As o'er the lengthening hills we go.

Those happy days we yet may see;
They live in letters golden
Upon the scrolls of memory
In records sweet and olden.
Forever beautiful are they,
And we shall cherish them for aye!

ANNIVERSARY ODE

FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH COMMENCEMENT OF
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

1897

NOT thine, O Swarthmore, is the ripeness yet
Which long, slow centuries beget;
Not thine the glory which gray Oxford knows,
Nor that old seat by Cam's untroubled tide.
About their pensive shades abide
An old-world stateliness and deep repose
Born of a thousand years of tranquil peace.
Renowned are they, and fraught
With beauty from the ages brought.
—Such guerdon, Swarthmore, as the days increase,
Thy children wish for thee!
But now our song must be
Of youth, and all the promise golden
Which in the visions of bright youth is holden.

Green is the ivy on thy walls,
And green the slopes whereon thy shadow falls;
All that the charmed eye may see,
Pasture and dale and far-off dreamy tree,

Anniversary Ode

In vernal loveliness but speak of thee:
For thou art yet in thy sweet prime,
Still in the rosy east thy sun doth climb.
With verdant coronal thy brows are bound,
Gathered where April first
Her fragile fetters burst
And strewed with starry bloom the greenwood ground.
Full of the morning's joy I see thee stand,
Like some fair, new-crowned Queen within a peaceful land!

Thy young and happy heart, I know,
Is oft aglow
With all that most endears
Unto the old gray world youth's dewy years,—
Fond hopes and aspirations high,
Enduring faith that lets no stormy sky
Obscure the steady stars whose certain shining
Thou knowest well;
Enduring faith whose gladness no dark spell
Of sad repining
Hath power to change or charm away;—
Preserving fadeless ever and alway
Pandora's one last precious gift to man,
That dower from the age Promethean
The heart of noble youth inspiring
With loftiest desiring,—
E'en this young band, hopeful, elate,
Who stand to-day within thy gate.

O tell me of the dreams, young Queen of hope,
That make more tender yet thy tender eyes,
Here where unclouded skies
Bend lovingly above the slope
Of thy dear hill,
While June's sweet days of silence fill
Meadow and tremulous glade
And cloistered aisles of sylvan shade,

Anniversary Ode

Wide fields of rippling wheat
And purple clover fragrant-sweet,—
With all the mid-year's primal loveliness;
Here where with glance serene
Thou gazest o'er the soft idyllic scene,
To where the gleaming river's mild caress
Enfolds the sleeping woods
With reedy reach and watery solitudes.

Ah, tell me, doth thy dreaming gaze
Find in that landscape's sweep,
Yon river, and the far Atlantic deep,
Shadows and images of ancient days?
Doth some new-old Rhine-hoard,
By fairy fingers stored,
Lie hidden in the depths of that fair stream,
Filling the pauses of thy dream
With echoes of the Middle Age remote?
Or doth the wave-tossed boat
Of lorn Ulysses plying
By spectral islands far outlying,
Sweep o'er the tides of yonder misty sea,
Fresh-fleeing from the Sirens' witchery?

Yea; for I think the present doth not all
Thy phantasy enthrall;
Nor doth hard-featured Fact
Bind thee with metes and measurements exact.
In man's blind striving for the strange and new
He hath but little left, 'tis true,
Of the old pristine glory
Of myth and magic story:
The golden harmonies of ancient years
Fall on insensate ears;
Still farther from the old Parnassian shrine
Our weary way doth lead;
Small time have we to heed

Anniversary Ode

The faint, sad voice of oracles divine,
Whose hollow echoes weep
Through high Dodona's grove or by lone Delphi's steep!

Yet while fair Learning's temples still endure
Man shall not wholly yield unto the lure
Of pelf. The voice of wisdom shall
With pleadings musical
Call him from dusty ways of care,
Into the still and tranquil air
Of truths eternal,—teaching him God's word
Breathed by the waving wood, the joyous bird,
The tiny roving bee,—
Present in cloud and rock and tree,
And in the pure and perfect grace
Of simple nature's heaven-reflecting face.

In Wisdom's sanctuaries, too,
Communion shall he hold
With those high masters of the days of old,
The wise, the beautiful, the true,—
Who, voicing thoughts sublime
In stately utterance or rolling rhyme,
Still to the human soul must be
Bearers of light and immortality!

—Swarthmore, for thee it is a laurelled day,
The brightest day in all thine annals clear;
From many a distant town and rural way
Come those who hold thee dear,—
Founder and friend and patron; and thine own
Devoted children, full of warm acclaim
For thy belovéd name,
Full of high hope that thine may be,
Mother Revered, a not inglorious destiny!

Wisely and well the seed was sown;
O wisely be the gleanings done, and well!

The West House

Be not unheeded or unheard the spell
Of memoried names, nor of the memoried faces
From whose still station on thy walls
A sweet and silent consecration falls.
Ah, dearer yet shall grow the dear old places
Thine earlier children knew;
Another line shall rise of tender hearts and true,
And 'neath the murmurous music of thy trees
Shall learn of larger truth,
Nourishing their beauteous years of youth
With wider faiths, sweeter philanthropies,
Ideals loftier far than we may know.

So shall thy peaceful mission grow;
So shall the ripening hour
Bring on the fair and perfect flower,—
Till down long vistas of illustrious years
Thy sons shall gaze with noble pride,
Thy daughters by their side
Bless thee with happy tears;—
While thou dost calmly face the Future vast,
Still cherishing thy spirit's steadfast flame,
Still cherishing an old ancestral name
August with memories of thine own sweet Past!

THE WEST HOUSE

(BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A.)

O ANCIENT House, what memories are gleaming,
What recollections of the vanished hours,
While through the silent summer thou art dreaming
Enfolded by thy trees and meadow-flowers?
What visions of old days
May cheer thy lonely heart,
Seen through the hallowed haze
Where thou dost muse apart?

The West House

Peaceful and calm,—of our unrest and worry
Thou heedless art; our fevers touch not thee;
Thou sharest not our age's heat and hurry,
Secure in thy serene tranquillity.
Not all the troublous schemes
The weary century knows
Can mar thy quiet dreams
Or break thy calm repose.

Dear fragrant June is smiling in her glory,
Filled with the radiance of youth is she;
From out the quiet of thy shadows hoary
Thou watchest o'er her beauty tenderly.
To thy gray walls she cleaves
With childish, shy caress,
And bowers thine ancient eaves
With leafy loveliness.

The perfume of her sweet old-fashioned roses
Awakes in thee a thought of other years,
And revery o'er those phantom days discloses
The faded hours that bring regretful tears.
Far voices call to thee
In a remembered tongue
From that old century
When thou, gray House, wert young!

Perchance thou dreamest of departed faces,
Colonial dwellers by the woodlands tall,
Grave Quaker yeomen, dames of antique graces,
And soft-eyed children best beloved of all.
Full often did they pass
Or linger at thy door,
Blithe lad and ruddy lass,
In those far years of yore.

They long have gone from earth, but thou art keeping
In thine old heart their memory yet clear,

The West House

While through the generations they are sleeping
Forgot of all save thee for many a year;
Forgot of all save thee
The place of their repose,
Where wandering ivies be
And tangled briar-rose.

But best and brightest of the memories olden
That fill thy mellow age with quiet joy,—
O best and brightest are the memories golden
That cluster round one Heaven-gifted boy!
Though that far mother-clime
Claim his maturity,
Yet all his boyhood's prime
Belongs, old House, to thee.

He loved the silence of these woodland alleys,
He loved the colors of this peaceful sky,
He loved these sleeping hills and grassy valleys;
Their tranquil beauty pleased his artist eye.
For many a summer hour
Delighted would he pore
On each dear native flower
Beside his father's door.

With happy heart he gazed upon the splendor
Of regal autumn in the crimson woods;
With happy heart he saw the beauty tender
Of budding life in vernal solitudes.
His artist soul was thrilled
With visions of delight,
His waking fancy filled
With dreams and longings bright.

And when at last he stood at manhood's portal
And passed forever from these meadows dear,
Perchance his visions of a fame immortal
Were not unmingled with regret sincere.

“Beatus Ille”

Wherever he might roam
In lands beyond the sea,
Still would his childhood's home
Not unremembered be.

And now among the mighty he is lying
Where Wren's cathedral dreams 'mid London's roar;
Companioned with a company undying
His is a name to live forevermore!
Hard by Lud's ancient gate
Where England's life-tide sweeps,
Entombed with England's great
The Quaker Painter sleeps.

And thee, old House, that slumberest serenely,
We cherish as the Painter's boyhood home;
With tender care yon College young and queenly
Doth shadow thee with her protecting dome.
In academic shades
The Artist's fame shall last;
Here Glory never fades,
Nor reverence for the Past!

So, ancient House, rare memories are gleaming,
Sweet recollections of the vanished hours,
While through the silent summer thou art dreaming
Enfolded by thy trees and meadow-flowers.
Bright visions of old days
Still cheer thy lonely heart
Seen through the hallowed haze
Where thou dost muse apart!

“BEATUS ILLE”

O BLEST the peace that falls
In solitudes serene,
Where ivied college walls
Rise o'er the tranquil green;
And blest the ardent youth

“Beatus Ille”

Who climbs the hills of Truth
And basks awhile in Wisdom's wide demesne!

The noises of the world
His musings may not mar,
Nor darkling smoke upcurled
From clangorous marts afar;
While fragrant and more dear
He finds each golden year
Upon the leaves of Youth's white calendar.

Here may he converse hold
With men of mighty name,
The deathless ones of old
And seers of starry fame;
View Plato's page divine,
And ponder at the shrine
Whence Homer's sons have born the sacred flame.

From old primeval tales
The honey he may seize,
Dream in Arcadian vales
Or 'neath Sicilian trees;
Hear Dido's plaint forlorn,
Or Roland's thunderous horn
Resounding through the misty centuries!

With measures musical
The minstrels of old time
Shall hold him willing thrall
To golden-hearted rhyme;
Shakespeare's eternal scroll
Enchant his deepest soul,
And Milton move with harmony sublime.

The annals of the earth,
Antiquity's gray streams,
Shall give his fancy birth
And touch his heart to dreams;

“Beatus Ille”

The glories of the vast
Immeasurable Past
Fill all his vision with undying gleams!

Nature, the genial nurse,
His guiding-star shall be;
Through all the universe
Her radiance may he see;
And she will bid him hear
With spiritual ear

The music of her endless symphony.

Nor shall he miss the flowers
That grow his way along,
Speeding the sunny hours
With merriment and song;
Or training heart and eye
In emulation high

On happy meads where friendly rivals throng.

So day by golden day
More luminous and bright
Shall glow the steadfast ray
That sets his soul alight:
With Peace and Purity
His comradeship shall be,

And Faith that leads him on from height to height.

Then when Life summons him,
With bounding hope he hears,
And yet his eyes are dim
With honorable tears,
As with reluctant feet
He leaves these precincts sweet,
This sanctuary of his vernal years.

O blest the peace that falls
In cloistered shades serene,
Where ivied college walls

In College Days

Rise o'er the silent green;
And happy is the youth
Who climbs the hills of Truth
And basks awhile in Wisdom's fair demesne!

IN COLLEGE DAYS

(Read at a Dinner of the Swarthmore Club)

IN COLLEGE days,—
Ah, what a spell,
Dear words, doth in your music dwell,
As recollection bears us back
Along our springtime's golden track,
When life was young and youth was sweet,
And time flew by with winged feet;
When Hope reached forth her kindly hand,
And all the world was like a wonderland!

In college days,—
The glowing life,
The healthful games, the friendly strife,
The pluck that made our rivals yield
Full oftentimes on track and field,
When heartened by our sisters fair
We raised the Garnet high in air.
And oh! the balmy month of May,
When we sat at close of day
Underneath the college trees
Chanting all the olden glees,
Or strolled where windeth yonder stream
Peacefully as in a dream.
Here we watched the purple dawn
Lighting all the sloping lawn,
Touching with its tender red
The far-off river's silver thread.

Here we watched the leafy spring
Wake to life each tender thing,

In College Days

Saw the rains of April spill
From crocus-cup and daffodil;
Through the dreamy autumn-tide
Roamed across the countryside,
Where the purple vapor fills
All the morning's misty hills,
While the fruits were waxing mellow
And the corn-fields waning yellow.
Winter's beauty charmed us, too,
With its riot winds that blew—
Sounding through the swaying trees
Wild, majestic symphonies.
'Twas then we saw the pane embossed
With the magic of the frost,
Watched the soft snow drifting down
Hiding all the landscape brown;
And, shod with steel, went fleeting o'er
The sleeping Krum's smooth, icy floor.
And thus we found each season dear
That rounded out the sweet and lingering year.

In college days,—

What precious hours
We spent in gentle Wisdom's bowers!—
Nourishing our eager youth
With lofty messages of truth,
Pondering the rote and rule
Of each philosophic school,
Musing much upon the vast
Epic story of the Past,
And seeking for the primal cause
Of nature's universal laws.

But best of all,—O sweet and long
Our sojourn with the sons of song!—
Faring o'er the storied sea
In gray Homer's company,

In Swarthmore Meeting

Listening to the epic lay
Sung in Rome's imperial day,
Chaucer's warblings sweet as rains
In old England's April lanes,
Spenser's golden-cadenced line,
Milton's melody divine,
And the many-voiced string
Of him whom all men hail as Poet-King.

In college days,—

Ah, comrades, when
Come those golden hours again?
Come they e'er, save through the haze
Of our dreams of yesterdays,—
Recollections sweet and old
On the inmost heart enrolled?
—When the joys of life shall pall
And the shadows round us fall,
When our vessels' sails are furled
From our voyaging down the world,—
Looking back through smiles and tears
On the unforgotten years,
None more joyous shall we see
Than the years that used to be
In college days!

IN SWARTHMORE MEETING

THOUGH Swarthmore's children wander wide,
In memory they cherish still
The quiet Meeting-house beside
The grove on Swarthmore's peaceful hill.

In this still home of quietude
The worldly spirit fades away;
To sober thought we frame our mood
Here on each tranquil Sabbath day.

Hope, Trust, Believe!

No ritual these precincts know,
Unless it be when yonder trees
Responding to soft winds that blow
Chant forth their leafy litanies.

And though no organ shake the air,
No hymns uplift melodious words,
Yet wandering breezes hither bear
The anthems of the happy birds.

And here in musings deep and true
Communing silently apart,
We dedicate ourselves anew
And feel a quickening of the heart.

O rich the many offerings brought
And yielded on the listening air,
The poet's pure immortal thought,
The sage's precept large and fair!

And rich the messages of truth
From riper souls among us here,
Sweet words that calm the doubts of youth
And point the path of duty clear.

What seeds of good those words may be
In this retired and holy time,
Amid so fair a company
In life's receptive, ardent prime!

Though Swarthmore's children wander wide,
In memory they cherish still
The quiet Meeting-house beside
The grove on Swarthmore's peaceful hill.

HOPE, TRUST, BELIEVE!

(After an Address by Lyman Abbott, 1899)

HOPE, trust, believe! Look not with doubting eyes,
Nor muse on wasted or on fruitless days;

Titania and Bottom

Take courage new, and fix the steadfast gaze
On sunny mountain peaks and the pure skies,
In whose unsullied depths all glory lies.
Like high-souled pilgrims let no forest's maze
Entangle your sure feet, no valley's haze
Bedim your vision of the far-off prize.

O valiant hearts and young, the rosy dawn
Is yours to-day, and yours life's beauty vernal;
Nor shall their primal radiance be withdrawn,
If in sweet consecration you receive
And cherish as a talisman eternal,
The message of that morn, "Hope, trust, believe!"

WE WHO DWELL IN SIGHT OF THEE

HAPPY are we who dwell in sight of thee,
Dear Swarthmore,—with thy stately domes that rise
Serene as the encircling summer skies,
Thy storied ivies and each memoried tree,
Thy green that fades into the far-off lea,
Those woods that golden autumn glorifies,
And yon deep western vale where softly dies
The winter sun in lingering majesty!

Thy joyous children we, for whom the years
Are bounteous of the things that perish not,—
Friendships, sweet ministries, and true content.
Close linked together by the sentiment
Of love for thee, we share our joys and tears,
Nor ask the Father for a happier lot.

TITANIA AND BOTTOM

(*Shakespeare Evening, 1898*)

WHAT charm and beauty in that sylvan scene!
We were forgetful of the world a space
The while we marked the spiritual grace
Of airy elves around their winsome *Queen*,

To Canon Rawnsley

There in the dim, deep, moonlit forest green;
And but for *Bottom* with his monstrous face,—
Earth's one intrusion on that fairy place,—
It were a dream, harmonious and serene.

Shakespearian beauty and Shakespearian wit
In this immortal comedy combine,—
A pageant fair of mirth and melody,
Wherein the Bard with wondrous hand hath knit,
In link on link of fragrant poesy,
The union of the earthly and divine!

THE ASPHALTUM-MAKERS

(Renewing the college walk, 1898)

WHEN the pale sun had sunk behind the wood
And deeping shadows crept across the snow,
I watched the wearied laborers come and go
As each his own appointed task pursued.
How strangely in that twilight solitude
Each common, unpoetic thing did show,—
The rusty furnace with its lurid glow,
The barrows and the piles of fagots rude,
The dark pitch-mounds!—Upon them one and all
The hand of sentiment had laid its spell.
And as I heard the mellow evening bell
In soft and measured cadence rise and fall,
I mused on Fancy's power to glorify
The lowliest objects that around us lie!

TO CANON RAWNSLEY

(After his Address on Wordsworth's Message, 1899)

THOU gav'st us golden words that golden day,—
Thou spiritual scion of the Seer
Who made the English lakes forever dear,
The English mountains memorable for aye.

The Grey Olde Manne of Dreames

We seemed to hear from lonely summits gray,
From fell and murmurous tarn and tranquil mere,
Echoes of that great Voice serene and clear
Whose message is a solace and a stay!

The world hath need of calming words like those
In this her troubled hour of haste and heat;
Childlike in their simplicity, and sweet,
They come with consolation and repose.
In grateful memory, then, we cherish thee,—
Apostle of Wordsworth's deep tranquillity!

THE GREY OLDE MANNE OF DREAMES

SENEX.

DISCIPULUS.

Senex. **O** WALY, waly by the Brigge
 That spannes the sleepe Krumme!
 And waly by the woodsyde Rockes
 Where Profs did never come!

Discipulus. Now, *Senex*, saye, what can thee ayle,
 And why thy mournfulle Cry,
 Whenas the Lilye's on the Lea,
 The Larke ymounted hye?
 Why onlye dost thou moane
 Alone
 Upon the mossie Stone?

Senex. Ah, *Gossyp*, never canst thou knowe
 What carefullie Carke is myne,
 Who for the Dayes that are no moe
 Do pityfullie pyne,
 And syttinge all alone
 Do moane
 Upon the mossie Stone!

Alacke! acrossse my drowzie Dreame
 Doth portlie *Pennell* passe,
 Who solde his frostie Lollypoppe
 At Pennies five a Glasse.

The Grey Olde Manne of Dreames

O manye an Afternoone
Of June
I've seene him wielde his Spoone!

And that kinde Soule of Jammes and Tartes,
O *Ray-Chell*, where is she,
Who tooke us in when sore Exams
Did presse unpleasauntlie?—
Within whose Doores we stayde
And made
Our Meales on Marmalade.

O waly by the Laundrie Walle
Where Pennell wont to be!
And waly, waly by the Doore
Of Ray-Chell's Nurserie!

Where once the Tubbe-race drewe the Crowde
Of Youthe to *Krumme* his Bankes,
With loftie Mien disdainfullie
The Inne-folke pace in Rankes.
Uncouthe the Race they dubbe
With Tubbe,—
Ah, *Gossyp*, there's the Rubbe!

And nevermoe are hearde in Halle
Those jocunde Feres, perdie,
Who plyde at golden Sette of Sunne
Their merrie Minstrelsie:
Gone is the mellowe Flute,
And mute
The softlie-stricken Lute!

O waly for the doughtie Deedes
On Krumme his glassie Streame!
And waly for the Musicke softe
That sette myne Hearte adreame!

O *Dicke* and *Davie*, do ye muse
Upon those Dayes of Yore,

Standing a Beacon

When ye and lytel *Joe* and I
Were happie Comrades foure?
Like Phantom-formes, alas,
Ye passe
Acrosse my Memorie's glasse!
Ah, woe and welladaye! my Voyce
Is all unhearde, meseems,
And by the Younkers am I highte
The Grey Olde Manne of Dreames.
Loe, fade away I muste,
Where Duste
Doth lie, and Mothe and Ruste!

SWARTHMORE IDYLLS

SERIES II

STANDING A BEACON UNTO THY CHILDREN

SWARTHMORE the fair,
Ivied and grey,
Peaceful and steadfast,
Crowning the slopes of thy green-shaded hill;
Looking o'er lowland and farmland and woodland
To the glimmering river 'mid meadows afar;
Hope of thy Founders,—
Strong souls and true;
Dear to thy daughter and loved of thy sons;
Sacred to Science,
The Muses and Art;
Ever through sunlight and moonlight and mist,
In yellowing autumn and young-hearted spring,
Standing a beacon
Unto thy children,
Lighting the pathway to noble endeavor,
To beautiful deeds and inviolate faith!

Shadows of a Dream

SWARTHMORE FOREVER!

(Air: "O Alte Burschen-herrlichkeit")

O SWARTHMORE, Swarthmore, every son and daughter loves thy glory;
We sound thy fame, beloved name, in cheer and song and story!

With courage high and honor clear
No name of all is half so dear
As Alma Mater ever, O Swarthmore forever!

O Swarthmore, Swarthmore, strong the links of love that fondly bind us;
At thy dear side, O true and tried, thou shalt forever find us.

On field and track, in class and hall
We answer gladly to the call
Of Alma Mater ever, O Swarthmore forever!

O Swarthmore, Swarthmore, through the years that sun-der and that sever,
We'll cling to thee in memory forever and forever.
Through year of sunshine and of storm
Our loyal hearts shall still beat warm
For Alma Mater ever, O Swarthmore forever!

SHADOWS OF A DREAM

O MEMORY, bring back the days
Those first sweet college days of old,
When autumn crimsoned all the ways
And fringed the woodland's edge with gold,
And under orchard boughs were rolled
The ruddy fruit for "Tom" and me,
In those far days of joy untold
When happy college lads were we.

Bring back the silver'd autumn eves
Beneath the dreamy harvest moon,

Swarthmore Scenes

When 'mid the red and yellow leaves
We listened to the winsome tune
Of mandolins or mellow croon
Of songs that still must sweeter be
When out of years that went too soon
They sound again for "Tom" and me.

The red and yellow cherry leaves
Are drifting down across my dream,
And for an hour my heart it grieves
While musing on the glow and gleam
Of those lost days that only seem
Like phantoms that can never be
More than the shadows of a dream
Of vanished joys for "Tom" and me.

SWARTHMORE SCENES

DEAR Swarthmore Scenes, we see you in our dreaming
In pensive twilight hours when all is still;
We see again the tranquil river's gleaming,
The sunset's gold beyond the wooded hill.
Once more the snowy cherry-bloom is falling
Where violets with vernal dews are sweet;
Once more the meadow-lark is softly calling
Across the acres of the April wheat.
Once more along the frozen Krum is ringing
The joy of many a wintry afternoon;
Once more across the campus comes the singing
Of sweet old songs in eves of fragrant June.
In silence still the old West House is sleeping,
Ringed round in March with English daffodils;
And over all the College dome is keeping
High watch across the well-remembered hills.
Lost days and dear arise in recollection
As on these Swarthmore Scenes we fondly gaze;
Old memory is stirred, and old affection
Enchants with visions of those vanished days.

The Scholar's Ideal

THE SCHOLAR'S IDEAL

*(Read before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa,
Swarthmore College, May 6th, 1904)*

I

HOMER, chanting of immortal battles,
Sounding still across immortal years;
Virgil, the august, the melancholy,
Virgil, mournful over human tears;
Plato, whose sublime and pure abstractions
Mould men's deeper thought unto this hour;
Pindar, pouring his tumultuous measures;
Cicero, that voice of golden power;
Sophocles, with godlike calm surveying
Life through most serene of human eyes;
Horace, kindly pagan, wreathed with roses,
Horace, still the wisest of the wise;
Moschus, singing those last songs of Hellas
In soft meadows by Sicilian seas:—
Poets and philosophers and dreamers,—
Comrades mine, do ye not cherish these?
Cherish and remember with affection
Like great friendships that must honored be,
Or like rich and melancholy music
Echoing through the halls of memory!

II

What must be the scholar's great ideal,
What must be the scholar's guiding star,
Teaching him aright to spend the treasure
Brought to him from down the ages far?
This, I think,—to coin in living service
All the garnered gold of happy years,
Spending freely for his yearning brothers,
For his sisters worn with wistful tears.
Let him turn great Plato's love of Beauty,
Plato's love of Harmony Divine,

The Scholar's Ideal

Into gracious courtesy and friendship,
 Into loving-kindness sweet and fine;
Challenging the shallow slaves of fashion
 With his life of ordered days serene,
Days of fruitful joys and noble pleasures
 'Mid their selfish joys and pleasures mean.

He who holds a privileged communion
 Daily with the masters of the soul,
Surely he can set before his vision
 Naught but some superb and splendid goal.
He, I think, wherever life may lead him,
 Still must cherish a divine unrest,
Still must hold inviolate the vision,
 Still inviolate the starry quest.
What availeth Burke's impassioned pleading,
 What availeth Milton's heavenly song,
If they stir him not to gird his armor
 'Gainst the hydra-headed beasts of wrong!
In the sweet and wondrous songs of Shelley
 He must find an uplift toward the light,
Find a splendid ardor of renewal
 In the pæans of that spirit bright.

Mystery and Beauty must enthrall him
 While he sails on Wonder's chartless seas,
Mystery and Beauty keep his spirit
 Open to the eternal harmonies.
Let him greatly venture with Columbus,
 Turn his keel toward islands fair and far,
Seek Utopias on strange horizons,
 New Republics 'neath the sunset star.
Let him dream with mighty Alexander
 Of fresh conquests here beneath the blue,
Praying not to Ares but Athena
 For a godly strength and courage true.
Let him brave again with Galileo
 Superstition's hate and jailor's bar,

The Scholar's Ideal

Until wakened Truth and Right shall beacon
From the heavens like star on flaming star.

Not with fevered impulse let him labor,
Not with scattered aims that wear and waste;
Nay, the forest and the sea must teach him
God's slow purpose, Heaven's great unhaste.
Happy if he stir to high endeavor

Here and there a band of ardent youth,
Knighting them with some fine consecration
Hero-hearts and champions of Truth;
Leading them against the baleful dragons
That infest our highways,—Fraud and Hate,
Pride and Greed, Hypocrisy and Cunning,
Threatening still the fabric of the state.
'Gainst those subtle and insidious monsters
He must long and tireless warfare wage,
Even as Luther hurled a hot defiance
At the mightiest Evil of his age.

They will greatly strive, those young crusaders,
Strong of heart and eloquent of tongue,
Greatly strive until the People welcome
That Equality which Shelley sung;
Welcome Tennyson's World-Federation
Which the nations have awaited long,
Welcome Brotherhood whose golden advent
Thrills the pulse of Markham's ringing song
Bearing helpfulness and holy friendship
To the world's unhappy and untaught,
To the blinded and the broken-hearted
Bearing still the light of noblest thought.
This must be the scholar's great ideal
This must be the scholar's guiding star,
Teaching him aright to spend the treasure
Brought to him from down the ages far.

The Planting of the Elms

III

Golden years thou gavest, Alma Mater;
Golden lore we garnered in thy halls.
I would dedicate to Truth and Beauty
All I dreamed beside thy pensive walls,
Dreamed of godly men and holy sages,
Dreamed of poets filled with fire divine,
Martyrs dying that God's truth might prosper,
Heroes splendid in the battle-line.
O that I might tell in woven measures
All thy blessings to thy yearning child,—
But my lips have naught but broken music
And my numbers falter strange and wild.

Yet if word of mine might be remembered
Still untrodden 'neath oblivion's feet,
I would say unto my glad young brothers,
To my sisters great of heart and sweet:—
Every noble dream, O cherish, cherish!
Fix your fervent eyes on some high goal;
Keep inviolate and still unvanquished
Your eternal hunger of the soul.

Leave a memory that cannot perish
With the flowing and forgetful years;
Leave a memory that men shall honor
While they bless your names through happy tears.
"Be ye perfect even as your Father,"—
Surely 'tis a heartening command!
Shape your days and deeds, O Swarthmore's children,
After that ideal sweet and grand.

THE PLANTING OF THE ELMS

*(Read at the dedication of the William Penn Elms,
Swarthmore College Campus, October, 1909)*

I N memory of great and godly Penn,
In autumn's peaceful hours we dedicate

The Planting of the Elms

These elms, of lineage noble and renowned,
Unto the peace beloved of Penn. With drifts
Of red and gold hath pensive autumn strewn
Our peaceful campus; soft autumnal mists
Have wrapt our fields and woods in magic dream,
Making more beautiful these college slopes
Already beautiful with sentiment
And love and long affection. Many a heart
Musing upon the fading loveliness
Of Swarthmore's campus in these autumn hours,
Is touched with love and pathos infinite,
For here of yore we worked and played and dreamed,
Nourishing here our golden years of youth
With great ideals and with noble books
Of sages and of poets. Many a heart,
New to these slopes, brightly anticipates
Long golden years of work and play and dreams.
So with these elms we dedicate,—they seem
Symbols of Swarthmore's children old and new;
Henceforward, with our brotherhood of oaks
And sisterhood of elms and sycamores,
They join their lot, they add their power and charm,
Even as our college comrades newly come
Have brought their gifts of hope and youthful joy.

O kindly youthful hearts, and youthful trees,—
Musing on what the years may hold for you
Of noble growth and noble power, I hear
A note of sadness 'mid the harmony,
Of grief for one of Swarthmore's dearest sons*
Whom God hath called of late from us his friends
And comrades in our little college world.
He loved the throngs of eager youth that fill
Our studious bowers, and it was his joy
To lead them like a kindly elder brother
To love of those high things he loved so well.

*Professor Ferris W. Price of the Class of '74

The Planting of the Elms

The planting of these trees would have made glad
Our gentle friend; in them he would have seen
Promise and forward-looking hope; he loved
Each graceful plant and every memoried tree
On these green slopes and in our woodlands deep,—
None knew them better; it was his delight
To wander far among the fields and groves
In search of pale, shy wood-flowers, and he knew
Each haunt and sanctuary of the flowers.
His nature was all kindness and love
And sanity, virile with sterling worth
And lofty sense of honor,—yea, he walked
Among us like a Roman of old time,
Simple of soul, with quiet dignity,
Unvexed, serene; long years of fellowship
With the great Romans whom he loved, had breathed
Into his soul the wisdom sweet of Horace,—
The pathos and the rich humanity
Of pensive Virgil,—Cicero's deep calm;
O truly Horace sang of such as he,
"Integer vitae, scelerisque purus!"
And now we mourn to think that nevermore
Our friend shall pass beneath our Swarthmore oaks,
Shall wander in our woodlands nevermore
Searching for wild arbutus, nevermore
Shall cheer us with his radiant hopefulness
And gracious friendship.

His dear name shall blend
With every fine tradition of our halls
And studious bowers.—Let these youthful elms,
So strong, so graceful, speak to us of him,
The ever-youthful, gracious, fine, serene,—
Nor lose, amid their April flush and bloom,
Some recollection of this autumn hour
Of wistful charm and elegiac peace,—
The fruitful, perfect peace beloved of Penn,
The Quaker peace for which we strive and pray.

William W. Birdsall

WILLIAM W. BIRDSALL

President of Swarthmore College, 1898-1902

(Died, 1909)

WE knew thee tenderest of men,
We knew thee brave and true,
We felt the sterling strength of soul
Thy calm eyes shining through;
At times thy deeper self we saw,
Unto itself a governing law.

No rightful cause or piteous need
Appealed to thee in vain;
Thy sympathy knew no confines,
Thy knightliness no stain.
A spirit generous and benign
Made noble every act of thine.

If steep and thorny were the way
Not thine to stop and ask,
Borne onward by a prayer-sought Power
Through every sorest task.
An old-time Quaker did we see
Walking our modern ways in thee.

And now, beyond the stars, thy help
Is given as of yore;
Thy great soul finds its noble work
On that untroubled shore.
We see thee climb the heavenly hill
Patient and self-forgetful still.

O may we meet thee yet again
In far-off golden years,
When Time hath touched all hearts to rest
And washed away all tears,—
Take once again thy friendly hand
And walk with thee the heavenly land!

Farewell

FAREWELL

(In Memory of Gerrit E. H. Weaver, of the Class of '82)

THOSE who aright his spirit knew,
Esteemed him gentle, modest, true;
Content to follow quiet ways,
No seeker after noisy praise.
His work, his books, his well-tried friends,
His country walks,—these were the ends
That served to make the days complete,
The passing seasons full and sweet.

How oft he fled the surging crowd
To find in field and tree and cloud
Such friendship as can only be
In their august simplicity;—
For still his heart, as of a child,
Would call him to the woodlands wild.
Well could he read with subtle ken
Secrets denied to careless men;
Oft was he earliest to spy
The haunt of pale arbutus shy;
He loved to hear in leafy June
The dear wood-robin's silver tune,
Or mark October's tides of gold
Across our waving woodlands rolled.
Yes, well he loved through all the year
The country ways and country cheer;
And every Swarthmore field and hill
His heart with happiness could fill.

Gerrit, no more we'll share with thee
Quaint persiflage and drollery;
Silenced forever is the joy
That flowed from one still half a boy.
No more with thee we'll search the bowers
For loveliest of forest flowers;

A Portrait of E. A. Brown

No more we'll greet thee in the halls
Beneath these memory-haunted walls.

Old friend,—ours yet,—though ours no more,
I see thee on some grander shore,
Working in some nobler sphere,
With ampler vision strong and clear;
Following thy dreams perchance
Amid serener circumstance,
And easily victorious
O'er problems that yet baffle us.

Farewell, old comrade, teacher, friend;
Early, too early, was thy end!
Farewell,—thy College grieves for thee,
Stainless in love and loyalty.
Farewell,—for thee Swarthmore hath tears,
Her son, so faithful through the years.

ON A PORTRAIT OF EDGAR ALLEN BROWN

(In Swarthmore College Library)

I SEE thee, friend of far-off golden days,
As first I saw thee in our college halls,—
The slender boy, so pensive and refined,
Modest and quiet, with thy kindly eyes
Dreaming of unseen things, thy wistful look
Desiring friendship for thy lonely heart.
Old years return, old memories awake
With gazing on this likeness, and old books
We loved together, speak their old-time charm.

Few understood, perhaps, thy inner self,
Nor knew what tender depth of friendliness
Lay hidden there; thy classmates were content
To leave the shy recluse to his own dreams,
Yet not without a silent liking, too,
For thy rare sweetness and thy wistful ways

A Portrait of E. A. Brown

That found the solace of companionship
With two or three, but most of all with books.
To thee the deathless authors spoke with power
And charm and music; many a happy day
Have well-loved authors ministered to thee
Through hour on golden hour; their sweets were known
To thee from deep perusal at still dawn,
And through long afternoons and winter nights.
Yea, thou wert one who found in noble books
Of dreamer and of poet food for all
The generous aspirations of the soul.

Ah me, couldst thou have lived, friend of old days,
What joy had been for thee in these deep nooks
Among these precious volumes, what delight
To read and meditate in alcoves calm
Beneath these oaken roofs that seem to bring
Some memory of old-world Oxford here!
But thou hast long been sleeping quietly
On some far silent hill, beneath soft boughs
That gently droop above thee, lulled by winds
Of springtime, soothed with balmy fragrances
Of stray wild-roses, and thy mortal form
Mingles with earth. Only thy picture here,
And these thy books, gift of thy generous heart,
Remain to tell to students of to-day
How sweet a presence once we knew in thee.

Thou sleepest peacefully, friend of old days,
Lulled by soft winds and wild-wood fragrances,
Forever free from care, forever young.
And we who move along the track of years
Through storm and sunshine, see thee youthful still,
The light of ageless boyhood in thy face,
Thy kind eyes tender with young hopes and griefs,—
For hope and grief were thine, emotions strong
That sweeten and ennoble youthful hearts.

“Aleck” MacDonnell

This pictured face of thine with its fine charm
Shall serve our Swarthmore youth in years to come
As tranquil beacon toward the higher light,
The sweeter, holier ways; for if there come
Temptations to soul-starving pedantry,
Or empty rivalry for empty fame,
Or foolish luxury—thy portrait calm
Will seem to speak for truth, for kindness,
For old-time Quaker virtues, for the fruit
Of Swarthmore's finer sowing.

I rejoice

That every generation of glad youth
That throngs our halls, yields hearts akin to thine,
And faces in whose boyish innocence
And girlhood loveliness there seem to brood
The sign and seal of noble character,
Telling of homes where kindly culture reigns
And sterling faith and simple steadfastness.
They are the anchors of our greatest hope,
The noblest heritage Swarthmore can give.

Thus muse I here beside thy precious books,
Beneath these oaken roofs, where pictured clear
I see thee, friend of far-off golden days,*
As first I saw thee in our college halls—
The slender boy, so pensive and refined,
Modest and quiet, with thy kindly eyes
Dreaming of unseen things, thy wistful look
Desiring friendship for thy lonely heart.

“ALECK” MACDONNELL

(The Genial College Watchman)

FAR more than unto some of higher state
The name of gentleman belonged to you,
Old friend, whose memory we shall ne'er forget,
So warm of heart, so kind, so friendly-true!

*1886-88. Edgar Allen Brown was a member of the Class of '90, but died before graduation

A Dead Poet

A DEAD POET

(*E. Newlin Williams, Class of 1893*)

(On Nature's highway he was a Passionate Pilgrim, truly; and his keen impressions he wove into delicate verse-forms. The sincerity and the truth and sanity of his character cannot perish from the remembrance of his friends.)

THE tender loveliness of young spring skies,
The gush and purl of pebbled streams,
The sacred solitude of lofty woods
Enwrapped in vernal dreams,

Faint, sweet earth-odors rising from the fields,
The primal fragrance of the year—
Alas, these now must come unheralded
Of one who held them dear!

For nevermore by "greening meadow-land,"
By wood-walk cool or lonely hill,
In reverie will our young Thyrsis stray
With poet-heart a-thrill.

No more in hidden, far-off forest dells
For April's first flowers will he seek,
Nor thread the groves of "sunlit sassafras"
By Swarthmore's winding creek.

Again the pale hepaticas come forth,
And Quaker-ladies star the mold;
But he, our lost and loved one, cometh not
To greet them as of old.

For as with those shy, tender things he loved,
Blossoms and buds of fragile bloom,
Windflower, veronica and violet,
His was an early doom.

Joseph Bilderback

Softly the beautiful spirit winged its way
Like music fading in the night;
He fell asleep amid our mortal shade
To wake in the great light.

And in the splash of April's silvery rains
That blur the vale with misty tears,
I seemed to hear the young Spring make lament
For his unfinished years.

What mystery, what beauty, now is his
In shining realms, we may not know;
But this we know,—his days were blameless, pure
As that enshrouding snow

Swept by the winds whose sombre requiem
Deep in our grieving hearts shall ring
And mar, like some untimely winter blast,
The joyfulness of spring.

JOSEPH BILDERBACK

(Of the Class of '02. Died, November, 1900. "Pure as the spirit of the music which he evoked, a helpful acquaintance, a noble friend, 'Joe' Bilderback will be held in tender affection while memory lasts.")

WHEN sorrowful November's hues were blended
With lingering red and gold,
His life of young and happy hope was ended,
His earthly years were told.

Not fearful went he down to death, nor sadly,
But with a courage high;
He knew to walk the daily pathway gladly,
So did he know to die.

The melody he loved to make is broken,
No more it thrills the ear;
But in our memories it lives, a token
Of his bright spirit clear.

Why Should He Die!

When winds are grieving in the woodlands haunted,
And soft rains drop their tears,
I hear a melancholy requiem chanted
For his unfinished years.

WHY SHOULD HE DIE!

SO large of spirit and of hope so high,
Why should Roy Ogden die!
Why must he leave us thus and take away
Some sunlight from our day!
Truly there seemed some blessing from the sun
In him, our genial one;
A buoyant cheer and emanation warm
Of youth's eternal charm,
Of youth's eternal courage, glory, joy;—
So rich of soul was Roy.

What pathos, that in April, when the earth
Woke to its glad rebirth,
We bore our kindly comrade to his sleep
Amid green silence deep!—
It is no little comfort that the dome
Of his loved college home
Looks intimately down on the calm rest
Of one of Swarthmore's best;
No little comfort that he lies below
June's flowers, December's snow
Here within hearing of the college bell
Whose call he loved so well.

He deeply loved these Swarthmore woods and fields!
My friendly memory yields
Bright pictures of him roaming by our stream,
Wrapt in a quiet dream;
Or on the breezy track; or with his books
Amid the sunny nooks
Of class-rooms, patiently pursuing truth
With the glad zeal of youth.

To William Hyde Appleton

No generous enterprise of thought or deed
But found him in the lead,
Kindly and helpful, making bright the way
Alike in work or play.—
High-hearted friend, Swarthmore not soon shall see
Another like to thee!

Alas, to our deep sorrow, not again
He walks the ways of men
Cheering us with his smile so wondrous bright
His eyes so fraught with light.
But in dear memory he lives to-day,
And shall live there for aye.

*Our Roy, victorious, loving, fine of soul,
Has won the heavenly goal!*

SLEEP WELL, DEAR SOUL!

(At the Grave of Roy Ogden, Class of 1914)

SLEEP well, dear soul, sleep well; and, airs of April,

Breathe softly round his rest by this green hill
Where loving comrades deckt his grave at twilight
With evergreen and wreaths of daffodil,—

With daffodil and evergreen, in token
Of his bright spirit proof against defeat.
O he shall live in loving recollection
Like to some fadeless flower fresh and sweet!

God's acre keeps his dust; and here forever
His lettered stone to coming times shall tell
The simple legend of the love we bore him
Who whisper low: *Sleep well, dear soul, sleep well!*

TO WILLIAM HYDE APPLETON

OLD friends, old books—how true the adage seems,
As I recall to-day in happy dreams
Those memorable mornings spent with thee
In realms of old romance and poesy,

To William Hyde Appleton

In "Room B's" genial sunshine, or beside
Thy West House hearth in winter's snowy tide!

Kindly and freely didst thou share thy lore
Brought from thy sojourn by old Hellas' shore;
With thee for guide I heard grey Homer speak
Across the ages in sonorous Greek;
I watched Achilles drive with thunderous shout
The fearful Trojans in tumultuous rout,
And saw the blind old harper leading home
His hero-hearts across the Mid-Sea foam.

And when in pensive mood we did unroll
The melancholy Tuscan's epic scroll,
Thy sympathetic teaching made the room
Seem sombre for the nonce, like to the gloom
'Mid which the Roman laureate was led
By Dante through the regions of the dead.

But mellow were the hours and sunny-warm,
When yielding to the Vaterland's old charm
We read the ballads of the haunted Rhine
And Schiller's songs and Heine's lyric line,
Or wandered pleasantly the roads to Rome
Where youthful Goethe's soul first found its home.
—*Old friends, old books*, ah, those were cherished hours,
Gleaning with thee the poets' golden flowers!

Thy Shakespeare Readings live in memory yet;
Those happy evenings who can e'er forget,
When friends foregathered, a delighted band,
To walk with thee in an enchanted land!
Then were we borne to Elsinore again
To muse and sorrow with the pensive Dane;
We trod with valiant "Hal" the fields of France,
And yearned o'er tender Viola's romance,
Thrilled with the terrors of Macbeth's dark crime,
And mourned Cordelia dead in her sweet prime.

To William Hyde Appleton

Not vainly hadst thou seen the mighty Booth
And charming Kemble in thy years of youth,
And basked in old tradition's light which they
Still kept aglow from a remoter day,
When Siddons ruled the stage a glorious queen
And all men marvelled at the powers of Kean.
—Those far-off days lived once again for me,
Authentic in thy kindly sympathy;
Yea, back through Garrick, Betterton I dreamed,
E'en to old Burbage whom our Shakespeare deemed
Worthy each noblest, each heroic part,
And round that regal presence shaped his art.

O happy, happy evenings when we quaffed
Full deep of Falstaff's wit, or helpless laughed
At grave Malvolio's glory brought so low!
But none so dear to me as Prospero,
At once the gentlest and most stately soul
In all of Shakespeare's marvellous bead-roll;
How wistful could his wondrous story be,
Interpreted so feelingly by thee!
—*Old friends, old books*,—yea, dearer do they seem,
Linked with the golden hours of which I dream.

And coming down the great poetic line,
What joys like unto these were richly mine!
I hear thee oft in memory rehearse
The majesty of Milton's epic verse
That blows across the world a trumpet blast,
Melodious, glorious from the mighty Past.
With thee I ponder Pope's delightful page,
Where centers all the brilliance of his age,—
Keen-thoughted Pope so oftentimes who hit
On deepest truth with charming sense and wit,
And with harmonious and resounding rime
Made Homer into English for all time.
Goldsmith and wistful Gray once more I see
Made welcome in the sunshine of "Room B";

In a Copy of "Greek Poets"

And Cowper, tender-hearted, genial, mild;
And Byron, melancholy's gifted child.

Through each and all, as taught to us by thee,
Some lesson ran of life and destiny,
Some kindliness, some beauty, some delight,
To fortify against Time's ruthless night;
Some solace, some harmonious message clear
That sounded to the spirit's finer ear.

Among my well-loved books whose friendly charm
Seems doubly dear beside the wood-fire warm,
Musing in pleasant reverie to-night,
I—one of many student-friends—indite
These lines to thee whom we in honor hold,
Our cherished friend and guide from days of old,
Whose Swarthmore teachings thus may reckoned be,—
Through beauty and truth he set the spirit free.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF DR. APPLETON'S "GREEK POETS"

NO more at stately courts of kings
Does Homer strike his epic lyre;
No more the mighty victor-fields
Are thrilled with Pindar's lyric fire.
Sicilian shepherds pipe no more
Beneath the old idyllic trees;
The marble theaters are mute
That hailed the verse of Sophocles.
By oaken grove and poppiéd lea
The ancient deities are dead,
The woodland fanes in ruins lie,
The sister Muses long have fled.

But in this book of noble verse
I still can hear the songs of yore,
And live again those golden years
Beside the far Homeric shore;

Golden Volumes

Still in this garden roam with him,
The kindly friend from days of old,
Who gleaned for us Hellenic flowers
Through glad and sunny days untold.

GOLDEN VOLUMES

(Read at the presentation of Professor Appleton's private library to Swarthmore College Library, by the Phi Beta Kappa Society)

HOW may I tell of these volumes whose charm I have
loved so long,
These golden volumes of wisdom, these beautiful books of
song,—
How tell of the long sweet mornings, the never-forgotten
eves,
When lost in a land of enchantment I turned their splendid
leaves
And followed our friend and teacher who loves them true
and well
As he led through the happy meadows where the blessed
Muses dwell!

Milton and Keats and Wordsworth in wonderful verse
have told
The joys of the wise book-lover who travels the realms of
gold;
They have sung in matchless music of the pleasure true
and pure
Awaiting the glad disciples who follow still the lure
And the charm of books where poet and seer and scholar
and sage
Have spoken noble wisdom and truth to every age.

"Old books are best!"—Ah, truly, from out the memoried
years
They bring us their freight of affection and music and
wistful tears;

Swarthmore's Peace-makers

They tell as with golden voices of the wisdom sweet and old
Bequeathed by the deathless dreamers and poets with
 hearts of gold;

And to him who loves their music and seeks to share their
 lore

They give unrivaled riches that perish nevermore.

Systems arise and vanish, and mortals have their day,—

'Tis only the wise old masters of song who have come to
 stay;

'Tis only the seer and scholar and sage whose thoughts
 endure

Embalmed forever and ever in volumes good and pure,—

O Swarthmore's sons and daughters, may you love and
 cherish long

These books of our friend and teacher who gave us the love
 of song!

SWARTHMORE'S PEACE-MAKERS

W. I. H.

“**S**TILL in thy right hand carry gentle peace;”

 So Shakespeare urged in warlike years of old:

God speed our friend who helps that cry become

A trumpet-blast across the sad earth rolled,—

A trumpet-blast of mighty harmony,

Calling the hostile lands their strife to cease

With contrite hearts, and bidding each true soul—

“*Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace!*”

B. F. B.

WHAT is Swarthmore doing for Peace,

How helping to make war-madness cease?

Through him, her envoy, she reaches out

And helps to quiet the warring lands,

Helps to silence the battle-shout.

Over the ocean she reaches hands

When Pearson Reads

To calm and pacify and heal,
Making the weary nations feel
How there is a merciful law, above
Their savage code of blood and might,—

The law of *justice*,
The law of *right*,
The law of *brotherly love*.

“DIVINE EQUALITY”

(To H. C. H.)

“*ELDEST of things, divine Equality!*”
Great Shelley sang it in his fervent youth,
And with his wondrous vision half divine
Beyond old error saw the shining truth.

He saw the truth, and sang to sons of men,
Not chidingly, because he knew them blind,
Not stern of heart, too noble he for that,
But tenderly, with accents heavenly kind.

Divine Equality—were it but ours,
As balm for all our hurts it might suffice,
Call heaven back unto the wistful world
And make this earth another paradise.

Another paradise where Love should rule
And noble Justice guard the noble state,
And man and woman walk the ways of life
As God ordaineth, equal mate by mate.

Yea, equal mate by mate, God’s perfect way—
So as the Poet dreamed, O may it be,
And earth behold as in some golden age
“*Eldest of things, divine Equality!*”

WHEN PEARSON READS

WHEN Pearson reads,—I seem to hear
Old-fashioned talk and country cheer;

To Paul M. Pearson

Among green fields and running brooks
I seem to read from Riley's books;
And Riley's kindly people walk
Before my eyes and quaintly talk—
When Pearson reads.

When Pearson reads,—I seem to hear
Old southern songs that echo clear,
And o'er me murmur soft and far
The tender lyrics of Dunbar.
In wistful dreams I seem to see
The darkies dance in merry glee—
When Pearson reads.

When Pearson reads,—I seem to know
The inner heart of Edgar Poe;
The pathos of his tragic years;
The pity of it that moves to tears.
I seem to walk that wondrous shore
Where dwells the shade of lost Lenore—
When Pearson reads.

Old memories of vanished years,
Old recollections dimmed with tears,
Old joys and griefs that had their part
In life's best hours, surge round the heart—
When Pearson reads.

TO PAUL M. PEARSON

FROM out thy "Speaker" on a festal night
I read to friends such songs as brought the light
Of tender memories to every face,
And touched with poetry's resistless grace
Deep sympathies that have their roots in years
Of human happiness and human tears.

And on a tranquil, dreamy afternoon,
While through the sunset peered the pallid moon,

To Paul M. Pearson

I read unto a ring of children dear
Old fairy tales and fancies quaint and queer,
With dainty songs of love and elfin lore,
Whereof thy "Speaker" hath such goodly store.
And now this evening by the hearth-fire's light,
While early springtime yearns across the night
For April hours when sweet field-larks shall sing
And emerald meadows with their music ring,—
I turn thy leaves and rove again with thee
Amid the charms of thy anthology,
Finding full many a favorite loved of old
And more endeared by memory's fairy gold.

Old friend, what recollections seem to wake
As through thy volumes my glad way I take,—
Bright recollections of old times afar
When by thy window watching many a star
Climb the blue heavens, I listened with delight
While thou didst charm away the drowsy night
With poetry's enchanting, rich appeal;
O glamour of the midnight with its seal
Of mystery that made that music seem
As beautiful as some remembered dream!
O mellow voice whose kindly sympathy
Illumed alike both mirth and tragedy,
Giving new charm to olden songs and lays
Beloved by me since childhood's magic days!

—Such genial thoughts, old friend of mine, arise
As I review with memory-gladdened eyes
This ample row of books, and rove with thee
The pleasant paths of thy anthology,—
Thy treasure-house of pages that rehearse
In touching story and melodious verse
The sentiment, the pity, and the cheer
That make this life so wonderful, so dear;
Such, Paul, the memories that come to-night
Beside my hearth-fire's softly-glowing light.

OUR CHAUTAUQUA

(Set to music by Gabriel L. Hines)

CHAUTAUQUA has come like a wonderful friend,
She has wakened our hearts with the magic of youth,
She has cheered us with charm of her music and song,
She has touched us with beauty and truth.

Chorus:

Chautauqua, Chautauqua, we love thy kindly name;
Chautauqua, Chautauqua, we glory in thy fame.
We give thee honor, love and praise
For old Chautauqua's "Seven Joyous Days."

Chautauqua has let in the light of the dawn,
She has banished beliefs that were useless and old;
And glad with the glory of Truth in our hearts,
We move toward the fair Age of Gold. *Chorus*

Chautauqua, thy spirit shall live in our hearts,
Thy truth and thy beauty remembered shall be,
With joy and with gladness we give evermore
Our faith and affection to thee! *Chorus*

JOHN BURROUGHS AT SWARTHMORE

HE strayed along our woodland ways,
That goldenest of golden days,
When all the hills were wrapt in dream,
And on our slow and tranquil stream,—
Yellow, and red of heart, and brown,
October's leaves were eddying down.
He hearkened to the wood-bird's call,
He watched the waters plash and fall,
And heard the plaintive crows that flew
In wavering flight against the blue,
He plucked the gypsy florets sweet
That clustered lowly at his feet;

John Burroughs at Swarthmore

And tapped upon the squirrel's door,
A sharer of his sylvan lore.

Adown the leafy forest path,
Strewn with autumnal aftermath—
Where poplars rained their faery gold,
And musky odors of the mould
Were mingled with the breath of weeds
And thistles dropped their silver seeds—
He led us on our idle walk
And cheered the way with happy talk,
Oft broken while he paused to see
Some well known sign of plant and tree.
By right of common brotherhood
He hailed the wildings of the wood;
He seemed familiar friend of each—
Spice-bush, and oak, and bending beech:
The tiniest bloom, the hemlock tall—
His genial love included all.

And when we left the placid Krum
And to the college halls were come,
The eager youth about him stood
To hear him talk of field and wood
And glean from his delightful words
Fresh tidings of our homeland birds.
He thought our campus wholly fair,
Enwreathed in vague and misty air,
And praised our widespread pastoral view
Fading afar in smoky blue
To where the river's silver rim
Washes the meadows soft and dim.

And in his quaint and kindly speech
I thought we somehow seemed to reach
Nearer his wholesome sympathy
With rock and flower and forest tree.

Seed-Time and Harvest

For me the memory cannot fade
Of rambling down our wildwood glade—
When leaves fell soft as elfin snows—
With Walton's brother and Thoreau's.

October, 1902

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

(To the Graduating Class, 1898)

IN these imperial hours
While musical whispers fill the air
Blown from odorous banks of flowers,
From clover-meadows and billowing wheat-lands fair;
While the young, untroubled, immaculate year
Is glad in her radiant prime,
I turn from the vernal greenness clear
To muse on the distant harvest-time
And the mellow harvest-gold.

When the summer is waxing old,
And over dreaming garden and field
No sound is heard but the locust's drowsy tune,
And the great white motionless clouds are asleep in the
sky,
And the earth at peace shall lie,—
Ah, then shall the promise of virginal June
In woodland and ripening orchard be revealed!
From the laden trees shall pour
The mellow fruits and nuts in their glossy coats;
And every breeze that floats
From the old gray barn with its open door,
Fragrant breaths from the heaping mows shall bring.
The happy countryside will ring
With the joys of the harvest-home:
And up to heaven's dome
Shall praises ascend to the bountiful Giver of all,
For the golden midsummer grain and the fruits of the fall.

Seed-Time and Harvest

Thus nature's genial and generous growth is fulfilled,
And the blossoms of spring prepare
For autumn's perfect fruitage fair,
As the all-wise Maker has willed
In His one great law each creature obeys and knows,
His law that governs the mighty oak and the delicate rose.

In this image of bud and blossom and new-sown field
Ripening slowly to harvest's plenteous yield,
High-hearted youth may behold the type
And symbol of man's long striving
Ere yet for God's rewards he is ripe,
Ere yet at the glorious goal arriving
He receives life's highest guerdon and crowning meed.

O brothers and sisters ours, through vernal days
Well and patiently have ye sown the seed;
Now with a noble hope ye gaze
O'er many a fertile meadow and pleasant lea,
And dream of your summer's strenuous hours
And the far-off harvest-home to be.

O what have ye gained in these shady bowers
That nourished your fervent youth;
What gifts has the Mother Revered of us all
Bestowed on her latest progeny?
Has she bidden you take to your hearts calm Truth,
And Honor, with clear unwavering eyes,
And their sister, Faith, that ever points to the skies?
Has she opened wide the magical door
Whence ye looked on ancient and godlike men;
Inscribed for you with immortal pen
Socratic wisdom, Shakesperian lore?

Has she made you responsive, emotional,
Touching your souls with a music fine,
Attuning your ears to the harmony
Of Nature's rolling cadences divine?
Has she given a courage pure that can never

To the Class of 1907

Suffer ignoble counsel or sordid aim,
So leading you to love forever
Righteousness, Reverence, Beauty, and Peace, and Fame,
And to seek for these with endless, high endeavor?

Whether your fields of life be far or near,
By native valley or hill, or beyond the seas,
Give freely, O generous hearts, of your best!
Enrich the world with your gifts of courage and cheer;
Uplift the world with your tender ministries,
Untiring in noble deed and exalted quest.

These be the words that shall guide you aright—
Words of the leader* whose coming we honor to-night—
To feel, to know, and to do!
O cherish and follow that maxim your lifetime through;
Feel, know, and do, and your harvest-home shall be
Beautiful, perfect, and free!

TO THE CLASS OF 1905

YOU of the star-bright hopes,
You of the faith elate,
Soon to pass forever
Forth from Swarthmore's gate,—
Yours be achievement splendid
In the golden years to be,
And ever in storm and sunshine
God keep you whole and free!

TO THE CLASS OF 1907

STILL come they, true lads and lasses,
As the years and the seasons renew;
Yet some of our gladness passes,
Friends of Nineteen-Seven, with you.
Though you vanish like sunlight on water,
Yet your memory shall live with us long

*President Birdsall

To the Class of 1907

Who cheered us, each son and fair daughter,
With friendship, with dream and with song.

With friendship and dream from these portals
You pass on the river of life
Far echoing with names of immortals
Who triumphed o'er trouble and strife.
O still as you fare on that river
And float on the far-winding stream,
You will love and remember forever
Old friendship and music and dream.

At Swarthmore they never can perish—
Our visions of light and of truth—
Their charm and their beauty we cherish
In this home of perpetual youth.
Of our work we are seldom aweary,
Nor oft does the pathway seem long,
Where the days are made blithsome and cheery
With friendship, with dream and with song.

The light and the lore of the ages,
They live for us still through the years;
Still live the old minstrels' great pages,
Still speak the great prophets and seers.
How beauteous is Learning, here blended
With magical memories that seem
To make all our college years splendid
With friendship and music and dream!

O friends, the old earth is adorning
Herself with the mantle of June,
Aglow with the ichor of morning
Once more is her spirit atune;
For earth growing weary and olden
Wakes to hope and to hunger supreme,
She needs youthful hearts that are golden
With friendship and music and dream.

My Classmate's Book

And you who go forth on the morrow,
Courageous and cheerful and strong,
Will banish the earth's ancient sorrow
With your friendship, your dream and your song.
Still they come to us, true lads and lasses,
As the years and the seasons renew,
Yet some of our gladness passes,
Friends of Nineteen-Seven, with you.

"LUCKY THIRTEEN"

(Acknowledgment of the Dedication of their "Halcyon")

"LUCKY Thirteen," believe me, is a Class
Of many a merry lad and bonnie lass,—
Of dramatists and dreamers, altruists,
Musicians, orators, and humorists,
Actors and athletes, poets and play-boys,
Who soothe our sorrows and increase our joys;
All warm of heart, all fond of harmless fun;
But quitters, thugs or cowards, not a one;
Cousins of yours and mine, firm friends and true,
Fitted to plan high deeds and put them through.

* * *

Honored am I, whose else forgotten name
The "Halcyon" shall illumine with its fame;
"Non omnis moriar" (as Horace said)
While Nineteen-Thirteen keeps me from the dead.
Then gratitude unto this kindly Class
Of many a lively lad and bonnie lass!

MY CLASSMATE'S BOOK*

UPON my shelf of volumes well beloved,
My Walton and my Wordsworth and my Lamb;
And kind Jane Austen and her later kin—
Singers and sages, dreamers, kindly wits,
And wise interpreters of life, I place—

*"European Beginnings of American History"

Of Other Times She Seemeth

By Pater and by Goldsmith, Burke and Yeats,
And near quaint Herrick, for his country charm—
My classmate's comely and delightful book,
Because it seems so consonant with these;
And in its eloquence subdued, its peace,
Its seemly flow and harmony, I find
A blend of Hellas and of Holicong.

A. MITCHELL PALMER, '91

(Candidate for the U. S. Senatorship)

WITH his pure manhood and integrity
He comes like some fresh breeze to sweep away
The mists and cankers of corruption foul,
And bring the dawning of a better day.
From Plato and from Sophocles he drew
His inspiration for that higher way,
Here in these old and well-loved Swarthmore halls
In his young manhood's dear and golden day.
God haste the hour, now or another year,
When Palmer and his kind shall crush for aye,
With pure strength of their noble statesmanship,
The "politics" of Penrose and of Quay!

OF OTHER TIMES SHE SEEMETH

OF other times and other tastes she seemeth,
As though she stept from some old folio's page,
A spirit come from Shakespeare's ancient England
To charm our prosy age.

Sister of jocund shepherd-girls idyllic
Who chant their roundelays in Spenser's page,
She streweth meadow-flowers from ancient England
Across our prosy age.

O may she keep her happy heart and spirit,—
Happy and blithe as if from Herrick's page,—
Refreshing still with breath of ancient England
Our grey and prosy age!

On Whittier Field

"ROSE TRELAWNEY"

HOW may I tell the beauty and the charm
Of that sweet girl most gentle and refined,
Whose simple goodness conquered every foe;—
How warm of heart she seemed, how loyal and kind!

THE BARRIE RECITALS

"Peter Pan"

SO delicate and whimsical her power,
So tenderly she drew the merry elf,—
I almost fancied in that happy hour
That we were seeing Peter Pan himself!

"The Little Minister"

THE beauty of that hour I shall remember
Like fragrance of some splendid garden flower,
Its sun and shade like summer and December,
Its gipsy charm and wit and fairy power.

ON WHITTIER FIELD

(After an athletic victory, November, 1899)

THE valiant and the beautiful were there,
On that proud night around the festal fire,
Chanting triumphal songs, a joyous choir
Of forms fantastic in the ruddy glare.

And when that gracious group of damsels fair
To draw the massy wain did all conspire,
Methought young vestals round some sacred pyre
Paced in the dim and mystic Roman air!

Enchantment seemed above the field to hang
And hold us with its glamour-laden spell,
While through the shadows rang our rosy glee,—
A scene whose weird romance shall with us dwell
Long as the glory of the victory
Of those high-hearted youths whose deeds we sang.

Swarthmore Songs

SWARTHMORE SONGS

WHAT memoried delight belongs
To all my thought of Swarthmore Songs,
To all my thought that yearneth so
For college years of long ago!
O, Swarthmore Songs, you hold a spell
Beyond the reach of words to tell!

*When the cares of life o'ertake us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray,
Should our dearest hope betray us,
False fortunes fall away,—
Then we banish care and sadness
As we turn our memories o'er,
And recall the hours of gladness
'Neath the garnet of Swarthmore.*

“The Garnet” calls me far away
To blossom-time in virgin May,
Or drowsy nights in early June
When mandolins beneath the moon
Were throbbing soft in measured beat
To songs melodious and sweet,
To songs that make old days arise
And live again for loving eyes
And loving hearts whose memories flow
From out the golden Long Ago!

*Staunch and gray thou stand'st before us
On the campus fair,
Thy high spirit guarding o'er us
Who thy blessings share.
Thee we praise with songs of gladness,
Name thy glories o'er;
Hail to thee, oh Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail, Swarthmore!*

Around the May-Pole

O "Alma Mater," thine's a spell
Beyond the reach of words to tell;—
Its kindly cadence bears us back
On Memory's remotest track;
Its magic music touches tears
Of loyal longing for the years
Of youth,—the years we live once more
When sound the Songs of old Swarthmore!

O Swarthmore Songs, you bear us back
On Memory's enchanted track,
For in your music lies a spell
Beyond the reach of words to tell!

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "THE HALCYON"

HOW may I hope this page shall be
Worthy, gentle friend, of thee!
Could I but capture the song of birds,
Or breathe a rapture of wonderful words,—
Then might I not despair,
Then might my lines declare
The charm of this "lass with the delicate air."

Foam of the flower and scent of the sea
Have given their joy, their joy, to thee,
Bonnie girl.
May sunlight and laughter and song
Live in thy happy heart for long,
Gentle friend!

AROUND THE MAY-POLE

(In Somerville Hall, 1906)

IT was a merry, merry sight!
Across the soft and dreamy night,
Amid the music and the light
I see them dancing yet—

Around the May-Pole

The peasant people, quaint and small,
The fairies and the gypsies all,
The gentles leading down the hall
 The centuried Minuet.

Four handsome lads in silver coats,
With filmy fichu at their throats,
To Mozart's old melodious notes,
 With stately step and slow,
Led out four damsels fair of face,
Whose old-time dress and antique grace
Brought for an hour into that place
 The charm of Long Ago.

The Spanish girls in gipsy red,
By gallant bandileros led,
In airy mazes spun and sped
 While music rose and fell;
And ever in the dreamy dance,
With rhythmic swaying and advance,
Like pictures out of old romance
 They held us by their spell.

And O the jolly jolly tars,
Rollicking through the hornpipe's bars—
In truth they were the comic stars
 Of all the merry crew!
And how harmonious and sweet
The music flowed, as lithe and fleet,
The peasant girls with twinkling feet
 Around the May-pole flew!

And who in words could e'er portray
The handsome lads and lasses gay
Who danced in wholly charming way
 The quaint Varsovienne;
Like gentlefolk of high degree
They seemed—that courtly company—

At an Art Lecture

O who may tell when we shall see
Such charm and grace again!

Too soon, too soon it fades from sight,
The pageantry and music bright;
And out across the moonlit night
It vanishes away.

But Beauty cannot die, I deem,
And oft in memory 'twill seem
To haunt us like a golden dream—
That magic night of May!

AT A LATIN PLAY

OH, strange indeed it is to hear
From living voices sweet and young,
In plangent cadences and clear,
The accents of that ancient tongue
Which poets wrought to harmony
Sonorous, splendid, rich, and grave,
Long ere across the Northern sea
Our Saxon sires their war-keels drave!

And that old pleasant Plautine fun,—
How quaint and far away it seems,
Like droll and merry fables spun
By hearth-fires in forgotten dreams!
Ah, "*Plaudite!*" comes all too soon:
Farewell, young friends, we part for home;
But musing 'neath the wintry moon
My yearning heart still dreams of Rome.

AT AN ART LECTURE

(*M. N. C., '07*)

SHE made us love the artists of her love,
With eager voice melodious and low
Showing how vivid and how vital still
The painted dreams of men of long ago.

The Old English Pastimes

THE OLD ENGLISH PASTIMES

(*May-Day, 1909*) •

O vision delightful,—

The marching of morrisers over the scene,

The romping of villagers over the green,

O vision delightful!

BRIGHT with an ancient charm and long-lost joy,
These old-world pastimes,—bringing to our day,
Our sombre day of thought and anxious care,
Some childhood echo from the far-off years,
Of harvest songs and rustic revelry
Among green lanes and ever-fragrant fields
In that Old England of our wistful love.

How blithesome and bonnie!

O rippling and wavering music, still play;

O rustic folk, dance through the long holiday,—

So blithesome and bonnie!

See, round and round the village how they go,
In soft young springtime hours; when daffodils
Begin to peer, and every orchard-bough
Is green with tender foliage; see them swing
With rhythmic footing down the country lanes,
Where merle and mellow-throated mavis chant
Beside old ivied walls and mossy gates,—
Warble and chant the April hours away.

O exquisite measures,

Stepped out to the piping of jocund old airs

Like echoes of wakes and of old country fairs,

What exquisite measures!

The Springtime in Old England woke again
And shepherds fluted soft arcadian airs
For girls who danced the hayes and rustic rounds
And sang their rondels down the woodland lawns;

Pierrot and Pierrette

While morrisers with click of boots, and beat
Of rhythmic clubs, and tinkle of small bells,
Lent antique charm and color to the scene.—
A picture out of Herrick seemed it all,
Sweet with old half-forgotten memories
Of Devon lanes and apple-orchards white
And bowering groves where merry youth did roam,
While flowery Maytime followed in their steps.

*O moment of sorrow,
As dancers and morrisers vanish away,
And the clown and the hobby-horse cease their blithe
play,—
O moment of sorrow!*

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

(The Somerville Play, 1916)

DEAR Pierrette and Pierrot
Came from out of the long ago
To teach fond folk to-day
That Home can heal our every woe
And Love all grief allay.

What did I see as the blithe Pierrot
Danced in the candle-light?
Some old city of long ago
Where harlequin hid his heart of woe
And flamed like a spirit bright;
Some old city whose minster-towers
Soared high over the Square
Where harlequin scattered his fancy's flowers
And romped through the golden languid hours,
Enchanting the idlers there.

Dulcet voice and delicate air
Rhythmic motions wondrous fair;
Sleepy song to a sleepy tune,
Drowsy-sweet as a rose in June;

May Day, 1916

A face of light and a heart of woe;
And dear with the charm of the Long Ago—
All these I saw in Pierrot.

What grief I felt for the fair Pierrette
As she lighted the ruddy fire
And saw the table duly set
For her careless lover! Poor Pierrette—
Her warm heart's dear desire
Was to win the love of the blithe Pierrot,
And her little heart was heavy with woe
As she drooped by the ruddy fire.
O dreamy-dear with her fairy grace,
Her winsome ways and child-sweet face—
What grief she should suffer so!

But lovers' moods are not for aye;
And at last there comes the sunny day
When Pierrot no more shall roam.
The light-heart lad so foolish-fond!—
He knows at last love's rosy bond
And finds his heaven at home.

Dear "Maker of Dreams," this happy ending
Was of thine own beneficent sending!

It happened all so long ago;
But Pierrette and Pierrot
Came back again to-day
To teach us in their idyl old
That round us lies life's dearest gold
And Love can every grief allay.

MAY DAY, 1916

ON May Day morn a gentle Lady spoke to us of
Chaucer,

In that old century of his so dim and far away;
And in the rapture of her words I harkened to the little
birds

May Day, 1916

And dreamed of wandering in Kent to welcome in the
May,—
*With Chaucer, with Chaucer among the Kentish meadows,
To wander and wonder and welcome in the May!*

And then at noon to Wilmington I traveled on the trolley,—
A paradise of fields and blooming orchards all the way,—
And there at Quarterly Meeting, among the quiet Quakers,
I fear my thoughts were wandering and very far away,
*With Chaucer, with Chaucer, at singing of the morning
lark,
A-setting out from Southwark to welcome in the May:—*

For recollection bore me back to May-Day once at Oxford
When by the drowsy silver Thames I rambled all the
day,
Among the yellow daffodils on Berkshire's green and
golden hills,
And mused on Chaucer's England so dim and far
away,—
*When Chaucer, Dan Chaucer crossed o'er that stream at
London
And wandered in the fields of Kent to welcome in the
May.*

And then in waning golden afternoon I hastened home
again
By woodland and violet-bank and blossomed apple-
spray,
To see our girls a-gathering upon our Swarthmore campus
With music and with merriment to welcome in the May.
In truth it was a witching scene!
With ribbons and with garlands gay
And baskets filled with flowers of May,
They circled 'round the green;
And then with wreath of red and blue,
Their symbol of devotion true,
They crowned their winsome Queen.

The Saga of 'Sixteen

And as I watched them dancing there
In that poetic evening air,
Those damsels delicate and fair,—

 Their passing pageantry of joy, immortal seemed to me;
Such loveliness can never die,
But must in recollection lie,
And through all coming years its beauty shall remem-
bered be!

* * * * *

O, friends, who saw that charming scene,
Do you not sigh for meadows green

 And long to roam with Chaucer to welcome in the May,—
With Chaucer, with Chaucer, among his flowery meadows,
 To wander and wonder and welcome in the May!

THE SAGA OF 'SIXTEEN

(A Toast for Commencement Day, 1916)

*I sing of '16 in my Saga! I sing and I say
It will seem lorn and lonely when you have all wandered
away.*

DEAR "1916," we shall surely miss you!

 We saw your cousins and your kinsmen kiss you;
We saw you going through your graduation
Firm and courageous with no hesitation.
We saw the leader of the College bless you,
(Although we saw no holy priest confess you.)

Our genial Dr. T——r has addressed you
And with his wisdom duly has impressed you.
O, he's a blend of Socrates and Burroughs;
He's reaped a lot of comfort from life's furrows.
If you can look on life with eyes as sunny,
You'll glean like him large store of golden honey.

O, "1916," we shall miss you badly!
We'll have to face the next semester sadly.

The Saga of 'Sixteen

No more, no more, we'll stop and look and listen,
While '16's maidens on the campus glisten.
Ah me, we shall miss you, '16's, miss you all and each one,
With your wit and your beauty, your music and innocent fun.

O, many's the moment of pleasure you've given to me
In the years you've sojourned in the shelter of Swarthmore's roof-tree!—

I was fond of your Phoenix, and found it both faithful
and fair;

It mingled the gay and the grave with a sympathy rare.
The Faculty followed its hints and were helped to a cure
Of more than one ill by its judgments so sound and so sure.

Your *Halcyon* held me for many a memoried time,
In love with its legends, its art, and its jocular rime;—
I verily valued your Volume (excepting indeed
Two pages of prose by the pen that's inscribing this screed.)

*I sing of '16 in my Saga! I sing and I say
It will look lorn and lonesome when you have all wandered away.*

I was charmed with your music, your songs and your
carolling clear,

O often and often I'll hear it in memory's ear!

I was charmed with your Library "silence" while duly
you read

As over our books bent each eager and beautiful head.

I was charmed with your acting in many a heart-stirring
play,—

And most by the drama you gave on that golden June
day

When Falstaff, the fat and the farcical, gladdened us so
With his pomp and his pride and his boundless ambition
laid low!

* * *

Watching the Stars

O, "1916," we shall see you in College no more,
And only as ghosts will you pace o'er the Library floor!
You will seek your "own people" wherever those dear
ones may be

By farmstead or village or far by the murmuring sea.

Ah me, we shall miss you, '16's, miss you all and each
one,

With your wit and your beauty, your music and inno-
cent fun!

*I sing of '16 in my Saga! I sing and I say
We'll not see your equals for many a wearisome day.*

WATCHING THE STARS

*(Read at the dedication of the Sproul Observatory,
the gift of William Cameron Sproul, '91; June, 1911)*

I

WHAT noble joy to watch the stars,
To scan the moon's vast mountains, ages old,
Great Saturn and mysterious Mars,

And Venus flaming through the sunset's gold!
What noble happiness to view

Uncharted constellations strange and new,
And meteors trailing golden fire
Beneath Orion and the lordly Lyre;

To watch the wondrous Pleiad sisters seven,
And pallid nebulae that swim
In silver silence cold and dim,

And comets hurtling through the heights of heaven!
—And O what noble privilege to teach

That old august Chaldean lore,
And follow the illimitable reach

Of systems far beyond Time's farthest shore,
Where the Almighty hath empearled
The fields of space with world on wandering world!

Watching the Stars

II

And then from these supernal dreams, how sweet,
Returning to this well-loved scene,
To find the daisies tossing round our feet,
And ramble 'mid the shadows green
Of these embowering trees!

Such contrasts gather 'round this dome,—
Opening on boundless stellar mysteries,
And nestling 'mid the verdant foam
Of these dear woodlands and familiar hills,
Whose beauty our affection fills—
So near, so near are heaven and home.

III

Here, many a lustrous, tingling night,
Through long uncounted hours,
The watcher of the stars shall scan the sky,
Heart-simple as the child that hunts for flowers
In meadows warm and bright—
Beholding through the giant glass
The heavenly pilgrims in procession pass—
The mighty planets robed around with light
Of their attendant moons,
Like sultans moving to their rest
In drowsy silken noons
Far in the slumbrous silence of the west.
Unending constellations shall he see
In stately pageantry
Of purple splendor, streaming on through space
Celestially and with celestial grace.
—How can we dream of base or low
Here learning God's great chart to know;
How can our souls dwell but upon the heights,
Pondering the heavens through majestic nights!

IV

Now, to the donor and his classmates here,
Ours be thanksgiving full and deep.

The College Chimes

May he—may they—in recollection keep,
Through year on rolling year,
Our loving gratitude. O may they be—
This kindly Swarthmore class—
Enshrined in friendliest memory,
'Till this great dome and heaven-searching glass
In far, far distant years, to nothingness shall pass.

THE COLLEGE CHIMES

(To Swarthmore College, the bells and clock in this tower were presented by Morris Lewis Clothier, betokening his love and loyalty, and commemorating the Twentieth Anniversary of the graduation of the Class of '90.)

LONG may these mighty bells peal forth,

Long throw their voices on the air,
And celebrate through far-off years
The Class whose noble name they bear;
Long may they mark the rolling hours
With mellow music, wild and sweet,
And solemn harmonies that surge
O'er college hill and village street!

I love their solemn harmonies,
Their pensive and pathetic notes;
I love the golden carillon
That from the belfry grandly floats.
I love to think how grey old men
And little children pause to hear
These sweetly-chiming bells that make
Our Swarthmore campus yet more dear.

No war-alarums may they ring,
But only tranquil songs of peace,
And messages of brotherhood
O'er fields where blessings never cease.
No navies may they hail but those
That calmly sail the summer blue,

My Friendly Pine

The vast cloud-fleets that float on high
And fade like phantoms from the view.

Soft will their mellow echoes fall
Among the bookish aisles below,
Soft will they toll the precious hours
For eager hearts that come and go.
Soft will they sound for him who reads
And weighs the words of ancient sage,
And softly blend their harmonies
With every well-loved poet's page.

Long may they pour their pensive notes,
Their mellow music wild and sweet,
Their solemn harmonies that surge
O'er college hill and village street;
Through sun and storm, through joy and woe,
Long may they peal across the air,
In token of the loyalty
Of Swarthmore's son whose name they bear!

MY FRIENDLY PINE

(Beside the Library)

I LOVE to watch the snow-flakes softly sifting
Among the branches of my friendly Pine,
When purple twilight wanders by the windows,
And memories waver past in mystic line.
O then the dark green branches seem to whisper
And wave to me with myriad little hands
That lead the heart away to wander dreaming
Among the far-off golden summer lands.

I love to hear the gales of deep December
Wail through its branches with unresting roar,
When high o'er-head the wild white geese are hasting
To happier homes upon some balmy shore;
And in the scented sunsets of green April

The Library Dove

I listen to the croon of calm content
That floats from out the old Pine's drowsy branches
Whose breath with odors wild is redolent.
O Pine-tree with thy softly-swaying branches
Above the purple twilight's ghostly snow,
Singing and sighing to me through my window
When zephyrs murmur or when wild winds blow:—
I love thee for thy fragrance and thy beauty,
Unfailing and all-faithful comrade mine,
Through golden morns and noons and purple twilights,
Most musical and dreamy-hearted Pine!

IN THE LIBRARY

ONE morning last week,
When the soft rain pattered and dripped,
I raised a library window,
And all of a sudden the dry and dusty air
Was flooded with wet sweet wind
That breathed from the beautiful pine whose arms
Shadow the eastern wall with fragrant green.

A reader, strolling in,
Asked for a copy of *Hedda Gabler*,
And pored over pages of morbid talk
About sick souls and scandal
And sorrowful things,—and heard not at all
The wet wind chanting, chanting
Its song in the boughs of the beautiful fragrant pine.

THE LIBRARY DOVE

*Columba, O Columba, come again,
And murmur softly at my window-pane!*

ONE day a dove in at our window flew,
A comely dove with neck of iris hue.
He seemed bewildered, far from home, and lost,
As if on some wild wind he had been tossed,

Fairy Melody

Then in the after-lull had drifted down
And sought a refuge in our friendly town;—
I know not,—but for weeks he lingered near,
And every day I heard his murmur clear
And soft as music from a fairy flute
Or far-heard throb of mandolin or lute,
So gently would he murmur.

He was tame,
And every morning to the window came
To eat the oats and corn I scattered there;
Then would he croon, and preen his feathers fair
And entertain me with his murmur sweet,
While sideways on the sill with dainty feet
He stepped, with air most solemn and sedate
And head aslant, as pondering the fate
That kept folks bound to books through such long hours
While all outdoors was bright with sun and flowers!

At last, in late October, off he flew.
Alas, the lovely creature never knew
How much I miss my little fairy friend,
And how I hope a kindly fate will send
This darling dove some day again to cheer
Our dusty hours with murmured music clear.

Columba, with your lovely Latin name,
Come back again as long ago you came,
And croon your pensive songs upon the sill;
Tap on the window with your little bill
And tell us how the sunshine and the flowers
Rebuke us for our long and bookish hours.
Columba, O Columba, come again,
And murmur gently at my window-pane.

FAIRY MELODY

WHEN Phebe Lukens sings,
How softly on the ear

When Gabriel Hines Dreams O'er Keys

There falls a fairy melody
Most delicate and dear;
And far among the meadows
In twilight's purple shadows
I see the nodding daisies dance,—
When Phebe Lukens sings!

Among the hills I hear
The low and tender tune
Of little silver-singing streams
At drowsy end of June,
And blackbirds warbling over
The honey-hearted clover,
And winds ablow in orchard boughs,
When Phebe Lukens sings.

The happy, happy days of old,
The summer days of childhood's gold,
Come back to me
In memory,
When Phebe Lukens sings.

WHEN GABRIEL HINES DREAMS O'ER THE KEYS

WHEN Gabriel Hines dreams o'er the keys,
I hear the songs of birds and bees;
I see the leaves of autumn red and yellow
Drift softly down the melancholy air,
In drowsy twilights when the moon is mellow
And fairy voices seem to greet us there.
My heart is touched by memories golden;
I sail on peaceful summer seas
Of recollections sweet and olden,
Of memories and visions golden,—
When Gabriel Hines is dreaming o'er the keys.

When he is dreaming o'er the keys
With those immortal Rhapsodies,—

Remembered Music

I see Hungarian girls among the mountains
Rejoicing in their happy holiday;
I see them romping 'round the forest fountains
Or through the greenwood fading far away.
Old songs and ballads they are singing
 Beneath the ancient forest trees;
I hear their girlish laughter ringing,
I hear their happy, happy singing—
 When Gabriel Hines is dreaming o'er the keys.

When he is dreaming o'er the keys,
I muse on heavenly mysteries.—
I hear the roll of organs, and the thunder
Of yearning hymns adown cathedral aisles;
I hear the flutes of shepherds piping under
White-blossomed trees by country lanes and stiles.
—O Music, like a lordly river
 Of bright and beauteous harmonies,
Let me recall the charm forever
Of memories flowing like a river—
 When Gabriel Hines is dreaming o'er the keys.

REMEMBERED MUSIC

(*To E. R. S.*)

WHENE'ER I hear a harp of golden tone,
 Or mark the plaintive moan
Of ring-doves, or at rosy end of dark
Hear the first morning lark,—
Then I recall the cadence dreamy-low
And soft adagio
Of thy calm music, as I heard thee play
At twilight of a dream-remembered day.

Chopin and Schumann in their tenderest mood,
And dear MacDowell musing in the wood,—
These, these I heard thee play
At drowsy close of day.

Moszkowski's "*Arabesques*"

When o'er a hill I hear a bird-song sweet
Fading in soft retreat,
Or watch low waves upon the ocean shore
Falling with faint-heard roar
And foam of tumbling froth,—in Memory's ear
Murmur for me the clear
And fluty notes I heard thee gently play
At drowsy close of day,
At twilight of that dream-remembered day.

GARBER AND LA MONACA

(In their College Recital)

WITH sunny faces bright and gay
They put their hearts into their play
And poured forth airy round on round
Of shimmering and lovely sound.

They seemed a quaint, unworldly pair
Delighting us with music there,
And blithe and glad as if the earth
Were just a place for joy and mirth,
A place where blooms eternal Spring
—So magical their music's ring!

MOSZKOWSKI'S "*ARABESQUES*"

(To H. E. B.)

LIKE mother-song recalled in dreams,
Like airs of childhood's day,
Those sweetly meditative notes
Seemed floating forth on memory's streams,
That hour I heard you play.
They flowed and flamed like golden motes.
That in the drowsy noon-tide beams
Whirl in their fairy dance
Adown the velvet air.

The College Hymns

O, did Moszkowski draw from old romance
Those lovely cadences you played me there,—
While the unheeding crowd
Gossiped with murmur loud!

THE COLLEGE HYMNS

HOW often have they warmed and cheered,—
The hymns by memory endeared,
Poured forth upon the air
By those loved voices there!

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!*
Heber's great hymn of Christmas-tide,
To Gounod's stately music set,—
Its plaintive flow I cherish still,
Its pathos I cannot forget,
Poured forth upon the air
By those young voices there.

*Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.*
A rich and splendid hymn, indeed,
One of old Haydn's noblest lays!
How many a morn I heard with joy
Its moving messages of praise
Poured forth upon the air
By those glad voices there!

*Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.*

The Gentle Piper

O after hours of grief and pain,
Do they not fall like heavenly balm,—
Our great-souled Whittier's loving words
Sweet with their never-failing calm,
Poured forth upon the air
By those bright voices there!

How often have they warmed and cheered,—
The hymns by memory endeared,
Poured forth upon the air
By those loved voices there!

THE LADY OF THE HARP

(Dorothy Baseler)

ROMANTIC and harmonious the flow
Of her rich music! I can see her yet,—
The queenly Lady in her gold and jet,—
Playing her golden harp.

The long ago
Came back at beckoning of her fingers fleet,
And charmed me as with memories wild and sweet,—
So plaintive, so endearing was the flow
Of her rich music on the throbbing strings.

Deep gratitude to her my glad heart brings
For those heart-warming hours,
Dear as the fragrance of remembered flowers
Whose balmy breath we loved so long ago!

THE GENTLE PIPER

(Dorothy McEwen)

THE gentle Piper won all hearts that day,
So sweetly smiling grief and care away.
O I could watch the winsome lass for aye,—
The soul and center of that old-world play!*

*At the Mary Lyon School, Swarthmore, May, 1916

With Joy I Remember Thy Music

FAREWELL TO GABRIEL HINES

THOUGH flowery May alike with wild November
Pass down the drowsy corridors of dream,—
Yet thee and thy warm heart I shall remember
Like music heard beside a haunted stream.

EASTER-MUSIC

ON Easter-morn I heard
Grieg's lovely shepherd-music played
Upon the organ by a fair young maid,
Who caused the pipes to sing sweet as some bird
Pouring his joy out to the April sun.

With gentle tremolo and airy run
She made the flutes of Springtime blow;
And out upon the far-off emerald hills
I seemed to see, among the daffodils,
The white-fleeced flocks with movement slow
Feeding upon the herbage sweet,
While little lambs with plaintive bleat
Followed their mothers up the grassy way.

How delicately did the maiden play
Those fluty-soft adagios,
Bringing her music to its quiet close
With dreamy echoes fading far away,—
Leaving in hearts that hunger for the Spring
Remembered music that shall ring
In happy memory of that Easter-day!

WITH JOY I REMEMBER THY MUSIC

(*To C. P.*)

WITH joy I remember thy music, its mingled pathos
and power,
As I mused by thy western window in the wonderful sunset
hour

October's Queen

And heard thee playing Beethoven and thrilled to his
thunderous tone,

And Weber's sonorous setting of "Nearer the Great White
Throne."

I heard the harmonious measures of plaintive old Irish
songs

So sweet with Ireland's elfin charm, so sad with her
centuried wrongs.

And musing there in the sunset while the beautiful music
rolled,—

I dreamed of the fair old fables, I gathered fairy gold;
I wandered on lonely islands afar in a lonely sea.

And this is the cause, my dear old friend, of my gratitude
to thee,—

My gratitude for happy dreams in the golden sunset hour
While I heard thy music's magic, its pathos and its power.

A SISTER OF THE BIRDS

(Welcome to Mabel Elms)

LIKE carillons of fairyland they rang,
Those golden notes she sang,
While beauty, youth and joy before us there
Made glad the glowing air.

O, I could listen with delight for long
To the clear rapture of her throbbing song,
Poured forth upon the green May night;—
How wild it was, how beautiful, how bright!

—So, in this season of the songful birds,
Welcome to her and her sweet warbled words!

OCTOBER'S QUEEN

SPENSER'S enchanting pages glow
With dreamy figures out of old romance;
Their magic may the heart entrance
With echoes of the Long Ago.

October's Queen

Here on our Swarthmore campus green,
Warm-lying in the soft autumnal sun,
I turn his purple pages one by one;—
And here I con those wondrous words of Keats
Wherein he chants of Autumn's amber sweets,
And with sad, tranced music grieves
For Autumn's stricken leaves.

I muse, and lo, a spirit seems to rise—
October's self, a Queen with languid eyes;
Drowsy I see her stand
On some far hillside 'mid the golden corn,
A slender sickle in her hand;
She hearkens to a ghostly horn,
A faery horn that blows across the land,
Greeting the goddess in mild accents clear:—

*O Queen of the drooping year,
Queen of the hunter's moon, of pale love-stars,
Of orchard-songs beside the pasture-bars,—
Unto thy loving heart is dear
The fragrance of the lingering rose
That sends her petaled snows
Drifting adown deserted garden ways,
Where paling purple phlox
And corridors of fading hollyhocks
Like ruined spendthrifts weep for glory gone.
Dear unto thee the haze
And glamour that enwrap the world in dream,
Touching the air with subtle mystery
And gifting each slow, languorous stream
With richer languor, while the yellowing leaf
Falls in the glades, and tree by tree
Stands lonely in its grief.
Pathos is thine, sad Queen;—
Pathos and mournful Memory combine,
And with them doth Regret entwine
Her garlands reft of green.*

Alumnus and Freshmanne

Like elfin notes of sweet but unseen birds
Did sound those sorrowing words,
While here among late-lingering flowers,
Forgetful of the drowsy-footed hours,
I tasted golden sweets
In Spenser's volume and the songs of Keats.

YE AUNCIENT ALUMNUS AND YE FRESH- MANNE AT YULE-TYDE

Senex.—Ah, gentle Freshie, is it thou,
Or doe I idlie dreame?
Methoughte I sawe thee yester-eve
By Krumme his icie Streame.

Discipulus.—Yea, yea, olde Manne, I skated there
Beneath ye pallide Moone,
But nowe ye Holydayes are come
And we goe home eftsoone.

Senex.—And tell me, Freshie, whyle at home
Ye happie Studentes byde,
How will they passe ye cheerie Houres
At golden Christmasse-Tyde?

Discipulus.—Methinkes that they will straighte forgett
Ye toilsome Carke and Care
That did erstwhyle oppresse theyre Heartes
In yonder Classe-Roomes there.

Senex.—And tell me, Freshie, of ye Houres
They'll spende on *Mathematickes*,
On *Calculus* and *Algebra*
And *Conickes* and *Quadratickes*.

Discipulus.—Such Houres, olde Manne, will be as scarce
As Swallowes in December;
These Artes, and Physickes, too, I feare,
They'll trye to disremember.

Home

And whyle they trim ye Christmasse-Tree
And carve ye Turkie juicie,
No doubts they'll snub deare *Elia*
And even Wordsworth's *Lucy*!

Theocritus and *Xenophon*
Will be, I think, *de trop*,
As likewise will *Racine* and *Sand*,
Voltaire and *V. Hugo*.

Senex.—Ah, weladaye! how doe thy Wordes
Recalle those Seasons golden,
When *we* wente home at Christmasse-Tyde
In Yeares remote and olden.

We too forgott oure Care and Carke
As by ye Fireside jollie
We wreathed with Heartes as light as Ayre
Ye Mistletoe and Hollie.

For in this Tyde through all ye Lande
We shut up Shoppe and Schoole,
And drowned oure Sorrowes in ye sweete
And happie Dayes of Yule!

HOME

BACK to the homeland hills we go, with their old sweet
magic light,
Where kind hearts wait with greetings warm and loving
eyes are bright.

Swarthmore is dear to our loyal hearts, and dear each
memoried hall,
But the homeland hills and the red home hearth, ah, these
are best of all!

Home to wistful childhood's haunts and the streams and
woods afar,
Where we loved to watch the sun's low flame and the tremu-
lous evening star.

Whittier House

Fair are Swarthmore's scenes and fair these days of work
and cheer,
But now for home and the Christmas hearth and the kind
home-faces dear!
The wide threshold and ivied porch and the chimney's
wreathing smoke—
Oh, dreamy-dear the quaint homestead beneath the shelter-
ing oak!
'Tis there we'll rest like harbored ships that rock on the
welcoming foam,
And we'll taste once more of the love of kin and the tender
ties of home.

WHITTIER HOUSE

(Read at the laying of the corner-stone, 1911)

WE lay this stone with hopes and prayers;
We dedicate to love and truth
These rising walls that through long years
Shall guard our children and our youth.

Through long, long years I see them come,
Each sweet and peaceful Sabbath day,
Beneath the trees with happy song
Or gathering flowers along the way.

Our children's children yet to be
I see with forward-gazing view,
Mingling in friendly fellowship,
Learning the good, the high, the true,—

Here where we cherish Whittier's name
Who dead yet speaketh for all time,
And yieldeth to our yearning hearts
The blessing of his noble rime.

O may our prayers and kindly hopes
For these our children and our youth

A Summer-School Memory

Find plenteous fruits of peace and love
And friendly fellowship and truth.

AUTUMN CHEER

AUTUMN comes with its leafage red and golden,
Its woodland fragrance borne on the breezes cool;
And back to Whittier House they come, the children
And friendly teachers, back to our First-Day School.

Faded afar is the dear and peaceful summer
With all its kindly joys and its quiet dreams,
Its wholesome glee and its fun in field and forest
And along the leafy paths by the singing streams.

And now, Dear Hearts, shall not the year before us
Be our best, when its story comes to be told,—
Turning our summer dreams to the spirit's harvest
Bright and rich as the woodland's autumn gold!

A SUMMER-SCHOOL MEMORY

LAST First-day afternoon, afar in our Swarthmore
woodlands,
I walked with some fellow-students, friendly and merry
and kind,
Under the leafy boughs and the fragrant, mysterious hem-
locks,
And down the lonely lanes and over the flower-strewn
fields.
On high the magnificent clouds wandered and changed, and
faded
Afar in the sleepy west, like ships on a shadowy sea;—
And there in the June-sweet country our spirits gathered
renewal
From the forest's balmy breath and the jubilant song of
the birds.

The Vanished Rose

O many a pensive time since then, as I heard the lectures,
Or lingered over the music and fun at the good-night hour
(The beautiful tender songs, the fairy voice of the viols,
And the quaint and humorous "poems" recited so zest-
fully),
Or sat with the quiet Friends in the dreamy hours of
twilight
There on the college campus, under the bowering trees,—
With gratitude have I thought of that walk in the
wonderful woodland
With those genial fellow-students, so friendly and merry
and kind.

1915

THE VANISHED ROSE

(*E. W. H.*)

DELICATE beauty, budding thought,
Pensive moods from dreamland brought,—

Each charm that maidenhood endears
Was hers in her few wistful years.

She seemed a sweet and radiant flower
Blossoming brightly for an hour,

A youthful rose whose petals fell,
For all we cherished her so well.

Gracious and modest, friendly, dear,
Still seems her soul to hover near;

And still her kind and winsome face
In hearts that loved her keeps a place;

And still the tear regretful flows
At thought of her,—the vanished rose.

"A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS"

(The Poems of Helen Scudder Cochran)

A TENDER spirit speaks from every page
In messages of love and hope and cheer,
Right from the heart of her whose memory
We keep as something beautiful and dear.

A JURYMAN'S DREAMS

OUR Swarthmore fields are full of larks;
I love their glad sweet cries.
Each Spring I marvel at their song
With startled fresh surprise.

To County Court each day last week
I walked, and all the time
I heard like wild enchanted bells
The field-larks' fairy chime.

I served upon the Jury there,
And all the drowsy day
I dreamed of Swarthmore's lovely larks
In meadows far away.

The Court is rich in tragedies
And humors by the way;
But law-suits love I less than larks,
And shall to my last day!

Our Swarthmore fields are full of larks,
And all the drowsy day
In dreams I heard their carol sweet
In meadows far away.

April, 1916

A SWARTHMORE GARDEN

DEAR Friends, I wish to have a word with you
About a place on College Avenue;

A Swarthmore Garden

Just where it crosses over Chester Road
A genial gentleman has his abode.
'Tis in the evening comes his true delight;
Yes, often far into the moonlit night
He labors with his hose and with his hoe
To make his lilies and his roses grow,
Trimming and training many a dainty flower
Takes his attention hour on happy hour;
And so his garden blooms with beauty bright
To give his family and his friends delight.
—O do you seek for peace and pleasant hours?
Then come with me into this realm of flowers.

Of all his garden's charms he most is fond
Of its fair central feature, the dark pond,—
A placid pool that holdeth in its heart
The pictured heavens; here little fishes dart
And show their golden beauty in the sun,
And silver-sided minnows many a one;
And oft at night the tadpoles and their dads
Come out and float upon the lily-pads.
—O do you seek for peace and pleasant hours?
Then come with me to this bright haunt of flowers.

I love to linger near his hollyhocks
And by his beds of white and purple phlox,
His marigolds and spicy bergamot
And daffodils and sweet forget-me-not.
I love to watch his poppies softly shed
Their gorgeous petals pink and white and red,
And see on summer nights the mirrored moon
Soft-shining in this fairy-small lagoon
Where water-lilies grow,—the peaceful pool
So dark and still and beautiful and cool.
—O do you seek for peace and pleasant hours?
Then come with me where bloom the lovely flowers
Raised by our genial friend whose chief delight
Is in his garden, beautiful and bright.

UP THE KRUM

IN memory I live it o'er,
That day we rambled by the shore
Of Krum, that winds and wanders 'neath the hills
So peacefully, so calm,—its beauty thrills
The happy heart of him who wanders there
Forgetful for awhile of cark and care.

And when blithe lass by lass mused on the stream,
Enraptured with its early springtide dream,
How charming was the forest-picture there
Of those "dear hearts" so pensive-fair,—
Each one a simple woodland queen
Beneath the friendly hemlock's silent green!

THE "WOOLMAN TREE"

FAR by a forest pathway wild and free
There stands a sturdy beech,—our "Woolman Tree";
And wandering there from month to month we mark
The record of our rambles on its bark.

"LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST"

O SWEET-SAD beauty of that plaintive song!—
Its kindly cadence haunts me long and long,
Heard as we drifted on the placid breast
Of Krum, while sunset gilded all the west.

CHRISTMAS IN SWARTHMORE

ALL round the Christian world this holy day
The bells ring out their peals of merry glee,
And hosts of happy children, fair and dear,
Are gathering 'neath the blessed Christmas Tree.

And here at home in our well-loved Swarthmore
What happier place on Christmas-day to be,—
Where kindly friends, the dear familiar friends,
Are gathering 'neath the solemn Christmas Tree;

A Swarthmore Christmas Dream

Where gray-haired old folk, grown-up boys and girls,
All gladly join the mirth and melody
Of Swarthmore's troops of winsome children sweet
Who gather 'neath the merry Christmas Tree.

Dear hearts, the hope and joy of Swarthmore homes,
Far down the ripening century I see
Your cheery faces year by golden year,
Still gathering 'neath the well-loved Christmas Tree.

May Christ, whose birth we celebrate to-day,
Protect you through all years that are to be,
And peace and joy and honor still be yours
Who gather 'neath the blessed Christmas Tree.

A SWARTHMORE CHRISTMAS DREAM

(This little play, acted by children of Swarthmore First-Day School, touches on our Swarthmore landscapes and legendary memories.)

CHARACTERS

LITTLE MOTHERKatharine Hayes

THE FOUR DREAMERS.....

Margaret Jackson

Marjorie Sellers

Elizabeth Pollard

Henrietta Walter

THE LAD (who found the Christmas Tree) ..Newlin Smith

DREAM SPIRITS:

WILLIAM PENNRobert Joyce

JANE LOWNESBetty Walter

BENJAMIN WESTWilliam Paxson

LUCRETIA MOTTBetty Sellers

OTHER FRIENDS (accompanying Jane Lownes and Lucretia Mott)

William Jaquette, Joseph Smith, Susan Roth, Eleanor Hayes, Barbara Jenkins, Carol Paxson, Ruth Pownall, Dorothy Tomlinson, Blanche Sheldrake.

SCENE—*Whittier House fire-place. Little Mother seated before the wood-fire. As each Dreamer tells of her*

A Swarthmore Christmas Dream

dream, the Dream Spirit passes before Little Mother and disappears.

When the Lad brings in the Christmas Tree, the Dream Spirits return and look on while the others sing the Carol.

(Enter First Dreamer)

LITTLE MOTHER—O welcome, welcome, dear child,—hast thou found a Christmas Tree for us who are gathered here at Whittier House?

FIRST DREAMER—No, Mother dear; but I fell into a strange dream. I had wandered far down the banks of Krum Creek, beside the gleaming waters, among the beautiful wild trees and over the peaceful meadows. I felt drowsy, and fell asleep near old Upland; and lo, in my dream I beheld a stately Quaker of long ago.

LITTLE MOTHER—And who was this Quaker of the ancient time, dear child?

FIRST DREAMER—I believe it was the great and good William Penn himself!

He gazed across the land, and pointing to a forest on a far-off hill, he said: "*There on yonder hill, in future days, shall stand a Quaker College. There shall stand Whittier House likewise, the gathering-place of the kind-hearted Quakers, young and old.*"

(The Spirit of William Penn passes slowly across the scene)

LITTLE MOTHER—Dear child, it truly was the spirit of the great and good William Penn!

Listen, my little one, does he not stand for the thought of *Quaker Goodness*? And shall not we, of to-day, cherish his memory, and try to be like him?

(Enter Second Dreamer)

LITTLE MOTHER—And welcome to thee, dear little one. Where is the Christmas tree thou wert searching for?

SECOND DREAMER—Truly, Little Mother, I found not the Tree. I strolled far up the land, among the lonely windy hills, and down the little valleys where the rabbits

A Swarthmore Christmas Dream

have their homes. So weary I was, O Little Mother, that I fell asleep beneath a sheltering green hemlock that whispered and sang in the breeze.

LITTLE MOTHER—What dream came to thee there, dear little one, beneath the softly-singing green boughs of the fragrant hemlock, far in our wonderful woodland?

SECOND DREAMER—O, Little Mother mine, to think of it! I saw in my dream a noble woman of the olden time, long, long ago.

LITTLE MOTHER—Canst thou tell me her name?

SECOND DREAMER—Jane Lownes, it was! She stood beside a cave in the side of the windy hill. What did my dream of her mean, Little Mother?

LITTLE MOTHER—My little one, Jane Lownes was the good, brave woman who came from England, in the early days, and made a home for herself and her children in the cave, until they could build a cabin.

(Spirit of Jane Lownes passes)

She is the spirit of *Quaker Perseverance and Courage*; and we keep her memory ever green, like the beautiful hemlocks beside the winding Krum Creek.

(Enter Third Dreamer)

LITTLE MOTHER—Where is thy Christmas tree, my dear child?

THIRD DREAMER—O, Little Mother, so sleepy I was,—I could go no further than the College Campus; and there beside a dear old ancient house among the friendly trees, I dreamed a happy dream.

LITTLE MOTHER—Tell us of thy dream.

THIRD DREAMER—Hear me, then,—I fell asleep to the sound of sweet violin music that floated out from the living-room; and lo, in the antique doorway I seemed to behold a Quaker boy of the olden days long ago. He gazed out at the snowy clouds, and he gathered daffodils for his dear mother. Who could he have been, Mother mine?

(Spirit of Benjamin West passes)

A Swarthmore Christmas Dream

LITTLE MOTHER—O, I know! He was *Benjamin West*. Children dear, you all know *his* story. Let us long hold him in our hearts, because he showed the Friends how to enjoy the beauty of God's world, and he made men rejoice in his art of painting. And his Mother's daffodils still bloom beside the old Benjamin West House every spring.

(*Enter Fourth Dreamer*)

LITTLE MOTHER—No Christmas tree, child?

FOURTH DREAMER—No, Little Mother; but I had a lovely dream!

LITTLE MOTHER—A lovely dream! All of you dreamers! Now, tell us of thy dream, dearie.

FOURTH DREAMER—On the College hill, I saw in my vision a crowd of Quakers, of nearly 50 years ago. They gathered around a gentle, sweet-faced woman, who was planting a little sapling. In my dream I heard them call her *Lucretia Mott*.

(*Spirit of Lucretia Mott passes*)

LITTLE MOTHER—O truly, our well-loved *Lucretia Mott*! How much we owe to her! She loved the thought of the Quaker College; and we cherish her memory for the sweetness and warm friendly kindness she shared with everyone who sought her aid.

(*Enter the Lad with the Christmas Tree*)

LITTLE MOTHER—O, here, is our Christmas Tree at last! Dear son, while thy sisters and brothers fell asleep and dreamed,—thou wert finding the Tree. I love *them* for their dreams, and *thee* for thy deeds.

Dreams and deeds,—do they not make life happy and noble!

All sing: (Air—"Old Oaken Bucket")

O here 'round the hearth let us welcome Old Christmas,
At Whittier House 'neath the beautiful Tree;
We welcome our friends who have loved and have labored
To hand on the spirit of Holiday glee.

Home Scenes at New Year

The homes of old Swarthmore they never shall fail us;
Wherever we fare, let us still hold them dear.
The old Swarthmore legends shall ever inspire us,
And long shall we love our bright Whittier House cheer!
(*Repeat Chorus softly*)

HOME SCENES AT NEW YEAR

OH, the heavy freights go clanking by with their lanterns red and green,
And fade away down Morton-way till their lights no more are seen;
The swift expresses hurtle past, and their white smoke fills the air
And drifts on high in the dreaming sky like the rise of silent prayer.
The great oaks stand in our little glades, like giants grey and sere,
And their branches strong in the wind's wild song complain of the winter drear;
But 'tis little we care as with dear ones by and with happy hearts elate,
Secure and warm from the wintry storm, we dream by the ruddy grate.
Along the Krum the evergreens droop and swing their branches low,
And fairy-fine their dark outline is etched on the drifted snow;
And many a footprint soft is seen of the wood-folk wild and wee,
Where over the white of the starry night they have traveled from tree to tree.
And Oh, to think of the happy homes and their kindly fire-side joys,
And along the street the faces sweet of winsome girls and boys,

Home Scenes at New Year

The jingling bells and the racing sleds and the dogs at the
post-office door,
And the shining shops with their lollipops and their toys
and lights galore;
The Library Chimes that sweetly ring in the still and
frozen night,
And Michael who waits by the railroad gates to guide our
steps aright;
And the carols clear at Christmas dawn, and Santa Les-
ley's calls,
And the magic glow on the purple snow when the wondrous
twilight falls!

And Oh, to think of Music's charm that in church and
home we hear,
That swells and floats in golden notes to enchant the
happy ear;
I could hear forever, and weary never, those dear-loved
airs of old,
From the viol's song, or the silvery flute, or from stately
organ rolled!

Oh, many happy neighborhoods are scattered the country
o'er,
But none more dear for friendly cheer than our own be-
loved Swarthmore;
So we seem to have our hearts' desires, and kindly our fates
befall
As on New Year's night in the fire's soft light we count our
blessings all.

Verses from
Brandywine Days

Dedicated to
JAMES MONAGHAN

*"Alike we loved
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies moved
To measures of old song."*

—WHITTIER.

IN MEADOWS BY THE BRANDYWINE

*O MEMORY, call back the hours
Of childhood's day among the flowers
That grew in gardens sweet and old
Beneath those skies of misty gold
That made the summers seem divine
In meadows by the Brandywine!*

*Call back the breezes warm and sweet
That drowsed across the yellow wheat
And made the sylvan valleys ring
With music light as dryads sing,
With music faint and faery-fine
In meadows by the Brandywine!*

*Dear Memory, call back again
The soft and silver wraiths of rain*

Coming to the Farm

*That bent the buttercups, and swayed
The sleepy clover-heads, and made
The hosts of dancing daisies shine
In meadows by the Brandywine!*

*Call back the glow-worm's elfin fire
That wavered where the marshy choir
Made reedy music ghostly-light
Across the fragrance of the night,
Till lucent stars began to shine
O'er meadows by the Brandywine!*

*O far, sweet hours, what strange regret
Brings tears for you to-night, while yet
I would not have your magic be
More than a dream—a dream—to me,
A dream of vanished hours divine
In meadows by the Brandywine!*

COMING TO THE FARM

SO here to this old farmstead have we come,
A quaint red-gabled solitary house
Breathing of peace and silence musical,
Beauty and quietude and dreamfulness,—
An old ancestral home among its fields,
Its garden flowers and swaying orchard boughs,
Here in the heart of this still countryside
Where broods the atmosphere of elder days,
Fragrant of memories and sentiment
And happy friendship. Here sleeps soft repose,
A pastoral repose and pensiveness,
Virgilian in its dreamy, tranquil charm.
—O how my heart goes out in happy thought
To this old Home and all its memories,
Its golden past, its hallowed links that bind us
To those dear souls gone with the long-dead years!

Our Old Village

OUR OLD VILLAGE

AN ancient mansion falling to decay,
A blacksmith's shop and seven cottages
Among their gardens, and one white farm house,
Make up this hamlet by the Brandywine,—
A sleepy village wrapt in drowsy peace
And lazy silence, save when at the forge
A horse is shod, making the anvil ring
With rhythmic music; or when farmers meet
Beside the watering-trough and talk of crops,
The roads, the weather and the price of wheat.
Above the village silently and slow
The Brandywine moves under sylvan shades,
But at the smithy sweeps forth in the sun
And murmurs down a pebbly slope, and winds
With merry song below a garden wall.

Like to the village Goldsmith dearly loved
It seems to me, this hamlet quaint and small,
Where Time stands still, and ancient usages
Give it an air of peace and old-time charm.
—And I remember happy half-hours here
Beside the blacksmith's door, watching his fire
Send up its sparks, or listening to the droll
Converse of rustic humorists or the tales
Of mighty fishing in the Brandywine.
O kindly, unambitious, homely hearts,
'Tis good to come among you once again
And hear your friendly greetings. Little change
The years have wrought in your secluded homes;
And while the busy world has hurried on
With restless energy, you are content
With quiet tasks and quiet country ways.

The silver Brandywine with lulling song
Soothes all the sunny air, and drowsily
The locusts hum among your garden trees,

Garden Song at Twilight

While from the farms that hem your hamlet in
The ripening corn sends down its fragrant breath;
And tranquilly as in the tiny town
Of old thatched roofs and gabled cottages
Whence came my sires in old-world Oxfordshire,
Life slumbers on in your untroubled shades.
—Peace and contentment evermore abide
In your quaint hamlet by the Brandywine!

BESIDE THIS TWILIGHT SHORE

I WILL not ask for more,—
Only one love-song sorrowful and golden
Beside this twilight shore,
Sweet as Ulysses heard in legends olden,—
I will not ask for more;

Beside this twilight shore
One love-song with its pathos sweet and olden,—
I will not ask for more,—
Yearning with sorrows and with memories golden
Beside this twilight shore.

GARDEN SONG AT TWILIGHT

THE sunset's golden flush, as daylight closes,
Wraps all the garden in a golden dream,
The while you sit, dear heart, among the roses,
And watch the sleepy stream.

The marigold droops low, the poppy dozes,
The lotus slumbers in a golden dream,
And your own queenly head among the roses
Bends toward the sleepy stream.

Now let my lute with music's heavenly closes
Mingle its magic with your golden dream,
Until the moon's soft fire above the roses
Silvers the sleepy stream.

The Brandywine at Slumberville

Dream on, dear love, while every flower-heart dozes,
Let all your soul dissolve in golden dream;
And I will guard my saint among the roses
Beside the sleepy stream.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

SIR WILLIAM loved his life of lettered ease
Among the shadows of his Surrey trees,
Among his gardens and his books and bees;—
I love his memory that he loved all these.

THE BRANDYWINE AT SLUMBERVILLE

ADOWN the dales of green Newlin,
Among the peaceful farms it flows,
And soft and dreamy is the song
It chants and murmurs as it goes
Beside the woodland cool and still,
The Brandywine at Slumberville.

Where blow the freshening winds of June
Across the green and silver oats,
And in the fragrant clover fields
The robins trill their faery notes,
It drifts below the emerald hill
That guards old drowsy Slumberville.

Its clear green waters softly sing
Among the green and waving reeds,
They softly sing among the stems
Of green and crimson water-weeds,
They softly sing beside the mill
And dark mill-race at Slumberville.

By daisied meadows deep and sweet
Where tranquil cattle dream and dream,
Our little river rambles on
Full-fed by many a tribute stream;

Old Chester County

O how its gleam and beauty fill
My vision of old Slumberville!

By homes where honest folk and true
Have lived for generations long
Among their golden gardens old,
It wanders down with sleepy song,
By smithy and by rumbling mill,
The Brandywine at Slumberville.

I hear its music faery-sweet
Beneath the silver stars of June,
I hear its melancholy voice
Beneath the yellow harvest moon
Grieving that autumn frosts must fill
The golden dales of Slumberville.

O never comes to me the song
Of thrushes in the poppied wheat,
Or under shadowy orchard boughs
The ring of childish laughter sweet,
But thy rich music haunts me still,
O Brandywine at Slumberville!

OLD CHESTER COUNTY

OLD Chester County,—land of our delight,
Founded and watched by Penn, here in the wilds
Of his wide Commonwealth, in those far days
That now so ancient seem and so remote,
So dim with all the mist of vanished years:
Dear Chester County,—loved of all thy sons,
And best, I think, by those who forth have gone
From out thy borders, who around their hearths,
In twilight hours when sentiment awakes
And old remembrance warms the lonely heart,
Speak fondly of thy woodlands and thy hills;
Thy meadows musical with harvest cheer;
Thy long white barns where o'er the odorous mows

“Dance of Nymphs, Evening”

The never-resting swallows sweep and sweep;
Thy drowsy hamlets where the blacksmith's stroke,
Measured and clear, is oftentimes the sole sound
That breaks the quiet calm; thy breezy uplands
Browsed o'er by lazy cows and fleecy sheep,
And, best of all, thy softly-flowing stream,
Thy Stream of Beauty,—silver Brandywine.

Thy pleasant name, old Shire, from English vales,
There in the west by winding Dee, was brought;
And truly, of all tracts in our broad land,
These meadows soft and wooded hills most seem
Like those of ancient pastoral Cheshire there
In old-world England.

And thy townships, too,
Pennsbury, Nottingham and Fallowfield,
Bradford and Warwick and the Coventries,—
Their names are redolent of England's fields
And England's ancient thorpes and manor-lands.
And green Newlin, two centuries ago
Settled and 'stablished by an Irish squire,
The friend of noble Penn,—green-hilled Newlin,
That, with old Drumore in the sister shire
Of Lancaster, my heart hath ever loved,
Rich in ancestral memories as they are,—
Their names I here inscribe with filial hand.

“DANCE OF NYMPHS, EVENING”

I MUSE before a landscape of Corot,
Wherein the Painter doth express
With soft, ideal loveliness
All that his loving heart would have us know,
All that his loving eye hath seen,
In this old-world idyllic dale,
Where silvery vapors pale
Hang o'er the little copse of tenderest green,
And from the flowery turf

Among the Golden Wheat

Whose half-blown roses toss like faery surf,
Fair sisterhoods of slender poplars rise,
Birches and tremulous aspens, delicate trees,
Diaphanous, vague and cool,—
While by the soft marge of the woodland pool,
Clear-sculptured on the saffron evening skies,
Sweet dryad forms sway in the breeze,
Sway,—and veer,—and softly sing
Enchanted harmonies to greet the Spring.

AMONG THE GOLDEN WHEAT

IN these last hours of happy-hearted June,
When dewy clover-heads their fragrance spill,
When all the morn and drowsy afternoon
The clear, pure sunshine sleeps on mead and hill,
On orchards old and gardens green and still,
To bless with fertile heat,—
What joy to wander to some shady height
Where field on field lies spread before the sight,
And muse all day among the golden wheat!

Across the valley go the laden teams,
Piled to the ladder's top with sweet, light hay,
There where the Brandywine ensilvered gleams
As by low willowed banks it makes its way.
In far-off daisy fields as white as they
The young lambs softly bleat;
And little children through the happy hours
By yonder wood are gathering pale wild-flowers,
While I do naught but muse among the wheat.

How pleasant and delightful is it here,
Through this long, fragrant, languid day of June,
To watch the farmers at their harvest cheer
With merry converse and with whistled tune,—
To see them share their simple stores at noon
'Neath some old tree's retreat;—

Among the Golden Wheat

To see the cattle with dark eyes a-dream
Wade in the cooling currents of the stream,
While I do naught but muse among the wheat!

Great snowy clouds are drifting down the sky,
And o'er the silence of the noon-tide hush
I hear the locust's languorous, hot cry;
From out the green depths of yon pendent bush
There pours the lyric music of the thrush;
And from this shady seat
I see the farmer's boys among the corn
Where they have toiling been since early morn,
While I do naught but muse among the wheat.

By mossy fences of this upland farm
The old sweet-briar rose is twining wild;
Dear flower, its old-time fragrance hath a charm
To wake forgotten thoughts and memories mild
Of those far years when as a pensive child
I came with wandering feet
To pluck these flowers, or ramble hand in hand
With him who never more across this land
May gaze or muse among the golden wheat.

Lo, while I dream, the wind stirs in the leaves,—
And hath this lovely day so quickly flown?
The harvesters have left the yellow sheaves,
And I am here upon the hills alone;
One sad ring-dove with melancholy moan
The vesper-hour doth greet.
Across the fields the sun is going down,
It gilds the steeples of the distant town,
And I must cease to muse among the wheat.

Old Chester County, land of peaceful dales,
Of misty hills and shadow-haunted woods,—
I love the silence of thy pastoral vales,
The music of thy Brandywine that broods

Nature's Healing

And dreams through leafy summer solitudes
With murmurs dim and sweet.
All my child-heart, all glamour of old days,
Awake when thus I walk thy country ways
And muse in June among the golden wheat!

NATURE'S HEALING

*"Above all vocal sons of men,
To Wordsworth be my homage, thanks, and love."*

THE tired city and the hot-breathed streets,
The little children sad and wistful-eyed,
Pale, weary mothers, all the hopeless throng
That crowd the stifling courts and alleys dark,
Cheated of beauty, doomed to toil and plod
Year in, year out, in endless poverty
And seemingly forgotten of their God,—
These passed from sight but not from memory,
As forth I journeyed by wide-spreading lawns
And lavish homes of luxury, and saw
Extravagance, display, and worldly pomp,
And joyless people striving hard for joy.

I grieved for those sad children and the throngs
Pent in hot city walls; I grieved for these
Unthinking devotees of pride and show.
What medicine is there, what healing power,—
I mused,—to calm and soothe these suffering hearts
Stifled by poverty or dulled by wealth?
Is there no anodyne to heal them all,
No gift from God to lift them and console
And bring again the golden age to men?

Lo, turning to the loved and friendly page
Of Wordsworth's book beside me on the grass
By silver Brandywine's Arcadian stream,
I read how *Nature never did betray*
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,

Old Hills My Boyhood Knew

*Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.*

OLD HILLS MY BOYHOOD KNEW

SHOULD I not hold them dear,
These harvest-laden hills around me here,
Old hills my boyhood knew,
Green hills beneath what skies of blue!—
Hills looking over fields with deep peace crowned,
Peaceful, beloved, ancestral ground.
Who would not count it joy
To roam the hills he roamed a happy boy!

Far off I see the men among the wheat;
The ox-teams, patient, slow;
The heavy sheaves piled up in yellow row;
I hear the field-lark's carol sweet,
The blackbird's gipsy call;
I see the tasselled corn-fields smile
For mile on emerald mile,
And cattle browsing under oak-trees tall
In meadows starred with tender flowers.
The long rich summer hours
Are none too long on this green height,
Beneath these gnarled old cherry trees
Where many a charming sight
Enchants me,—where the balmy breeze,
This dreamy summer day,

Dream Ships

Comes odorous from hills of hay
And fields of ripening oats,—
Where great cloud-shadows slowly pass
Across the waving grass,—
Where upward from the valley softly floats
The song of children wading there
In plashing waters silvery and cool,
Like oreads beside a forest pool
With dark and streaming hair.

Across the landscape with low drowsy song
And golden flash and gleam,
Behold how happily our winding stream,
Our Stream of Beauty, flows along!—
Now under pendent boughs of silent woods
'Mid leafy solitudes,
Now rushing over rocks set long ago
By Indian anglers in gigantic row,
Now flowing where the flossy heifers feed
And white sheep nibble slow
In many a deep-grassed solitary mead,
Now winding under willow-bordered banks
Where lilies grow in yellow ranks
And water-weeds nod o'er the placid stream
Wrapt all in sleepy dream.

O these are sights to make the pulses glow,
To touch with magic power,
To waken memories of long ago
And many a long-lost summer hour!
—Old harvest-laden hills around me here,
Should I not hold you dear,
Old hills my boyhood knew,
Green hills beneath those skies of blue!

DREAM SHIPS

THE great white ships go sailing
Above the Brandywine,

Dream Ships

O'er leagues of azure trailing
Their fleet in fleecy line,
Then disappear forever
Above our little river
In silver mist and amethyst
High o'er the Brandywine.

I watch them as they wander
High o'er the Brandywine,
And see them vanish yonder
In strange and ghostly line.
Their masses none may number
In waking or in slumber,
So far aloft their passage soft
Above the Brandywine.

The great white ships go streaming
Above the Brandywine,
Their phantom pennons gleaming
In pure and snowy line,
With sure and steady steering
That knows no wreck nor veering
At golden noon or 'neath the moon,
High o'er the Brandywine.

Through realms unknown to mortals
High o'er the Brandywine.
Up under Heaven's portals,
They sail in stately line;
Through rainbow and through thunder,
Through airy fields of wonder,
Their constant way they hold all day
Above the Brandywine.

Through dawn's enchanted splendor
Above the Brandywine,
Through sunsets rich and tender,
They pass in wondrous line.

Home Scenes

In working and in play-time,
In harvesting and hay-time,
Right on they stream, those ships of dream,
High o'er the Brandywine.

O mighty cloud-ships sailing
High o'er the Brandywine,
In solemn glory trailing
Your fleet in heavenly line,—
Above our little river
Unresting and forever,
Your course you hold o'er seas of gold
Above the Brandywine!

HOME SCENES

(To W. H. R.)

I THOUGHT of thee, old friend, and knew thee wise,
True lover of our Chester County skies.

Why should I read the golden page of Keats
When all our fields are rich with balmy sweets,
When all our woodland ways are fair with flowers
And birds that sing away the summer hours?
Why over Walton's "*Angler*" should I dream
When here beside our soft and silver stream
The meadows are as green, the heavens as blue
As ever Walton's old-world rivers knew?
Why ponder Shelley with such fine despair
When Newlin sunsets are as rosy-fair
And our great hill as lovely landscapes yields
As Shelley knew in well-loved English fields?

"*Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song,*"—
Ah me, the centuries have rolled along
Since Spenser sang his marriage-song divine;
Yet here beside the dreamy Brandywine
In this green oaken glade, his lovely lay

Oxford's Idealist

Sounds its immortal melody to-day.
By these green softly-sloping Newlin hills
Are blooms as sweet as Herrick's daffodils,
As fragrant here the roses in the rain
As Herrick loved in any Devon lane;
And I who worship Wordsworth over all
And to his wondrous verse am willing thrall,
Were not more happy in Westmoreland woods
Than in these long-loved oaken solitudes,
In Cumbrian pastures find not deeper charm
Than in the tranquil fields of this old farm.

Last night I mused o'er many a golden lyric
Of Wordsworth and of Keats and quaint old Herrick;
Their old-world music carried me in dream
To many an English mead and English stream;—
But when this morn I watched the soft sun shine
On green pools of the sleepy Brandywine,
I thought of thee, old friend, and knew thee wise,
True lover of our Chester County skies.
—Wander afar we may, but in the end
'Tis Chester County holds our hearts, old friend!

OXFORD'S IDEALIST:

WALTER PATER

HE loved the comeliness upon the face
Of things, their excellence and grace,—
Old memoried mansions, rippling wheat,
The eyes of children wistful-sweet,
The vesper-songs in Oxford's stately nave.

He cherished recollections of still hours
Of musing in grey old-world shrines,
Or reading his loved poets 'mid the vines
And honey-hearted flowers
Of Oxford's slumbrous gardens; and he gave

A down the Brandywine

Deep utterance to these in perfect speech
Such as the Greeks alone might reach,—
Moving with music, golden-sweet of tone,
Glowing like some rich stone,—
A speech that may not be
Surpassed in charm or high felicity.

VIRGIL OF THE ECLOGUES

DEAR VIRGIL, could there be
More deep felicity
Than under oaks and elms delighted lying,
To hear the shepherd swains
Piping their rustic strains
In amabocean measures softly dying;—
To hear the hum of bees
Below the orchard trees
And woodland doves in woodland shadows singing;
To watch the slow herds feed
Across the grassy mead
Where harvest cheer and harvest hymns are ringing!

Dear Virgil, through all years
Thy tranquil charm endears
These tranquil woods and fields of my affection;
Each shepherd song of thine
Beside the Brandywine
Touches my heart with kindly recollection.
O let me never cease
To love thy pastoral peace,
Thy tranquil charm and happiness undying;
Still let me dream of thee
In deep felicity
Beneath thy oaks and elms delighted lying!

ADOWN THE BRANDYWINE

WHERE flows our dear idyllic Brandywine
Through flowery meadows green and deep and fair,

Adown the Brandywine

O come in summer afternoons divine!

Lay by thy load of care.

Who seeks for joy at Mother Nature's heart,
From haste and hurry must enfranchised be;

No breath from noisy street or toiling mart

Her loveliness must stain,

No memory of pain

Encloud her great and sweet simplicity.

A land of peaceful quietude is this,

Where weary-eyed Ambition comes not near,—

A home of happiness and rural bliss

Throughout the tranquil year.

O come and ramble in these reedy dells,

These barley-fields and uplands sweet with hay;

Come hear the lilies ring their fairy bells;

And by clear-watered rills

That wimple down the hills,

And through the tossing millet let us stray.

Then when the sun is drooping to the west,

And all the shadows reach out far and long,

When the wood-pigeon by her lonely nest

Begins her plaintive song,

We'll launch our boat, and laying by the oars,

Adown the Brandywine we'll slowly drift,

By grassy isles, by willow-shaded shores,

O'er many a glassy deep

Where silence seems to sleep,

And down green, shallows murmurous and swift.

Wild-roses frail are blowing by the banks,

Their faces imaged clearly in the tide,

Rich tiger-lilies droop in yellow ranks,

And tiny star-flowers hide

Their tremulous bells amid tall nodding weeds.

Sweet buds we'll pluck of tender amber tint

That grow among the water-shaken reeds,

Adown the Brandywine

Or by the rustling sedge
Along the oozy edge
Of meadows odorous with peppermint.

Soft music shall enchant us as we pass,—
Light zephyrs playing in the drooping trees,
Thin chirping voices hidden in the grass,
And lily-haunting bees.
We'll hear the jocund robin far and faint
From where he chirps 'mid orchard-shadows cool,
Or catch some lonely heron's harsh complaint
As round a bank of fern
We sweep with sudden turn
And find him fishing in a gravelly pool.

We'll float where swaying cedars scent the air,
The haunt of squirrels and forest-loving birds;
Then out again by luscious pastures fair
Grazed by white-breasted herds.
And here and there beneath low willow trees
We'll pass old fishermen of sober mien,
Who watch their drifting corks in blissful ease
Or look with lazy eyes
Along the cloudless skies,
Well pleased with these long summer days serene.

Thus while the loitering current bears our boat
Adown the Brandywine's enchanted stream,
In happy reverie we'll smoothly float
And through the twilight dream,—
Until we see the languid yellow moon
Above the drowsy hills serenely glide,
While frogs begin to chant their evening tune,
And rose and wren and bee
Are resting silently
And warm peace floods the sleeping countryside.

OLD HERRICK

HERRICK, thine *Hesperides*
Liveth through the centuries,
And thine ever-dewy page
Brings delight to youth and age.
There the rosy girls and boys
Share the homely country joys,—
Harvest-homes and revellings,
Quintels, wakes and wassailings.
There we see in dreamings rare
Silvia and *Sappho* fair,
Corinna who at break of day
Went with thee to fetch in May,
Anthea and *Perilla* tall,
And *Julia* loveliest of all.
In thy leafy Devon lanes
Piping quaint bucolic strains,
Neat-herds all their love express
To the buxom neat-herdess.

Thy Book the Arcadian life rehearses
In sweet and soft idyllic verses,
Silver odes and songs of gold,
Echoes of the days of old.
Nor doth it lack the sober page,
Devotions of thy vicarage,
Where thou yieldest many a gem
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

So we give a crown to thee,
Prince of Rural Minstrelsy;—
Nations fail and states decay,
Kings and senates pass away;
'Tis alone the golden Rhyme
Knoweth not the tooth of Time.
Herrick, thine *Hesperides*
Liveth through the centuries!

The Brook

POETIC SILVIA

SAID Silvia: "In a vale of Arcady
I saw a shepherd lying in the shade—
Some Corydon or Lycidas, methought—
Soft piping 'mid those flowery solitudes
Beside his grazing flock. No fairer sight
Have I beheld in pastoral Sicily,
By storied Tempe, or Larissa's plains
Where storks sail homeward through the setting sun,
Nor by white-templed Sunium on the sea,—
Than this enchanted scene among the fields
Of Arcady remote."

And at her words,—
Unto my heart, a-fevered with the fret
Of these our hurried days, a vision came
Of old-world Hellas bathed in dreamy light
And sweet with music of the rustic flute,
Laughter and lyric joy; of green-lipt springs
Where oreads and wood-gods joined with Pan
In rural revelry; far mountain slopes
Down which the troops of pure-browed Artemis
Ranged in the jocund chase; and beechen groves
Beneath whose murmurous foliage dryads gleamed
Soft-white as mists above the twilight meads.

—Thus for an hour the clear and golden light
Of old-world Hellas shone again when Silvia,
Poetic Silvia, spoke of Corydon
A-fluting in a vale of Arcady!

THE BROOK

*"Oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of the brook
And put it in a song."*

The Brook

BELOW the ancient grassy hill it flows
Among the pastures by the shadowy wood,
And melts at last into the Brandywine.
Small willows bend above it, fragrant weeds
Draw from it sweetness for their golden blooms
And purple blossoms; cattle stoop to drink
And dream and ruminate beside its sands
And mossy stones; and from the shadowy wood
Come shy wood-creatures,—birds and merry squirrels
And swift ground-hackies,—sip and disappear;
So manifold the life its waters feed.

'Tis here I love to walk at twilight hour
Beneath the old forsaken orchard trees,
And near the ancient, quaint "Star-gazers' Stone,"
When o'er the shoulder of the grassy hill
The sickle moon swings low;—the cows have gone,
Shut in the upland pasture for the night;
The gold and purple blossoms of the weeds
Hang drowsily; the birds and merry squirrels
Sleep safely in their woodland bowers; and all
The little valley slumbers, save the brook.

More sweet its melody by night than day,
So silent is all else; with silvery purl
And soft adagios it bubbles down
O'er elfin slopes and faery waterfalls;
It murmurs soft in mossy cool retreats,
Caresses many a bed of cress, and flows
Between white stones in tiny sluices swift.

The twilight deepens into dusk; on high
The argent crescent swims above the hill
Like some white faery island set adrift;
Soft night-winds sweep the ancient grassy hill
And stir keen weedy fragrance, while the brook
Sings on with ceaseless music.

Folded are the Roses

Then, I think,
Nature most truly speaks: 'tis then she yields
Unto her devotees her utmost spell.
The endless twilight of the mid-day woods,
Or evening in the dim and moonlit fields,
Are magic hours! And thee, dear Stream, I thank
For many golden reveries and dreams
Beside thy weedy margin while the moon
Above the old forsaken orchard trees
Shone softly on thy faery waterfalls.

FOLDED ARE THE ROSES

(Set to music by Dr. J. Max Mueller)

I

FOLDED are the roses and the lilies are asleep;
Slumber, baby dear!
In the peaceful heavens now the stars begin to peep;
Slumber, baby dear!
Far down the meadow the frogs are chanting low,
Fire-flies are setting all their little lamps aglow.
Slumber softly, dearie,
After play-time weary.

*Mother sees the sickle moon along the sleepy west;
Slumber softly, baby, slumber softly in thy nest,
Thy downy nest.*

II

Cattle from the clover-fields have all been driven home;
Baby, close thy eyes!
From their mothers little lambs no longer wish to roam:
Baby, close thy eyes!
Crickets in the hay-field and locusts in the tree
Long ago have folded wings and ceased their melody.
When the stars are gleaming
Babies should be dreaming.

“Sweet Themmes! Runne Softly”

*Mother sees the sickle moon along the sleepy west;
Slumber softly, baby, slumber softly in thy nest,
Thy downy nest!*

III

Yellow lights are twinkling in the far-off city towers;
Sleep, my little child!
Village bells are telling to the wind the drowsy hours;
Sleep, my little child!
Father's put away the scythe, the harvesting is done;
Robins in the apple-boughs are silent every one.
Mother o'er thy sleeping
Gentlest watch is keeping.

*Mother sees the sickle moon along the sleepy west;
Slumber softly, baby, slumber softly in thy nest,
Thy downy nest!*

“SWEET THEMMES! RUNNE SOFTLY”

“*Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song*”:
Old Spenser's words flow soft as any dream
This afternoon by Brandywine's calm stream,
This green untroubled meadow-side along.

Most clear it echoes down the tranquil stream—
“*Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song*”;
O it hath filled my heart of memory long,
Its quaint, rich music haunts me like a dream!

It follows me and haunts me like a dream
Whene'er I stroll this meadow-side along:
“*Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song*,”—
Old Spenser chants forever by the stream.

O heart of memory, cherish it for long,
And let old Spenser's golden music stream
Forever down the meadows of my dream—
“*Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song*.”

After Harvest

"A SUNNY DAY"

(Landscape by Cuyp)

IDYLLIC beauty clothes the tranquil scene;
The noiseless river winds with sweet delays
By far champagnes enwreathed in golden haze,
And groves that softly o'er the water lean.
Amid the meadow's herbage lush and green
The quiet cattle rest with drowsy gaze,
The while this sunniest of summer days
Goes by in blissful calm and peace serene.

How dear it were, amid these pleasant meads,
These misty fields by morning dews empearled,
To pass our days in simple, homely deeds,
Forgetful of the fevers of the world;
And like yon river dreamy in the sun
To glide unheard away when life were done!

AFTER HARVEST

BY fields where lately waved the yellow wheat
And where the farmers piled the fragrant hay,
The meadow-lark is calling clear and sweet,
And through the drowsy day
The clouds drift by above the peaceful hills;—
I watch their soft reflections in the tide,
Here where doth smoothly glide
The Brandywine by ancient Slumberville.

In old sequestered garden-alleys drowned
In utter dreamfulness and flowery ease,
The poppy petals fall without a sound,
And lazy soft-winged bees
Follow their honeyed quest with murmurs faint
'Mid altheas and swaying hollyhocks,
And stately purple phlox,
And bergamot and lady-slippers quaint.

After Harvest

I saw last month among the Goshen dales
The sun-browned farmers haul the harvest in ;
I saw them busy in Pocopson vales ;
And here in green Newlin
I watched the mowers in among the hay
Heaping the windrows long and straight and clean,
And sturdy reapers glean
The nodding wheat on hillsides far away.

And here one evening as I lingered late
I saw the last load coming down the hill,
Sweep 'neath the cherry tree beside the gate
And past the mossy mill ;
And when those final sheaves of rustling oats
Were added to the barn's abundant store,
I heard by the wide door
The "Harvest Home !" ring out from lusty throats.

But now no more the harvest mirth is heard
By shady orchard-side or straggling hedge ;
The fields are silent, save where one sweet bird
Chirps by the greenwood edge ;
Only the locusts chirr with pipings high,
Only the melancholy ring-dove grieves
Among the willow leaves,
And rain-crows send from far their querulous cry.

Along the dusty road wild-carrots nod,
And thistle-down is wafted through the air ;
On woodland banks the early golden-rod
Is swaying richly fair ;
And in the night beneath the golden moon
Ripe apples drop beside the orchard wall,
And oft with eerie call
The shadowy owls give forth their spectral croon.

How softly now the water-willows show
Beside the brooks their delicate gray-green,

Country Peace

And lovely as a landscape of Corot
Appears each pastoral scene.
Old Chester County's tranquil fields and woods
Are sleeping in a languid atmosphere,
And far away and near
The misty dream of August basks and broods.
With tender undersong the Brandywine
Flows down by mossy stone and quivering reed,
And he who rightly hears its chant divine
May take but slender heed
Of dulling cares that vex the passing hour;
Kind Nature's nursling well may muse apart,
For he, the glad of heart,
Is brother born of cloud and stream and flower.

"COLIN CLOUTE"

MY summer days beside the Brandywine
Are blent with dreams of old-world Lancashire
And old-world shepherd songs. Thy *Calender*,
For many a year, great Spenser, have I loved:
Thy rustic dialogues I love,—their quaint
And honest friendliness, their kindly words
'Twixt simple-hearted country folk. I love
Thy jocund old-time carols, beautiful
With music rippling like the meadow streams
Where feed the white flocks of thy shepherd lads,—
With plaintive love-notes sung to lasses blithe
As summer breezes,—and with dear delight
In all the sweet old English flowers that grew
In Colin Clout's idyllic countryside.

COUNTRY PEACE

COUNTRY peace, the warbling birds,
Friendly faces and friendly words,
Grassy fields and tranquil streams,
Cloud-lands beautiful as dreams,

Below the Bridge

Singing brooks that wander slow
Where buttercups and daisies grow,

Old barn roofs where drowsy doves
Sit in the sun and tell their loves,

Robins whistling clear and sweet
Over the acres of swaying wheat,

Children playing among the flowers
And singing away the sunny hours,

Rosy country girls and boys
Filling the day with happy noise,

Old-time garden-walks that seem
Haunts of reverie and dream,

Poets' books to read at ease
Under the bowering orchard trees,

Memories that wistful go
Back to the golden Long Ago,

Faith that He who rules above
Encompasses this earth with love,

Faith that His mercies never cease:—
These are the joys of country peace.

BELOW THE BRIDGE

BELOW the bridge the Brandywine curves down
Through open meadows sleeping in the sun,
And O so green and soft!—they seem indeed
Like upper Thames-side pastures, though more wild
And more remote from life. The willows here
So green and silvery seem,—I think Corot
Would have rejoiced to paint them, filmy-fair
And full of emerald softness as they are.
Wide realms of grass and nodding weeds are here,

Below the Bridge

And at far intervals great hickory trees
Tower beautiful and stately toward the sky.
Remote and dim the busy farm-life seems,
Here where the flickers fly and locusts drone
In slumbrous chorus, and the lonely crow
Calls sadly o'er the corn-fields on the hill.

Below the bridge and at the second curve
A little island lies, the very heart
Of this romantic landscape, warm and green,
A faery island, round whose tiny shores
The silver water sweeps in steady flow,
All bubbling, fresh, and exquisitely clear.
A leafy thicket clothes the little isle,—
Small willow bushes, sprigs of sycamore,
And yellow flowers that dip into the stream,
With white bone-set thick clustered; not a foot
Of this small territory but has caught
Some wandering seed, to grow into green life
And flourish in the sun and watery air.

Below the bridge my silent slim canoe
Bears me o'er bubbling shallows and across
The calm expanse of peaceful waters green,
And by the faery isle. The channel here
So narrow is, the paddle sweeps the grass
And yellow blossoms as I hurry by
Adown the foamy slope and out beyond
To the long reach below the willow trees,
Where all is tranquil as a golden dream.
—O little river shining in the sun,
Soft meadows, stately trees and elfin isle,—
Your charm endures forever, and the years
Reveal fresh beauty to my musing gaze!
Where'er I go I hold you in my heart
And love to dream of magic summer hours
Where curves the Brandywine below the bridge.

Enchantment

THE SUSQUEHANNA

O LORDLY Stream, whose sparkling waters sweep
By cloven cliffs and mountains forest-stoled,
Or spread in silent leagues where mists of gold
Hang o'er soft islands in the silver deep;
Fair as some phantom river seen in sleep
Art thou, to whom the Indians of old
Gave thy melodious name, in days when rolled
Primeval thunders round thy headlands steep.
Of thee the young and ardent Coleridge dreamed
As loveliest of the waters of the west;
To Stevenson thy beauty peerless seemed;—
But thine own Mifflin, to whose loving eye
Thy multitudinous isles "in clusters lie
As beautiful as clouds,"—he knows thee best.

THE UPPER BRANDYWINE

IN these high breezy fields the little rill
Dances and sings, a joyous infant stream,
Nor knows what amplitude it will attain,
Far down the land, of majesty and dream.

ENCHANTMENT

OLD forms forgotten of the world of men
Still haunt the common ways of life for me;
Lone vales and dreaming rivers to my ken
Are fraught with glamour and with mystery.
I hear strange harmonies among the hills,
I drink the fragrance of forgotten things;
In whispering forests still the dryad sings,
And strange emotion all my being thrills.

Along green uplands in the flush of dawn
I catch a glimpse of Dian's girls star-white,
A phantom troop that speed by copse and lawn
And fade beyond the wheat field on the height.

Spirit of September

I hear faint music in the shadowy wood
When winds are stirring in the chestnut leaves,
An elfin strain;—so plaintively it grieves,
I would not miss its pathos if I could!

And I have seen by solitary meads
In violet days when April yet was young,
The rueful Pan among the river reeds,
And heard his wistful elegies outflung.
And through the hush of soft September hours,
When corn was yellow 'neath the harvest moon,
Methought Sylvanus piped an eerie tune
As low he lurked amid the fading flowers.

As some lone child that wanders far from home,
Sees all its sweetness through his tender tears,
So phantoms fair of Hellas and old Rome
Arise for me from out the ancient years.
The paths of life to others sad may seem,—
They cannot but be glorified for me
Who find them fraught with myth and mystery
And all enchantments of the world of dream.

SPIRIT OF SEPTEMBER

O SPIRIT of September, I have seen
Thy wandering footsteps by the lonely rill
That winds and murmurs under willows green
Below yon high-browed hill;
And I have followed thee through orchards olden
And watched thy wistful face in silence pass
Where mellow apples round and ripe and golden
Lie thickly in the grass;—

Lie in the grass where once in pleasant drowse
Methought I saw thee in the dove-cote's shade
Weaving a wreath of asters for thy brows
In sweet and fragrant braid.
And by the woodland edge, 'mid moss and myrtle,

Spirit of September

When thou wert dancing o'er the faery green,
With heaps of fern and flowers in thy kirtle,
Thee, Spirit, have I not seen?

Have I not seen thee in the azure morn
Glide noiseless as a phantom summer cloud
Where waved the tassels of the yellow corn
And vagrant crows called loud;
Or watched thee in the twilight pale and hazy
With drooping head roam far adown the stream
Whose wandering waters languorous and lazy
Fill our soft vale with dream?—

Fill it with dream and mystery and charm
In rosy dawns and noons and slumbrous eves,
Where smile the acres of the ancient farm
With stacks and golden sheaves,
With rustic wealth of timothy and clover,
And meadows where the soft-eyed heifers graze,
And fields of thick-sown millet toppling over,
And slopes of tasseled maize;—

Of tasselled maize and fields where thistle-seeds
Float on light winds above the luscious sod,
Where pungent mint and ragweed fill the meads,
And wild-heart goldenrod;
And gardens lovelier for thy passing there,—
So stately seem the silken hollyhocks,
So sumptuous the lingering roses fair,
So deeply bright the phlox;—

So bright the phlox and every stately flower
The season brings;—but, ah, to think how soon
Thou'lt fade away as hour by golden hour
Rolls on toward Autumn's noon!
Too soon thou'lt fade, O Spirit of September,
As fade the walnut's and the willow's leaves;
But thy deep charm, O how I shall remember
When Winter sighs and grieves!

At Cedarcroft

WALTER PATER

UPON his noble books I've loved to muse
Since those white days in Oxford long ago
I heard his gracious words and saw him wrapt
In pensive reverie pacing to and fro.

AT CEDARCROFT

THE HOME OF BAYARD TAYLOR

(*To J. M.*)

A HAUNT of old repose and peacefulness
Is this red mansion with its dreamy lawns,
Its shadowy evergreens and druid oaks,
Its orchards and its deep and silent woods.
Would you were here this soft September day
To share with me in this enchanted scene,—
You to whom Taylor's memory is dear,—
To sit beneath these bowering apple trees
Whose ruddy fruit shines thickly in the grass,
And watch the phantom islands of the air
Drift high above; to hear the sleepy songs
Of locusts in the leafy solitudes
And lonely birds along the woodland edge;
And see the butterflies in airy throng
Hover, and veer, and flit on fairy wings
Among the phlox and musky marigolds.

Peace reigneth here, and faint and far away
Seems all the noisy clamor of the world.
Peace reigneth here among these sunny glades
And under these dear ancient evergreens,
Cedar and fir and yew and spicy box;—
Peace, drowsed with early autumn fragrances
Of mellowing pears and plums and ripening corn
And breath of wild grapes in the woodland bowers;—
Peace, doubly sweet because once dear to him
Who built this homestead in the bygone years,

With Lloyd Mifflin's Sonnets

Cherished these lawns and noble forest trees
And reared yon tower, from whose commanding height
Looking across the land his boyhood loved,—
These blissful landscapes of old Chester County,—
He gazed o'er pastoral slopes and sylvan dells,
O'er singing rills, o'er billowy fields of wheat
And balmy orchards, to the misty edge
Of these green townships in the Kennett hills.

Would you were here with me, old friend, to read
Our Poet's page beneath his own great trees
And in his own library's deep repose!
All day I've dwelt with joy on his rich verse,
From those clear early songs whose music drew
Sweetness from Shelley's wondrous harmonies,
To those full organ-tones of his ripe years,
August and stately, such as men might chant
On victor fields or in cathedral aisles.
And over all his flood of ardent song
And high-wrought sentiment and starry truth
There breathes the peace of these first autumn days,
Touching with golden mists his beauteous lines,
And these Arcadian bowers of Cedarcroft
With tenderest pathos and with pensive charm.

WITH LLOYD MIFFLIN'S SONNETS

ROVING the shores of my ancestral stream
Beneath old solitary willow trees,
Or musing in still gardens where the bees
Drone all day long, and yellow roses gleam,
And all the sleepy summer world doth seem
In golden revery wrapt; or at large ease
Wandering among the billowy clover seas,—
I read his Sonnets, lost in pensive dream.

O then a spirit-music lulls the ear
And sets the drowsy afternoon a-thrill;
And o'er that dear home-stream and ancient farm,

The Gifts of God

Across the languorous garden-blooms, I hear,—
Blown as from flutes on some green Mantuan hill,—
Virgilian pathos and Virgilian charm!

YE OLDE SUNNE DIAL

Sunnie Houres,
Sweet olde Flowers,—
What'er endears
The Golden Yeares,—
These, these are myne:
O make them thyne!

THE GIFTS OF GOD

I SAW a woman pale with care
Beside the way;
Wistful of face she wandered there
This autumn day.

Her thin hands held blue asters blent
With goldenrod,
And so I knew that she had spent
An hour with God

Among the fields; that she had come
With weary feet
Fleeing her poor and narrow home
To walk the sweet

Uncrowded, pure, clean country ways,
And for an hour
Find respite from unresting days,
With bird and flower.

Alas! how many souls like thine,
Unhappy thralls,

The Gifts of God

Do poverty and need confine
In city walls!

Ah, not for them night's mystery
And odorous dark,
Nor the enchanted piping free
Of dawn's first lark;

For them no image deep and soft
In tranquil stream,
Of great cloud-islands far aloft
That drift and dream.

The chiming frog, the wood-thrush sweet,
The sad rain-crow,
The harvest songs among the wheat,
They may not know.

They may not look day after day
On falling leaf,
As pensive Autumn pines away
In golden grief.

Nay, these poor souls all closely pent
'Mid dust and heat
Of dark and grimy tenement
And sordid street,

Must count one day 'mid orchard slopes
And by calm streams
Fulfilment of their fondest hopes
And cherished dreams.

But we who share each day and hour
These gifts of God—
River and wood and cloud and flower
And emerald sod—

Do we by reverence aright
Make these our own?

Farewell to the Farm

Or, careless, shut them from our sight
With hearts of stone?

AUTUMN SILENCE

NO sound is heard; green Newlin's fields are still;
No more we hear the wood-dove's pensive cry;
Without a twitter now the swallows fly.
Silent the dreamy woods above the mill;
Silent the drowsy air of Slumberville;
Silent the sights that meet the musing eye,
One lonely buzzard climbing the clear sky
And great cloud-shadows moving up the hill.

No sound is heard: the sleepy Brandywine
Scarcely whispers as it laps its lazy reeds
Or drifts where yon late-lingering daisies shine.
The air is spiced with smoke of burning weeds,
And o'er the fields where feed the peaceful kine
Slow sail the thistle's filmy silver seeds.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

I SAID farewell unto our pensive Stream,
And the old farmstead wrapt in autumn's dream;
Farewell unto the village and the mill
And dark mill-race that winds below the hill;
Farewell unto the cattle feeding slow
Where hoary willows stand in silent row;
Farewell to kindly neighbors, and farewell
To these old fields I long have loved so well;
Farewell, each haunt among these hillsides dear,—
God grant I come to you another year!

In Memory of Whittier

Dedicated to

CHARLES FRANCIS JENKINS

I

WHILE Whittier lived among us on this earth
A saintly man walked our familiar ways,
And, like the saints of olden time, prevailed
By force of simple goodness; he was one
Who followed righteousness unwaveringly,
Who fought the good fight in his manly prime,
Who dreamed his dreams, and in high melodies
Chanted his dreams and poured forth his great soul.

How often in reflective hours I love
To ponder on his precious verse, and muse
On his victorious and noble life!
Where shall we look to find a poet brother
Like him in fine simplicity, so meek,
So all unworldly, save among the hills
And dreaming lakes of the old mother-land,—
Who but great Wordsworth heard the spirit's voice
And sang its message in like melodies
As Whittier? Who but our Quaker seer
Knew Nature's inmost heart as Wordsworth knew?—

In Memory of Whittier

*A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth . . . well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul
Of all his moral being.*

Think not the poet, calm in outward mien,
Is not profoundly moved by loveliness;
Beauty and goodness feed "that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude"; and oft
In common things unseen by thoughtless men,
In quiet stream or cloud or wayside flower,
The poet finds beatitude and joy.
So was it with our tranquil Quaker bard,—
He loved all beauty on this lovely earth,
Cherished and mused on it, till it became
Part of his dreamful mind, and so in time
Was made the theme of his delightful song.

He loved the laughing eyes of children dear,
The charm of kind and winsome womanhood
Where beauty is the mark of heavenly grace,
The fine benignity of gray old men
Crowned with deep peacefulness; he loved the stars,
The tranquil clouds that swim the heavenly seas,
The wandering moon, and sunset's smouldering fires.
Melodious brooks he loved, and rivers blue,
And lordly lakes that shimmer 'neath the sun;
And through it all he saw God manifest,
Speaking through nature's myriad loveliness.
And with his worship of the living God
As manifest in cloud and stream and flower
And songs of joyous birds, he blent his love
Of peaceful hours of waiting on the Lord
In quiet meeting-hour;—O deeply wise,
To find the Father in the holy haunts

In Memory of Whittier

Of ancient sea and wood, and equally
Beneath the roof in the still house of prayer!—

*Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere.*

And then the poet tells the equal joy
Of silent worship with his fellow-men
Upon the ancient benches 'mid the calm,—

*And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.*

NOR less I love our Poet when he sings
The homely, quaint old-fashioned country life,
The golden summers when he roved and dreamed
A happy barefoot boy; the wholesome fare,
The rustic labors. Whittier tells of these
In new-world eclogues sweet as Virgil's own,
Fragrant with wood grapes, hay fields, wild strawberries,
With forest flowers and laden orchard boughs,
Musical with the murmur of wild bees,
With lowing cattle and with bubbling springs,
And songs of robins and of orioles.

In Memory of Whittier

*O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!*

And who loves not the dear familiar lines
That tell of winter's brisk and wholesome tasks
And cheery fireside joys; and, breathed o'er all,
The loving spirit of sacred memories,
The mystery of God's unfading peace!

*Shut in from all the world without
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door.*

*Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide carth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose it own!*

III

*T*HOSE lighted faces smile no more,—ah me,
Who hath not felt the tender sad regret
That surges to the heart amid the scenes
And haunts of childhood! Whittier speaks our love,
Deep and enduring, for the ancient farms
And tranquil homesteads dear to memory,
Yet touched with endless pathos through the years
Since now our loved ones greet us there no more
At garden gate or by the ruddy hearth.

Such pathos clings about that ancient house
'Mid the green meadows and the orchard slopes
Where Whittier's boyhood passed,—an old-time house
With centuried traditions, now bereft
And silent since the Poet comes no more,—
Silent, yet eloquent of happy years,
Of rustic labor and of kindly deeds
And family love and sweet content and peace.

Here foams the little brook, dear to his heart,
Down through the idyllic grove and 'mid the fields
Below the orchard on the breezy hill,
Singing as joyously now as of yore.

*Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!*

Here stands the long low heavy-timbered barn
Across the road, with fragrant granary
And deep-set mows and antique shop and forge,—
Lonely and silent now, where once the boy

In Memory of Whittier

Took part in all the wholesome country tasks
Among the friendly, patient animals,—

*Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows.*

Not far away the Poet's well-loved haunt,
Great Hill, stands up against the breezy sky,
From whose high crest are many cities seen,
Hamlets and busy towns, and silver lakes
'Mid forests dark; and in the dreamy west
Monadnock towering heavenward; far to south
That old romantic mountain grand and lone,
Wachusett; with the billowy Deerfield range
Dim on the northern line; while, bright with sails,
Grey ocean heaves and slumbers peacefully
Or rolls and flashes in the morning sun
Magnificent.

There lately as I roved
By that old house and down that little stream
And o'er those breezy hills, how poignantly
I felt the solemn beauty of it all!
Each spot seemed hallowed by the tender thought
Of Whittier's youthful years; each woodland haunt,
Each fair New England landscape, each old room
Of that dear memoried house, seemed eloquent
Of him who worked and pondered here, who fed
His dreams amid these quiet groves and fields
And nourished his great soul among these hills.

Dear home-land haunts, the simple Quaker bard
Loved you beyond all fancied scenes afar;
And if at times he mused with mild regret
On Syrian lands, on Venice, or the Alps,

In Memory of Whittier

Whose charms he might behold in dreams alone
And wistful thought,—yet loyally he clung
To his dear home-land hills, meekly content
To bide through life near those ancestral scenes,—
Scenes that sufficed his warm home-loving heart.

*Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!*

*And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonored place.*

IV

I LOVE his Songs of Labor, sweet with sounds
Of wholesome toil and rustic fellowship,
Fragrant of forests and of ocean winds.
He sings the golden harvests of the corn
In mild October, of old kitchen hearths
And rosy country girls, of long stone barns
And creaking harvest-wagons,—all the scenes
Of quaint old-fashioned merry husking-bees.

*Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!*

*Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;*

In Memory of Whittier

*But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!*

The building of the stately ships he sings,
Where sturdy wrights and smiths, from centuried oak
And ringing iron, form with cheery zeal
The mighty barks that sail the ocean's fields.
High destiny the poet wishes her,
Each lordly vessel—freight of golden grain
And fruits and balmy spice,—no cargoes base
Of groaning slaves or draughts that dull the soul.

*God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wings shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!*

*Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!*

So with the drovers and the fisher-folk
And men who fell great trees on mountain-slopes,—
His kindly heart with cheery comradeship
Warms toward them all; and toil till now unsung
Finds glory in his lays, and humble men
Grow noble in his verse sincere and strong.
How like his well-loved Burns does Whittier seem
In these his poems of democracy!

And who loves not his Ballads, epics true
Though brief and simple, of heroic deeds,
Of sacrifice upon the stormy seas
And great devotions in life's daily fields!
Happy the child who nourishes his dreams
And builds his pure ideals from these tales!

In Memory of Whittier

And how for us old memory wakes and thrills
O'er Barbara Frietchie's splendid loyalty,—
Or hears once more on India's far fields
The blithe and tender pipes of Lucknow blow,—
Or looks on sweet Maud Muller raking hay
In that unfading pensive pastoral scene,—
Or sees soft Pity and Love like angels shine
Above sad Buena Vista's battle-field!

The wonder and the glory of the sea
Breathe in these Ballads;—hundred-harbored Maine,
The Rocks of Rivermouth, the steady chime
Of sunset waves around fair Appledore,—
They live for us as vividly to-day
As when they first enthralled us in his song.
O I could listen hour on golden hour
To Whittier's moving and melodious lays!
Beside the ruddy hearth on winter nights
They gain a fresh impressiveness, they stir
Kindly affection and soft sympathy,
And leave us nobler for their lessons pure.

V

WE who are native to these dreamy hills
And valleys green of Penn's old Commonwealth,—
These old-time Quaker shires that Whittier loved,
Chester, and Bucks, and Delaware,—must prize
"The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," chief among
Our poet's ballads; 'tis a heart-felt tale,
And warm with Whittier's sweetest kindness
And Quaker sympathy; he wrote no verse
More fragrant of the dear old Faith we hold,
More beautiful with pictures of the peace
And fruitful silence of the Meeting hour,—

*Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm.*

In Memory of Whittier

*Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.*

*Oh, without spoken words, low breathing stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.*

And, noblest strains of all, he sang his faith
In the Divine in man upon this earth—
Immanuel, God in each human heart.
The crowning glory of his muse are they,
These paeans and these hymns; they have the fire
And grandeur of the old prophetic vein;
They flame with inspiration straight from God;
They shine with heavenly hope and heavenly grace.
Where shall we find more comfort, greater cheer,
Than in these hymns and prophecies! What words
Apart from Holy Writ can equal quite
“The Eternal Goodness” in wide charity
And child-sweet faith in the All-Father’s love?—
His most majestic utterance, most informed
With his heart’s deepest faith. I never hear
Its sad and lovely cadences from lips
Of earnest worshippers, but that I say—
Here is a creed for all the tribes of earth!

*Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!*

*The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.*

*I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,*

In Memory of Whittier

*And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.*

*I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.*

*I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.*

*And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.*

*I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.*

VI

AND now, what can I say of Whittier's power,—
Why should he see great visions, and dream dreams,
And voice them in undying melodies?
O friends, I know he saw,—and felt,—and sang,—
Because he ever kept one pure ideal,
One starry gleam, before him all his days.
He dwelt with Beauty, and he loved her well;
With Goodness, and he followed her behest.
And never any worldliness or pride,
Baseness or jealousy, had lodging-place
In his clam spirit; he was not disturbed
By storms that overwhelm less steadfast souls;
But clear of vision and high-heartedly
He saw Truth shining still, a flaming star

In Memory of Whittier

That brightened all his path and made his years,—
Albeit he had sailed thro' troubled seas,—
One blessed course of pure tranquillity;
And once again upon this ancient earth
A saintly man walked our familiar ways.

* * * * *

Would I had seen our saintly Whittier,
The noble, gray old Poet, face to face;
Would he had come to Swarthmore now and then
In his ripe years, as in old days long past
He came to these old Pennsylvania hills
And visited in ancient Quaker homes!
Those deep, dark eyes, those firm sweet-smiling lips,
That gracious aspect of benignity,—
How they had blest our youth! O I must grieve
To think we of the younger Quaker line
Have never looked upon his kindly face,
Heard his sweet words of peace and friendliness,
Or felt his cordial hand-clasp. It had been
A consecration to remember him,
The great and simple Friend, the Quaker Seer!

*Straight as a mountain pine,
With the mountain eagle's eye,
With the hand-clasp strong, and the unhushed song,
Was it time for him to die?*

*The hills and the valleys knew
The Poet who kept their tryst.
To our common life and our daily strife
He brought the blessing of Christ.*

*And we never thought him old,
Though his locks were white as snow.
O heart of gold, grown suddenly cold,
It was not time to go!**

*Elegy on Whittier, by Margaret E. Sangster

Verses of Quakerism

OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSES

Dedicated to

JOSEPH S. WALTON

A kind friend

A true Friend

*As mountain streams from sudden sources run
And calmer grow ere yet they blend in one,
Then deeper flowing and more reverently
Yield all their treasure to the parent sea;—
So holy love in kindred hearts awakes
And swift, from many lands, one channel takes,
Whose currents blending deep in silence move
Toward that great ocean of Abiding Love,
Our common Father's heart, where space and time are not
And each for each may plead, all selfish ends forgot.*

EDITH M. WINDER

I

I LOVE old Meeting-houses,—how my heart
Goes out to those dear silent homes of prayer
With all their quietude and rustic charm,
Their loved associations from old days,
Their tranquil and pathetic solitude,
Their hallowed memories! O I could roam

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Forever in old Quaker neighborhoods
And muse beneath the oaks and sycamores
That shade those quiet roofs, the evergreens
That guard the lowly graves,—and meditate
Upon the kindly hearts that softly sleep
Beneath the violets and wandering vines
And mossy turf, the kindly hearts and true
That in old years gone by were wont to come
To First-day and to Mid-week Meeting here
To worship and to pray and find new strength
For daily duties. Many a tranquil face
I see in fancy as I ponder here,—
The blessed mothers with their eyes of love
And tenderest sympathy, the fathers kind
And serious and generous-souled to all,
And hosts of rosy boys and budding girls—
The youthful scions of old Quaker stock.

The great old trees around the Meeting-house,
Hoar patriarchs of eld, chant low to me
Their centuried recollections of the sires
Who tilled the far-spread farms that lie around,
And matrons who have made, in years long gone,
These grey farm-houses centers of true peace
And friendly cheer, in days when son to son
Succeeded, and the ancient well-loved farms
Became ancestral lands round which were twined
What love, what veneration, what deep faith!

O mighty oaks and noble sycamores,
With trunk moss-silvered and with lichened limb,
Breathe soft to me the storied memories
And treasured records of the long rich years
That blessed the Meeting-house at London Grove
Gazing across the fertile townships there,—
A grand old house of grand old memories.
Tell me of Salem near the river shore

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Far in south Jersey, with its giant oak,
Type of its people's age-long strength and charm;
Of Lincoln in Virginia's tranquil dales;
Of Centre and of genial Rising Sun;
Of that old Meeting-house at Wilmington,
A peaceful island 'mid the city's noise;
Of little ancient solitary Caln
Dreaming upon its solitary hill;
Of Purchase 'neath its mighty sycamores,
Where old-time Quaker kindness prevails;
Wyoming and Odessa, quaint old shrines;
Poughkeepsie, steadfast, friendly and antique;
Of Newtown's cheerful, sunny Meeting-house;
Tell me of Ercildoun so friendly-kind;
Of dear Penn Hill, precious in memory;
Of Concord high among the peaceful farms,
"The mother fond whom many hearts revere,
Since from her fold they went to bless the world
With kindled lights of Peace and hallowed Love";
Of Warminster among the maple shades;
Of Gwynedd in the old Welsh settlement,
Heart of a region where old faith still lives,
And old tradition and old friendliness;
Of Warrington among the ancient woods,
Where Friends from Ireland worshipped in old days;
And Langhorne in its friendly neighborhood.

Tell me, great trees that shade the quiet roofs
And guard the lowly graves among the grass,
Tell me of all the simple country faith
And grace and kindness that long have blest
The old-time Quaker colonies afar—
In fertile Indiana's sunny glades,
In Loudon's meadows warm and dreamy-fair,
In old Long Island and in Canada,
And every region where our Faith endures.
Love links us all across the sundering leagues,

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Love makes us brothers in our cherished creed
In many an ancient Quaker neighborhood,
In many a well-loved dear old Meeting-house
Far up and down the land, where'er we come
And gather in the peaceful First-day morns,
Waiting in quietude upon the Lord,
Waiting and praying,—“Children of the Light.”

II

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—O what charm,
What tender benediction and what peace
Dwell in the very sunlight streaming down
Across their quiet aisles! An ancient calm
And phantom fragrance fill the sun-lit air
That shimmers from the softly-humming stove
In winter days and gives a dreamy grace
And radiance to the far-off snowy hills
And old homesteads and sleepy villages
And lonely woods seen through the little panes.
And in the golden summer First-day morns
How sweet the drowsy air that softly flows
Through open windows from the harvest fields
And garden walks, scenting the quiet house
With fragrance faint of honeysuckle vines
And pungent clover-tops and spicy pinks!

The winter sunlight and the flower-sweet air
Of golden summer Sabbaths add a grace,
An unsuspected solemn spiritual charm,
To all the blessed meditations there
And tranquil thoughts; they are the visible form,
Harmonious with inward righteousness,
That heighten, strengthen, make it fair to all.
O can there be perfection of the soul
If God's sweet sunshine smiling down from heaven,
Or birds and flowers beneath the tranquil blue,
Meet no response? I cannot think it so.

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

How poor of spirit he whose heart warms not
O'er the calm beauty and benignity
That musical silence and sweet country peace
And balmy odors lend to those still hours
In old-time Meeting-houses!

Well I know

What dignity breathes from the lofty space
And amplitude of hospitality
In these old-fashioned simple Quaker shrines!
Most friendly seems the long, high, sturdy roof,
Most friendly the all-welcoming old walls,
Seen through the sheltering trees across the hills,
As driving cheerily the families come
To this sequestered sanctuary dear,
Forgetful of the week's routine and trials,
To find fresh consolation and fresh peace.
—I love those spacious and all-welcoming walls
Built for whole countrysides to gather there;
They seem the very soul and warm dear heart
Of all the Quaker region,—every hearth
And chimney-nook and cosy family room
In all the old farm-houses round about
Find here their essence and their sum of warmth
And human consecration kind and true,—
So strongly knit is the old Meeting-house
With every neighborly and friendly tie.

So seems the Meeting sober and benign
Of calm Old Kennett by the country road,
Ancient and storied,—from the days of Penn
To ours, a home of deepest Quaker peace.
So seems the Meeting at dear Nottingham,
In Calvert's province founded long ago,
Child of New Garden in Penn's ancient shire,
So peaceful, kindly, and so well-beloved;
Such, old, old Flushing, simple, venerable,
Sad with great memories of the bygone years;

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Such, ivied Abington's serene old house,—
How spacious and all-welcoming its walls,
How steeped in antique calm the air that flows
Around that ample, cheery Quaker shrine!
What sweet remembrance wreathes round every name,
What reverence, what tenderness, what love!

And like to these and equally endeared
The Meetings with melodious Indian names,
Or titles drawn from forms of stream and field,
Orchard and lawn and hill and shadowy wood:—
Old Octoraro's simple woodland fane,
Manhasset, Saratoga, Manasquan
Where good Job Scott attended meeting once,
That Friend so "deep in heavenly mysteries";
Oswego, quaint Hockessin's little shrine,
Lone Catawissa's olden log-built house,
Rancocas with its walls of antique brick,
Miami, Chappaqua, Greenfield, Short Creek,
Mansfield and Little Falls and Waterford,
Peach Pond with all its quaint simplicity,
And Little Creek so ancient and serene;
Mount Holly by our sainted Woolman's home,
Coldstream, Westfield, and Plumstead quaint and old;
Fairhill, in whose green shade was laid to rest
Lucretia Mott; Whitewater, Haverford,
Old Springfield, Valley, Ridge, and Mullica Hill,
Pleasant Fawne Grove, and White Plains well-beloved,
Deer Creek, West Grove the olden, dear Woodlawn,
Friendly Pennsgrove and dearly-loved Broad Creek,
And Brooklyn, stronghold of most kindly Friends.
—Forever could I roam, forever muse
Around these olden haunts, forever dream
Upon the dear hearts sleeping silently
Below the violets and the tangled grass,
Where weep the rains and sob the murmuring leaves
And chant the wistful birds at vesper hour.

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

III

I LOVE old Meeting-houses:—where on earth

Is more of gracious charm and piety
And saintly goodness seen than gathers here
In quiet First-day meetings? Many a child,
I know, is stirred to life-long righteousness
By sight and memory of the dignity
And peaceful spiritual beauty in the forms
And faces of the venerable sires
And placid grand-dames in the gallery seats.
Wrapt round with tranquil, sweet solemnity
And peace and gentleness, they represent
The Quaker faith made visible to all.

*One such there was whose memory is most dear:—
Friendly of soul was she, and all who came
Within the sunlight of her kindliness
Were richer for her friendship and her love.
We say the saints have gone from earth long since;
But she, I think, was saintly,—if to be
Devoted to high truth, to hear from heaven
The Voice ineffable, and tell its words
With pleading power and fervent eloquence
To us who listened to her ministry,
To live a blameless life, and shed around
Sweet peace and friendliness and gracious cheer,—
If this be saintliness, the gift was hers.
God sends such souls among us now and then
To show that heaven is not remote and strange,
But here about us on this beauteous earth;
And never can discouragement or gloom
Becloud our vision while companioned here
With friends like her, whose simple kindliness
And cheering love seem touched with grace divine.

And many a kindly reverend good old man
Of equal saintship have I known, now gone

*Lydia H. Price

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Unto his heavenly home. One such there was*
Whose blameless tranquil years reached nigh five-score
Before they laid him in the quiet earth
Among the hills above the Brandywine,
At little, lonely, well-loved Romansville.
He was a farmer of the olden school,
A man of friendly heart and wholesome cheer,
Sturdy and steadfast through all trials; and now
In his old age a noble veteran,
He sat among the elders much revered,
A true old-fashioned Friend; all ages loved
His converse, for his venerable head
Belied his youthful heart,—he was as fresh
In sympathy as any boy, and drew
Young folk and children round him by the charm
Of cheerfulness unfailing, and his kind
Warm interest in all their joys and griefs.
—O when they laid him in the quiet earth,
I thought, in childish fashion, that no more
Of kindness lived, now this good man was gone!

Among the ancient graves at Solebury
We lately laid,—upon a wintry day
Of weeping clouds and sadly moaning winds
And sighing trees,—the earthly form of one†
Beloved beyond the usual lot of men.
So venerable and benign, so kindly he,
So cheerful-hearted and so young of soul,—
He seemed a Quaker of the olden time,
Gentle and steadfast, honorable and true,
Grounded in virtue and integrity,
And guided ever by an inner light;
Yet no stern and unbending Puritan;
We knew him—genial, friendly, meekly wise,
Childlike in his simplicity, naïve

*John Worth

†Edward H. Magill, President of Swarthmore College

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

And quaintly humorous,—such a man, I think,
As Horace might have loved, so well he blent
Sound lore and home-bred sense, contentment sweet
And fine humanity. Yea, he had learned
These Quaker virtues at his mother's knee;
And through the long course of his fruitful life
Her maxims he remembered; and in him
Were human power and grace of soul so fused
That long his happy memory shall endure
Engraven in our hearts who loved him well,—
The good old man, so venerable and benign,
So cheerful-hearted and so young of soul.

—From childhood recollection still I see
That tenderest and kindest of men,
Whose comforting, benign and winning grace,
His gentle ministry and mild appeal,
His voicing of his visions and his hopes,
Must live indelibly in many hearts,—
Darlington Hoopes;—he truly seemed to me
An old-time Quaker of the purest type.

—And I recall a man of sunny faith
And charity unbounded,—Cyrus Linton,
Who left the memory of an honest life
Of cheery, friendly ways and warm affection,
With all who knew him; his the helping hand
Toward higher manhood; his the love of home
And all that “home” implies,—a noble Friend
In every noble trait—And Hannah Plummer,
From her young days of gentle motherhood
Unto her ripe old age a source of strength
And wisest counsel;—who can e'er forget
Her liberal spirit? Comfort flowed from her
With living force, and many a hopeful life
Has been enriched by her uplifting power,
Her loving sympathy and friendship firm.

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

—And like a sister unto her in spirit
Seemed Emily Longstreth, that strong, generous soul,
Whose hand was ever lent to further good,
To lift the lowly and to aid the sick;
Her “gentle life with gentlest closing” told,
More forcefully than words, her nobleness.

How high a trait is calm sincerity!
A man of simple heart and steadfast faith
Seems like a tower of strength, no matter what
His state, or rich or poor;—such men have lived
In every Quaker region. One of such
Was Hiram Blackburn,—honest, faithful, true,
Whose long, long years were passed among the scenes
Of childhood’s home, and close to his loved Meeting
And lifelong friends.—And such was William Webb,
Most gentle and affectionate of heart,
Of humor quaint, and genial comradeship;
His kindliness I never can forget,—
A true, good Friend, a man of noble soul.

—Sincerity was notable indeed
Among the traits that marked the character
Of Lydia Hall; sincerity was hers,
And simple peace of heart and homely wisdom.
With youth she had a perfect sympathy,
And patiently and lovingly she wrought
In their behalf through all her length of days.
—Who may compute the influence for good
Of such a life, who reckon up the sum
Of all the kindness and benignity,
The meek and unobtrusive helpfulness,
The calm rich peace, the charm, the gentle grace!

The Friends that I have here portrayed are types
Of such as every Meeting-house has known;
Their names are lettered on the lowly slabs

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Beneath the solemn cypresses and firs,
Wept o'er by sobbing rains and rose-leaves strewn
In grieving autumn eves by wandering winds,
In every Quaker grave-yard, and their fame
Lives in the loving records of the heart
Immortally. O wondrous power of goodness
Surpassing every other human gift,—
Goodness that bringeth heaven down to earth
And linketh mortal man with angels here!

IV

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—how remote
From all the world's loud tumult do they seem!—
Islands of blissful peace to lull tired souls
Tossed on the seas of daily circumstance
And seeking friendly haven after storm;
Sequestered bowers sweet with holy balm,
To shelter and to shield. *No words may tell
The pathos of their centuried peacefulness,
Tranquil and holy;*—here have women wept
Above their loved-ones, strong men here were bowed
By piteous grief, in those grey ruthless hours
When in the silent earth they laid to rest
Their precious dear ones,—while the old house gloomed
In silent sympathy, and all its trees,
Its drooping roses and its ancient shrubs
And clinging ivies sighed in unison
A requiem for vanished loveliness,
Or worth and noble charm too early gone,
Or goodly veterans called to their long home.
The memories are sacred that enshrine
Those sweet-sad, tragic, grey and mournful hours;
But with each mellowing year that mellows grief
And reconciles us to the Father's will,
The dear old Meeting-house grows more endeared
And gathers sentiment unto itself,
Deep sentiment and reverence and love.

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

*One Meeting-house I love to call to mind,
Endeared by long ancestral ties, where late
We came, descendants of the sires of old,
To celebrate in autumn's pensive hours
The hundredth year of that old Meeting-house.
In many a loving heart that golden day
Has now become a blessed memory
Of dying woodlands flaming mile on mile,
Of great cloud-fleets above the sleeping hills,
And old-time peacefulness and love and charm.
And through it all, one strong calm voice rings clear,
His voice who seemed that centuried day, when all
Our thoughts were of the Past, to sound once more
The clarion call of sturdy Fox or Penn,
Or Woolman's pleading pathos grave and sweet,—
With homely simile and pithy phrase
Stirring our youth to enter once again
The lists where long ago our fathers strove
For truth and faith and freedom of the soul.

In truth he seemed of that pure brotherhood
Of old-time Quakers,—our Idealist,†
Our Optimist,—I love to call him so,—
Blending the vigor of the elder day
With some fine grace caught from our own rich age,
And fusing all with warm poetic glow
As of some memory Wordsworthian.
It could not other be, since once he roamed
On Wordsworth's hills and mused the seer's high song
Amid Westmoreland's sacred solitudes.
—Such memories of that centuried day are mine,
That golden day of peacefulness and love,
Of dying woodlands flaming mile on mile,
And great cloud-fleets above the sleeping hills.

*Penn Hill Meeting, Lancaster Co., Pa.

†Joseph S. Walton

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

V

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—'tis a joy
To look across the wistful memoried years
And summon back the faces kind and calm
Of old-time Friends, who gathered 'neath these roofs
In bygone days, who loved these ancient seats
Of fragrant wood, and loved the sheltering trees
And tender violets among the grass
As still we love. They long have gone from earth,
Dear, venerable, cheery old-time Friends,—
The peace of God upon each kindly face,—
But in the heart their recollection lives,
Their tender loving-kindness still survives,
To sweeten and console; their voices speak
Immortally across the vanished years,
Immortally in sacred memory;
And, hallowed by death's consecrating touch,
Their messages bring solace to the soul
More deep, I must believe, than living words.
O friends, I would that we might cherish well
Their sure and simple faith, their maxims quaint,
Their piety, their saintly innocence,
Their creed untroubled by the doubts that vex
Our restless age, the questionings that rob
Our hearts of their just dues of peace and joy.
We call them "old-time Friends," and such they were,—
It is the noblest title we can give,
For in the mellow retrospect of years
They seem to move in monumental peace,
And, like old portraits, keep a lasting charm,
A type unchanging, since mortality
Has been put off, and but the soul remains,
Shining through kindly eyes and wistful smiles
In old daguerreotypes cherished so well.
With tender memoried faces such as these
We people the old benches where to-day

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

We sit with living friends, and musingly
Find in the well-loved faces round us here
Echoes and hints and dim resemblances
Inherited from those of yore, that make
The line continuous, the tides from soul
To soul unbroken in their mystic flow.
—O Power ineffable, thus to maintain
The spirit's kinship through the dateless years,
Preserving the imperishable type,
And linking with us in our mortal years
The sainted and the loved of long ago!

VI

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—simple shrines
That hold the history of our noble faith,
*Strong arks that down the rivers of old time
Have borne the symbols of our precious Past.*
Ah me, their very names are wondrous dear!—
Kindly ancestral English names beloved,
All redolent of English honesty
And charm and worth,—brought hither by our sires
To keep them minded of their English homes
Among the moorlands or by tranquil streams,
Their “leighs” and “tons,” their “moors” and “byes” and
“fields,”
“Boroughs” and “villes,” and “chesters,” “streets” and
“fords.”

Mute history lies enshrined in every name,—
Yardley and Yarmouth, Bristol, Burlington,
Oxford and Middletown and Little Britain,
Old Quaker Street and kindly Mickleton,
Warm-hearted Millville, lonely Marlborough,
Old Chester, hard by Penn's first landing-place
In this new world; Medford and Lambertville,
And drowsy Stanton 'mid the drowsy fields,
Old Horsham dreaming in the hickories' shade,
Easton where Fox the Founder long ago

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Preached to a "heavenly meeting" gathered there,
Bloomfield and Chesterfield and Fallsington,
Uxbridge and Caln and tranquil Byberry,
Old Darby, Mendon, peaceful Providence;
Wrightstown, a stately and a storied house
Whose members lived in friendly harmony
With the Indians of yore; and Plainfield old,
Peaceful with memories of a noble past;
And old, old Shrewsbury where Fox once held
"A precious meeting," quiet Fallowfield,
Springboro, Homeville with its kindly name,
Makefield of gentlest memory, lone Stroudsburg
Among the mountains, stately Woodbury,
Doylestown so rich in friendliness, Granville,
Old-fashioned Crosswicks, Frankford, genial Bart,
West Chester in the kindly dear old town;
And little York, most like the small and quaint
Grey Meeting-house in Furness' grey fields
By centuried Swarthmore Hall, where Margaret Fell
Through wondrous years kept warm the friendly hearth.

Swarthmore!—Ah how my dreaming fancy wakes
At that name loved by Friends around the world;
Musing I wander from that ancient Hall
To many a Meeting-house in England's shires
Or in green lovely Ireland. Well I know
What kindliness, what old-world charm, abide
At Henley by slow Thames, at Huddersfield,
At Kendal and at Keswick in the vales
That Wordsworth loved, at Ackworth long held dear,
At Oxford and at Morland and at Lynn,
At brooding wave-washed Saltburn-by-the-Sea,
At lonely-hearted Little Ecclestone,
At Cartmel nigh to those romantic fells
Where great Helvellyn's foot-hills face the sea,
At Walton-on-the-Naze so quaintly named,
At Street in Somerset's delightful fields,

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

At Chipping Norton 'mid the Oxford hills;
And Little Jordans, that most hallowed spot,
Where loved and saintly Penn was laid to rest
Beside the loved and saintly Peningtons.

In these and kindred fanes of our old faith
His very spirit breathes who up and down
The island bore the Light,—great Fox, who preached
God's everlasting truth and word of life.
Come to the Light! he cried; *wait in the Light,*
That you may grow up in the very Life
That gave the Scriptures. O how mightily
Did he beseech!—*Dwell, brethren, in that Life*
That leadeth to dominion over evil.

Most tenderly, most grandly he besought:
Witness the Seed, witness the Christ within;
Heirs of the promise shall you thus become!
In Ireland well I know what kindliness
And peaceful charm abide, now as of old,
At Limerick by Shannon's lordly stream,
At Ballinderry and at Ballytore,
At kindly Carlow, and at dear Clonmel
In Tipperary's dales, at Waterford,
At Wicklow and "sweet Cork" and old Tramore;
And up at Lurgan where my fathers dwelt,
In Armagh 'mid the emerald Irish fields,
Beneath blue Irish skies (O heart of mine,
How dreamest thou of those dear fields and skies!)

By quiet stream or quiet country town,
Or in old red-brick courts secluded deep
In hearts of solemn cities vastly old,
Stands many an antique Old-World Meeting, still.
Haunted with memory and mystery
And *shadows of the Early Friends*,—they touch me
With wondrous pathos and heart-moving power;
I cannot voice the magic and the charm

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

With which they cry across the wistful years,
Holy and tender, from the Long Ago;
I cannot voice the yearning they awake,
Those ancient Meetings in the Mother Land!
—O do the fragile balmy blossoms strew
Their lintels and their lowly burial-stones
With fragrant petal-drift all April long?
Do warm rains drip like tears on summer nights?
Does drear November sway their massive oaks
And moan among their dark and centuried yews?

VII

I LOVE old Meeting-houses, and could roam
Forever in old Quaker neighborhoods,
By peaceful hamlets and high breezy hills
And dreamy rivers sleeping in the sun.
—Beneath the noble sycamores and oaks
That guard those quiet roofs I love to watch
The Friends arrive and in the shady porch
Give cheery greetings, and in little groups
Converse on happenings of the week, or glow
With kindly tender smiles and wistful words
O'er "good old days" and memories half-forgot,
While young folks stray apart, and children seek
For violets and chase the butterflies.

Or 'neath the solemn cypresses I roam
Among the mossy stones, deciphering
Dim names long weathered by the winter storms
And April rains, musing upon the folk
That in old years gone by were wont to come
To First-day and to Mid-week Meeting here
To worship and to pray and find new strength
For daily duties;—and at length pass in
With all the gathering groups of genial men
And gentle women, blithesome rosy lads
And winsome girls, beneath the lofty roof,

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

And on the long unpainted fragrant seats
Slow settle into silence, while the bees
Drone in the panes and glad birds chirp outside;
And if 'tis Mid-week Meeting, then from far
Across the fields come sounds of farming toil,
Of clinking scythes and plowmen's cheery calls
And wagons slowly creaking. Then it is,
As musical silence settles o'er the house,
That our calm worship seems to sanctify
Each longing soul, each heart athirst for grace.

As in the ancient Meeting-house we sit,
Environed round with friendliness and love,
Or touched and comforted with eloquence
And gentle pleading; with the solemn thought
Of those low graves beneath the murmuring boughs,
And all they hold of poignant memory,—
In those most holy hours, does not a Voice
Unheard by any save the spirit's ear
Speak to each longing heart; does not a Presence
Unseen by any save the spirit's eye
Touch every brow with balm beneficent;
Do not all barriers fade, all outward signs
Seem merely phantom forms, *until our souls*
Flow in resistless tide toward the Divine,
"Toward that great ocean of Abiding Love,"—
As in the ancient Meeting-house we sit
Environed round with love and friendliness,
With gentle, gentle faces sweet and pure,
With stillness and the peace of musing minds!
—Such the sure guidance of the Inner Light,
Such the companionship and blessed strength
Of the great Love that holds our yearning hearts.

On many an azure morn of early spring
When black-birds piped full sweet among the trees,
Or in the flower-soft Sabbaths of mid-June
Fragrant with balmy airs, or in the deep

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

December silence of a dim white world,
Have these inflowings heartened and refreshed
God's children met in quiet worship here.
Such memories truly make a sacred shrine
Of each old Meeting-house,—make it as holy
To our affections and our reverence
As any grey cathedral to our brethren
Of faiths more ancient far than ours.

I yield
To none in sympathy for those high fanes
And heaven-aspiring minsters of old lands,
Whose solemn organ-tones and glorious hymns
And incense streaming up in mists of gold
So satisfy devout and simple hearts;
—We all were of the old Church once, and feel
Some thrill of old allegiance;—yet the calm
Still air of blessedness and holy peace
In some old Meeting 'mid its bowering trees,
Its rambling horse-sheds, and low walls that bound
Its silent "acre" sweet with tender flowers,
Holdeth for me *a pathos beautiful*
And wondrous beyond reach of any words.

Ye dear old Meeting-houses, thus would one,
Who long hath loved you deeply, strive to pay
His tribute to your charm, your ancient peace,
Your centuried repose, your guardianship
O'er gracious souls into the twilight gone
Such long, long years ago; hoping to wake
In hearts too soon forgetful of the Past,
Renewed reliance on your blessed power
To soothe our anxious and unresting time
With your serene and spiritual grace,
Your precious sanctity and ancient charm,
Ye loved and quaint old Meeting-houses all:

Old Quaker Meeting-Houses

Cornwall beneath thy venerable oak;
Time-honored Plymouth 'mid thy stately trees,
Hoary of limb and silvered o'er with age;
Nine Partners, where the blithe and thoughtful lass
Lucretia Coffin came in school-girl days;
Menallen, Upper Dublin, loved Drumore,
Yet dearer for your kindly Irish names;
Solebury's Meeting "sacrosanct with love";
And thou, grey shrine of faith and friendliness
'Neath Gwynedd's antique oaks; and little Caln
Sad and deserted on thy lonely hill;
Thou, Old Blue River, 'mid thy silent graves,
Brooding in silence on thy memoried past;
Thou, Pendleton, heart-warm with kindness;
Thou, spacious, tranquil, grand old Meeting-house
At London Grove; quaint friendly Birmingham,
Thou storied shrine; thou, ancient well-loved house
Where meet the kindly folk of Willistown;
Thou, Buckingham, above thy dreamy fields;
And thou, old Meeting-house at Wilmington,
A peaceful island 'mid the city's noise;
Old Jericho where sleeps Elias Hicks;
Historic Uwchlan quaint and picturesque,
And tranquil Radnor; and ye, Grampian
And Sterling, with your honest Scottish names;
Old Salem with thy monumental oak;
Lone Cecil musing 'mid the forest flowers;
Thou, Goshen, home of loving-kindnesses;
And Macedon Centre, lovable, serene;
Camden, so peaceful 'mid thy peaceful graves;
And dear Penn Hill of precious memories;
And many another which the yearning heart
Holds dear for recollected happiness
In hours of meditation and of dream
Amid your quietude and rustic charm,
Your fruitful silence and uplifting calm,
Your tranquil and pathetic loneliness,

Old Concord Meeting

Your dear associations from old days,
Your sacred and ancestral memories.
—And ye, old Meetings scattered up and down
Among old Quaker neighborhoods afar
In our wide continent; and ye, old shrines
In those revered ancestral English shires
And Irish fields, beyond the rolling seas
That separate our lands but not our love.

OLD CONCORD MEETING (1686-1911)

I LOVE to ponder the annals of this old house
Established here on the hills so long ago
By the prayerful zeal of those far-off Quaker sires.
I love to read their records;—what steadfast faith,
What loving-kindness there, what shining deeds!

Their dust has slept in the earth for many a year,
And the moss and the ivy long have muffled their graves
With pensive green,—a token and tender sign
Of the evergreen love we bear those ancient Friends,
Those hero-hearts of our faith. They were noble and true;
They humbly asked for the blessing of God on their work
When they built their Meeting-house. Their old men saw
Wondrous visions, their young men dreamed high dreams;
Simple and sturdy and godly folk were they.

True patriarchs of our faith they seem to me,—
Pioneer Friends of this new great western world,
Men and women who came over-sea with Penn.
They had listened and thrilled to saintly Fox's words
In English fields; from Fox they had caught the Light;
And now they sought in this lonely western land
Freedom to worship, freedom to live and thrive
Unharassed by hostile mobs or zealots blind.

Honor to them who sought no earthly honor!
Their long-familiar names are indelibly dear,

Old Concord Meeting

Rich with two hundred years of memoried love,—
Hannum and Marshall, Thatcher, Gilpin and Cloud;
Chandler and Walter, Palmer and Peirce and Brown,
Mendenhall and Newlin, Brinton, Pyle;
Yea, patriarchs of the faith they truly were,
Who minded the Light and spread the Light abroad
From their homes 'mid the fruitful orchards and quiet
farms,—

These beautiful fields and hills that we see to-day
Wrapt in the dreamy summer's bounteous charm.

The very name of their settlement tells their tale,—
Concord,—called from the peaceful harmony
And brotherly love that marked their blessed lives;
Concord truly speaks of their tranquil years,
Their earnest witness against all wordliness,
Their fervent seeking after the Light of Christ;
Concord tells of their love of all mankind,
Their tender care of the lowly and the oppressed,
Their helpful hands held out to their Indian brothers,
Their deep concern for setting the black man free.
These, and a score of kindred kindly deeds,
Speak with eloquence far above all words
Of this ancient Concord Meeting and countryside;
And not alone of this dear old Meeting-house
And Quaker countryside, but of those that grew
Under this Mother-Meeting's watchful love,—
Birmingham on the Brandywine's emerald hills
Where old-time kindness still lives to-day,
The well-loved meeting at ancient Nottingham,
And Caln high over the Valley's fertile farms.

Ah me, how we cling to the outward things we love!—
But the heart of our faith is in homes not built by hands,
And these old shrines, albeit we cherish them well,
Must crumble and fall with the all-devouring years
And their tranquil beauty become but a legend dim.

Old Kennett Meeting-House

Yet Concord's dear, dear name must still endure
When every brick and shrub and lowly grave
Has been swept away by the ruthless march of time,—
Concord, home of our far-off English sires,
Concord the peaceful, the tranquil, the deeply loved.

OLD KENNETT MEETING-HOUSE

(1710-1910)

THIS lonely house beside the lonely road
Hath looked on other scenes than ours to-day
Where round us lie the fields of rustling corn
And verdant pastures sweet with autumn hay,
Where all the land is wrapt in peaceful dream,
And every noise and restless care far, far away doth seem.

Along this ancient road in days of old
A varied stream of travelers did pass:—
The sturdy settlers trudging by their teams,
Grandsire and pioneer and rosy lass,
Soldiers returning from the border wars,
And fishermen who sought the way to Maryland's distant
shores.

Here jocund hunters journeyed o'er the hills
With furs and game from out the virgin woods;
And keen-eyed Indians erect and lithe,
And silent as their forest solitudes.
How many a wayfarer, how many a load
Passed by this ancient Meeting-house along this ancient
road!

And twice a week beneath the bowering trees,
In sober garb, with looks composed and strait,
A gentle company of people came
And turned their horses' heads within the gate,
Dismounted at the block, and staid and slow
Passed to their seats and settled down in row by silent row,

Old Kennett Meeting-House

Silent,—until some strong, clear voice rang out
And held its listeners in conscious awe,
Instinct with heaven's visionary fire,
Or duty's plain inexorable law,—
A voice whose noble fervor could not be
The fruit of aught except a life of faithful piety.

And truly they were faithful, pious folk,
Those Kennett Quakers of the long ago;
Read but their names upon these lowly graves,
Think of the forms whose dust is laid below;
Muse o'er their memories with grateful tears,
Those kindly, noble Friends whose names we love through
all the years!—

English and Irish Friends of sterling worth,
The Webbs, the Harlans who from Erin came,
The Peirces bred in old-world Somerset,
The Clouds who brought from Calne their honored name,
The Sussex Wickershams, the Baileys, too,
The Millers who from Ireland their ancient vigor drew.

Their lines are scattered far across the world,
And this old house deserted seems and lone;
Neglect and desolation wrap it round,
And moss and lichen dim each low grave-stone;
A sleepy spot beside the sleepy road,—
Have silence and forgetfulness made here their sure abode?

Nay, though the Quaker life of olden time
No more is seen in weekly gatherings here,—
In many a heart this ancient house endures,
To many a heart 'tis still beloved and dear,
Still cherished as a venerated shrine
Among the peaceful hills above the peaceful Brandywine.

Yea, this old house that sleeps through summer suns,
And dreams through winter nights of star and cold;—

Old Kennett Meeting-House

What tales of kindliness and worth were ours

If all its deepest dreams might once be told
Of those dear souls who sowed in days long past
Seeds of an influence that shall its latest stone outlast!—

How might it tell of many a tender bride

Who came forth wedded from this old roof-tree;
Of many a gray-haired veteran might it tell

Laid 'neath yon shades with sad solemnity,—
Of family joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
And pensive memories hallowed through the lost and long-
dead years.

Yet tranquil annals oftenest fill its dreams,

And noble faces from its vanished days,—
The Mendenhalls devoted to good works,

The Passmores and the Woodwards and the Ways;
The Hueys and Harveys here are known to fame;
And Lewis, Jacobs, Jenkinson,—Old Kennett loves each
name.

The history of such a Meeting-house

Is filled with pathos and with peaceful charm;
It seems the very heart of this old land,

This land of ancient wood and tranquil farm,
Of sunny gardens and of singing streams,—
This old, old Meeting-house with all its memories and
dreams.

The history of such a Meeting-house

If filled with grandeur, beautiful, sublime,
Rich with the records of the sainted souls

Who speak to us from out the olden time.
O may her spirit still all creeds outlast,
And calm Old Kennett bless our future as she blessed our
past!

“A Haunt of Ancient Peace”

“A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE”

*(Read at the Centenary of Willistown Meeting-house,
1898)*

A HAUNT of ancient peace!—

Well may we call thee so,
For while the years increase
And seasons ebb and flow,
Thou, ancient House, dost seem
Wrapt in a tranquil dream
And vision of the days of long ago,—

A vision softly bright
With faces that are gone,
Wherein a saintly light
And calm serenely shone,—
Dear faces loved of yore
Whose peace forevermore
In benediction round these walls is thrown.

Soft pastoral echoes thrill
The heart of yonder woods,
And misty languors fill
The leafy solitudes.
The downward sloping year
Lies drowsed in golden cheer,
And resteth in her queenliest of moods.

In yonder hallowed ground
The cherished fathers sleep,
And o'er each lonely mound
The gentle flowers weep.
A pensive stillness there
Breathes through the autumn air
And fills the scene with silence calm and deep.

The fathers sleep; but here
Their children's children meet;

"A Haunt of Ancient Peace"

Year after quiet year
They gather seat by seat;
And many a family name
Lives on with fragrant fame
Among the Friends whom here to-day we greet.

Oft in this peaceful air
With blessing have been heard
The purifying prayer,
The Heaven-guided word;
And oft some fervent heart
Communing here apart,
As with a sacred leaven hath been stirred.

Old House, o'er thee hath gone
A century serene;
Thy far-off, peaceful dawn
No living eye hath seen.
The human stream hath run
Through many a sire and son
Since thou didst rise amid the forest green.

The mild and mellow years
Have left thee calm and free,
Through mortal joys and tears
Enduring tranquilly.
The infant's dawning breath,
The darkening hour of death,
Have been as passing sun and shade to thee.

Here as in days of old
Still may the hungry feed,
Still love the faith we hold,—
Our sweet and simple creed.
Here may be given to men
The zeal of Fox and Penn
To seek and serve the spirit's inmost need.

Old Memories,—New Consecration

So by this peaceful vale
While ripening years increase,
Thy mission shall not fail,
Thy blessing shall not cease;
Thy consecrating calm
Shall fall like holy balm,
And thou be still "a haunt of ancient peace."

OLD MEMORIES,—NEW CONSECRATION

(Read at the Centenary of Little Britain Meeting, 1904)

SACRED for us this day of memories old,
Sacred and sweet to gather in this calm
Serene old meeting-house among the hills
By silver Conowingo's peaceful stream;
Sacred and dear this day to meditate
And muse upon the vanished hundred years.

Sacred for us are yon low mounds of green
Where lies the dust of those we loved so well.
The ancient box-trees and the bright young flowers
Keep quiet watch; tenderly, fragrantly,
In holy solitude they watch the graves
Of those who perished in their youthful dawn,
And those who sought at last their mother earth
After long years, long honorable years
Rich in good deeds and kindness and love.
Surely they know,—those spirits heavenly free,—
They know the hidden things we may not know
Until we too must sleep beneath the grass
To wake in worlds undreamed of; theirs to know
Of life and death and vast eternity.

All reverently we come, yet happily,
With quiet joy, to hail the hundred years,
The hundred golden autumns, radiant springs,
Summers and drowsy winters that have gone
Down to the dim and half-forgotten Past

Old Memories,—New Consecration

Since those grave Quakers of that long-lost time
Founded this fellowship of worship here
And gave to Little Britain life and name.

O how the heart doth yearn this centuried day
For those loved forms and faces, those serene
Old-fashioned Friends of that old-fashioned age!
I seem to see them in their quiet homes
'Mid these old dreamy Susquehanna hills,
Living their simple lives with simple faith:—
The sweet-faced mothers here among their flowers,
Their bee-hives and their bowering apple trees;
Home-loving women, skilled in household craft
And all the ways of hearty country cheer,
Making each home its own small happy world,
And giving to all this countryside its fame
For comfort, peace and hospitality;—
The fathers, sterling-hearted kindly men,
Rich in plain wisdom, rich in helpful deeds,
Noble and strong and pure,—no neighborhood
Had goodlier farmers, truer gentlemen:—
And, fair as young June roses after rain,
The children, soft-eyed girls and ruddy boys,
Making these old hills jocund with their song
And wholesome fun, and all unconsciously
Through all the long, long golden years of youth
Building foundations sure of character,
Of usefulness and home-bred honesty.
O tell me, are they perished then and gone,
Forever gone those simple days of yore?—
Nay, much survives;—and never do I come
To this old well-loved shire of Lancaster
Sacred and rich in old ancestral ties,
Here 'mid the Conowingo's dreamy hills,
But that the dear old-fashioned face of things,—
The old red houses, locust-shaded lanes,
Great ample barns and old gnarled cherry trees,

Ercildoun Meeting

Soft meadows with their sunny little streams
That feed the lovely Susquehanna's tides,
The very bergamot and purple phlox
And every dear old-fashioned garden flower,—
Thrills me with wistful charm; and I can hear
Old voices calling from the misty years,
Old voices calling from beyond the grave,—
So faint, so sweet, I cannot choose but grieve.

Yet wandering among these boyhood haunts
Where cheery welcomes wait and greetings warm,
And lingering in familiar garden paths,
Among dim orchard-boughs and grassy lanes,
A long-lost world comes back!—The dead still live,
The sire surviveth in the son; there breathe
From the sweet presences of blooming girls
The traits of mothers' mothers long ago
Gone to their heavenly homes. The Past lives on
And gives the present and the future years
Blessings unnumbered,—holy legacies!

So on this centuried day we well may pause
Beside these lowly graves, and in this calm
Serene old meeting-house with reverent hearts
Gather to muse on those dear hundred years;
To-morrow to go forth with hope renewed,
With faith fresh-fortified, resolved to make,—
As those loved ones of yore would have it be,—
From these old memories and sacred ties,
New strengthening and consecration new!

ERCILDOUN MEETING

(1811-1911)

A HUNDRED years these walls have cast
Their shadows o'er the sod,
A hundred years this house hath known
The blessed peace of God.

Ercildown Meeting

O many are the gentle souls
Through all the hundred years
Who blest this peaceful house of prayer
And loved it through their tears.

And many are the gentle souls
Through years remote and old
Who wept above yon grassy graves
Where sleep the hearts of gold.

Ah, though in hours of tenderness
We think with sorrow deep
Of all the dear and well-beloved

Wrapt in eternal sleep,—
Yet well we know *there is no death*
For those who deeply love;

The limits of this mortal life
Their spirits soar above.

Let no old meeting-house like this
Lament for days of yore,

While memoried voices call to us
From out the heavenly shore.

Let no old meeting-house like this
Lament for glory gone,

While children of its sires remain
To hand the message on.

Of noble and of kindly souls
To-day we have no dearth;

In every age the Father sends
His chosen ones to earth.

In every generation still
The hand of God is seen,

His meadows of immortal love
Are ever fresh and green.

The lives our fathers lived of yore,
The fragrance of the past,—

Each age must add to these a charm
More gracious than the last.

At Plymouth Meeting

And so at this first century mark
We face the forward slope,
Our hearts a-thrill with loving faith,
Our eyes alight with hope,
Content to know the Father's gifts
And blessings will not cease,
Trustful in His abounding love,
Secured in His great peace.

AT PLYMOUTH MEETING

IF anywhere is Peace, 'tis here
Where softly fades the failing year,
And round this Meeting gray and old
The great trees drop their leafy gold.
By this gray wall what joy to stay
And muse the quiet noon away,—
So wonderful the day and fair
Steeped in its pensive misty air,—
To watch the yellow leaves and slow
That waver to the ground below,
And see the insects gleam and pass
Across the tangles of the grass;
To ponder on the slow sweet hours
That breathe the scent of ripened flowers,
And pacing 'neath the sycamores
To hear through yonder Meeting doors
The sound of children's voices sweet
The texts and tender psalms repeat.

In holy haunts of silence here
True men have slept for many a year;
Dear saintly mothers 'neath this sod
Were yielded back unto their God;
And in this soft and drowsy air
I seem to see the children fair
For whom were shed what wistful tears
In bygone and relentless years!

Old London Grove Meeting

The children,—ah, there sleepeth one
Great heart beneath yon low white stone
Who willingly accepted death
To save one dear child's vital breath;—
The Artist he,* whose memory bright
Is sanctified with peaceful light
In yonder home, where still they show
The pictured scenes he used to know.

Still in his quiet garden old
The flowers spill their fragrant gold,
Beyond his orchard shadows still
Soft sunshine bathes the dreamy hill,
Across his fields the yellowing wood
Wears still its rich autumnal mood.
Tranquil his landscape lies, yet dim
With wistful memories of him.
Those memories hold a kindly spell
Beyond my yearning words to tell;
For me his name must mingle aye
With thoughts of Plymouth old and gray
And golden in the dying year,
When recollection bears me here,
When tranquil memory shall recall
The charm and beauty of it all,
And kindly friends again I greet
And hear the children's voices sweet,
Where ancient sycamores enfold
The Meeting-house with leafy gold.

OLD LONDON GROVE MEETING

(1714-1914)

WHILE memories of the sainted souls remain,
Whose dust in yonder graveyard long has lain,
While children yet unborn shall hold
The hopes and visions of our sires of old,—

*Thomas Hovenden

Old London Grove Meeting

So long dear London Grove shall stand
A noble tower of strength in this loved land.

'Neath yon great oak, last Quarterly meeting day,
I lingered through the happy hour of noon;
I watched the breeze-touched branches softly sway,
And heard the locusts chant their sleepy tune
Among the emerald meads of fragrant hay,
In that calm hour of noon.

It was a golden day of Summer peace,
The hills of harvest sounded with the song
Of reapers garnering the rich increase
Of yellow wheat fields; and I lingered long
Beneath the ancient oak tree's towering green
That rises o'er the grass' velvet sheen
And spreads its mighty branches in the breeze
Superbly grand and strong.

The happy children played beneath the trees
And romped around the porch, a joyous band,
The while their elders clasped the friendly hand
And woke old memories of old days gone by,
Looking across the dear, full-freighted years
Of hopes and griefs, of mingled joy and tears,
With reminiscent eye.

And watching them, I thought of all the love
And kindness outpoured in plenteous streams,
The heavenly intimations from above,
The prayers, the aspirations and the dreams,
Of earnest souls and true,
Which these two hundred long, long years have seen
In this old meeting on its hilltop green,
Beneath the heaven's blue.

As that great oak has grown from its green youth
And gained in splendor slowly year by year,
So London Grove has spread the light of truth
And lit with radiance beautiful and dear

At Quarterly Meeting

The heart of many a one,
Slow building up its power through sire and son,
Mother and daughter, day by patient day,
Through full, ripe years of sunshine and of storm.
Beneath this roof, inspiring words and warm
Have roused the listening soul,
Stirring the heart with dreams of human good,
Of noble justice and of brotherhood,
Of righteousness and hope.
Here tender sympathy has helped console
Sore-burdened hearts when all seemed dark and drear.
Faint purposes have taken courage here
And dared with evil fearlessly to cope.
At London Grove were sowed the seeds
That ripened into splendid deeds,
And many a corner of the earth
Has felt her faith and love, her weight and worth.

*O Father, may she still
Work out Thy heavenly will;
And may her children, as in years of yore,
Be consecrate to Thee forevermore!*

AT QUARTERLY MEETING

THE old and new are blent at London Grove,
In this old House among the ancient trees,
Set round with slopes of wheat and fragrant corn
That sway and waver in the summer breeze.

Below the turf in yonder quiet field
The old-time Quakers long have lain at rest;
The boxwood and the roses bend above
The peaceful generations of the blest.

Yet their immortal spirits look to-day
From out the kindly faces round me here;
Their children's children are inheritors
Of their soul-images beloved and dear.

Spring Meadow Meeting-House

The ardor and the impulse that have stirred
Yon sister pleading for the pure and right,—
This brother bringing sympathy and hope,—
Stirred long ago the “Children of the Light.”

As in far times this spacious House was thronged
With genial elders and with gentle youth
And bonnie children,—so to-day the old
And young have come to hark for heavenly truth.

The same heart-hunger deeply moves these Friends
That moved of yore their venerated sires,—
Ancestral yearnings for the word of God,
Undying hopes and heaven-sent desires.

Who fears our Faith is dying?—Let him come
To this old Meeting-house beneath the trees,
And find celestial balm, while airs float in
From corn-fields fragrant in the summer breeze.

SPRING MEADOW MEETING-HOUSE

AMID the ancient mountain solitudes
Of Penn's primeval woods,
Where wanders Juniata's noble stream,
It stands in quiet dream,—
The old log Meeting-house of forest oak,
Reared by the sturdy stroke
Of Quaker settlers in those woodlands wild,
Great hearts, of spirit mild.

Great hearts were they, whose memory survives,
Who passed their peaceful lives
Amid the forest shades and pastoral vales
Of Bedford's fertile dales.
Remote from worldly haunt, how warm and dear
Their cherished family cheer!
How strong their simple faith, their quiet creed,—
Fit for the soul's high need;

Meeting Memories

How fruitfully has gone throughout the earth
The spirit that here had birth!

Long have those goodly Friends of olden days
Gone from these woodland ways;
And lonely now and lorn the valley seems,
Wrapt in its ancient dreams;
But of their deeds the memory survives,
Their kindly, sterling lives;
And green Spring Meadow's flowers the vigil keep
Around their tranquil sleep;
And fittingly its guardian to-day
Holdeth to Peace's sway,
And children romp in summer hours divine
About this antique shrine.

MEETING MEMORIES

*(Read at the Centenary of Birmingham Monthly
Meeting, West Chester, 1915)*

LONG have I loved this Meeting; its dear name,
Its genial members and its quiet fame
And old-time charm, have had no little part,
Since childhood days, in wreathling round my heart
Affection, love and gratitude sincere
For all its blessings.

How did I revere
The pensive beauty of each friendly face
That from "the gallery" shed its sober grace,
The pensive beauty of the golden hours
Of summer Sabbaths, when the breath of flowers
Was wafted through the windows, and the birds
Chanted their happy hymns and warbled words!

O days of childhood here on "Quaker Hill,"
Their Meeting memories haunt my vision still,—
Romantic memories that bear me back,
How poignantly!—along the starry track

Meeting Memories

Of recollections that forever hold
Deep love for Birmingham revered and old.
—Do they not touch each dreaming fancy so,
Those faded childhood days of long ago!

To-day, returning to my boyhood home,
Like some strayed mariner across the foam,
And musing on old memories again,—
I hear from long ago the silver rain
Lashing the windows, and I see the snow
Silently sifting, hear the wild winds blow
Among the moaning trees,—mark each dim sound
That reached us here from yon fair world around
Surging up to these walls, yet coming not
Within this sheltered and sequestered spot.

Those sounds and sights of memory seem to blend—
A spirit-frame for many an ancient Friend,
For many a dear, unworldly, sainted soul
Who long ago has reached the heavenly goal.
We know them happy on that heavenly shore,
Those friends whom we may see on earth no more;
—What hope we have that we may meet them there,
Far from this world of mortal grief and care!
Their recollection still returns to bless
With mercy, love, compassion, kindliness,
Beaconing brightly from the vanished time
So wrapt around with memories sublime.

Thus, coming back to this loved place to-day,—
We who have been so many moons away,
So many years dispersed afar and wide
Across the world, or sundered by the tide
Of circumstance and fate,—come back once more
And meet together like our sires of yore;
Forgiving and forgetting those sad years
Of needless separation, touched by tears
Of loving-kindness that can truly heal

West Chester Meeting-House

Old hurts and make our generation feel
Deep peace in God's great love.

We know that deeds
Transcend the petty difference of creeds;
We know that brave and gentle lives of love
Are nearest to the heavenly type above,
*One breath of human brotherhood more worth
Than all the wordy dogmas upon earth.*

Then let us thank the Father for this hour
Whose blessings breathe upon us like some flower
From out an olden garden sweet with balm
And beautiful and simple with the calm
Of golden memories and hearts that hold
Deep love for Birmingham revered and old.

WEST CHESTER MEETING-HOUSE

*My boyhood dreams come back to me,
Old Meeting-house, at thought of thee:*

THE peaceful charm, the balmy air,
The gentle, gentle faces there,

The musing pensive people bound
In quietude serene, profound,

The sense of brotherhood and love
Borne as on wings of heaven's dove,

The sympathy that seemed to roll
From heart to heart and soul to soul,

The sign and seal of heavenly grace
On many a sweet and kindly face,

That rapt and wistful seemed to bless
With depths of wondrous tenderness,

The sense of deep thanksgiving there
In uttered word and silent prayer,

John Bright: Hero of Peace

The nearness of the Father's arm
To shield His well-beloved from harm,

When in that hour to us was given
Some foretaste of the peace of heaven.

*Such boyhood dreams come back to me,
Old Meeting-house, at thought of thee.*

JOHN BRIGHT: HERO OF PEACE

HERO of peace was he
Who all his length of days
His noble voice did raise
For light and liberty.
Sturdy and pure of life
He battled well and long,
Rejoicing in the strife
With ancient greed and wrong.
The Friends' unwordly creed
In life and thought and deed
He followed perfectly,—
Hero of peace was he.

Our Quaker great and true,—
His lofty soul serene
Lighted his eyes and mien
With heaven shining through.
His zeal knew no surcease,
But guided from above
He spread the bounds of peace,
Of brotherhood and love;
And men remember still
His mighty heart and will,
They bless his name who knew
Our Quaker great and true.

"A good man never dies"
His spirit and his name

A Portrait of Samuel M. Janney

Are still preserved by fame;
And when disasters rise
And evils hedge us round
The memory of his might
Doth help us hold our ground
And conquer in the fight.
Yea, while the ages roll
Nobility of soul
Brings heaven down from the skies;—
A good man never dies!

A PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL M. JANNEY

FROM old-world Cheshire came the Janney line,
Folk of strong sense and gracious instinct fine,
Whose far-off sire,* an honored friend of Penn,
Is cherished in the memories of men
As of an “innocent and blameless life”
And peaceful spirit—one to whom the strife
And discord of the world were alien things.

From him the Loudoun line of Janney springs;
Yea, something of old-time Virginia grace
Adorns and shines from out the pictured face
Of Samuel Janney. Sure, the kindly South
Gave him his sunny eyes and smiling mouth,
And softened with affection warm and dear
The sturdy soul and honest heart sincere.

Of what avail is worldly power
Compared with life's consummate flower—
A soul like his, serene and kind!
Ample the evidence I find
In this delightful likeness here,
Of modest worth and honor clear;
Ample its testimony sure
Unto the noble virtues that endure.

*Thomas Janney

A Portrait of Martha Ellicott Tyson

Of "innocent and blameless life" was he,
Like that far sire who journeyed o'er the sea;
And in the record of his life we read
Of fruitful years, of many a friendly deed,
Of ministry to all who had a part
Within the compass of his noble heart—
That make this simple Quaker kind and quaint,
Loved and remembered like some gentle saint.

A PORTRAIT OF MARTHA ELLICOTT TYSON

(At Swarthmore College)

I LOVE to hear the older people tell
How this dear Friend and Benjamin Hallowell,
Back in the far-off year of '64,
Beheld their vision of Swarthmore;
And how with patient faith they wrought,
Inspiring kindred spirits with their thought,
Until, their vision flowering into act,
They saw their noble dream become a fact.

Here in our college hall
Hangs Martha Tyson's portrait on the wall,
Where generations of our students see
What gentle charm, what fine simplicity
Were hers; and how that friendly face
Is lit with loving kindness and a grace
Born of the spirit's power,—
Breath of the beauteous heavenly flower
Of woman's tenderness and woman's love,—
Sweet and unfading virtues, far above
Such lore as dusty books can teach!

The beauty of our quiet Quaker speech
And calm unwordly ways
Were with this gentle soul through all her days;
Her native vales and hills,
The meadows where she heard

A Portrait of Martha Ellicott Tyson

The silver song of many a blissful bird,
The little woodland streams
Beside whose banks she dreamed her girlhood dreams,
All that loved land around old Ellicotts Mills,
Had set their impress on her heart;
Their memory formed a fadeless part
Of her pure character; and to the end
Of her career as mother, wife and friend,
There breathed from her an influence fair,
A reverential spirit deep,
Drawn in by her with the sweet country air
In her life's golden prime.

Some echo of that olden time
I sense, in musing on her portrait here;
I see her homestead loved and dear
Among the meadows where the "yellow-throats"
Pour forth their gushing notes;
Old Maryland meeting-houses, too, that keep
Watch o'er the graves where silent sleep
Shadow and sun through year on tranquil year,
A pleasant countryside
Of Quaker farmlands green and wide;
Such was her native place.
—Such charm, such peaceful beauty give their grace
To many a Quaker saint of latter time,
Whose memory I love to wreath in rime.

*Better than books, the hearts that hold
Immortal lessons grand and sweet,—*
Imperishable beauty that can touch
Our spirits, wearied overmuch
With dust and clamor of the busy street!
—So must we bless
Her tranquil face of gentle quietness,—
Hers, who with strong-souled Benjamin Hallowell
Helped found our Swarthmore, as our annals tell.

The Grave of Lucretia Mott

THE GRAVE OF LUCRETIA MOTT

(Friends' Burial Ground, Fair Hill, Philadelphia)

HERE is the still home of the dead,
Where all is quiet save the breeze
That stirs the drooping willow trees,
Lies a revered and saintly head.
The noises of the busy town
Fade into murmurous tones and low;
In silence here the ivies grow
And roses drop their petals down;
The honeysuckles clothe the ground
And moisten it with fragrant dew,
And violets weave a veil of blue
In vernal days o'er each low mound.
And lingering here in evening's glow
And looking back across the years,
My eyes are filled with tender tears
At thought of her who lies below.

'Tis not of blighted hopes I tell,
Of youth cut down before its time,
Of death that visits in his prime
A Lycidas or Astrophel;
But with a calmer voice I sing
The gleanings of the ripened sheaf,
And for the fallen autumn leaf
I strike the sweetly mournful string.
For some must lie on youthful biers,
And some pass down the noonday road;
But she in life's green fields abode
For more than eighty lovely years.
Four score and seven summers fled,
Four score and seven winters white,
Ere faded from our grieving sight
The beauty of that silver head.

The Grave of Lucretia Mott

And yet we know she is not gone,
Although her face we see no more,
For reaching from the farther shore
With us her spirit liveth on.
Her spirit liveth on, and still,
As when she walked our human way,
It beckons to the perfect day
Decreed by the Eternal Will.
And pausing here beside her grave
Beneath the sheltering maple tree,
I muse upon the legacy
Which to humanity she gave.

When she perceived her sisters bound
And fettered by convention's chain,
She raised her hand not all in vain,
And was with those who broke the ground
That led unto our larger age,
When noble women day by day
With banded effort cast away
Their sad historic heritage.
In days when bigotry reviled
Those Christ-like souls serene and brave
Who sought to free the shackled slave,
She stood with face divinely mild,
And hushed with gentle voice the cries
Of surging mobs enraged and rude,—
Unflinching in her fortitude,
Without retreat or compromise.

Bearing the cross with zeal sublime,
For pause or rest she would not yield,
But ever labored in the field
That whitened unto harvest time.
O for the faith of ages gone
Whose echoes through the cycles roll,—
The glory of this steadfast soul
In those dark hours before the dawn!

The Grave of Lucretia Mott

She rested not by night or day,
She made her field all human good,
And fed with spiritual food
Frail hearts that fainted by the way.
And maxims wise for age and youth
At fitting seasons would she quote:
"Truth for authority," she wrote,
"And not authority for truth."
When duty called she knew no choice,
She ever saw her pathway clear,
Obeying, void of earthly fear,
The promptings of the still, small voice.
Not loftier of soul I hold
Grave Fox, the father of our Sect,
Who like a godly architect
Reared up the fabric of his fold;
Nor humble-hearted Woolman, he
Who wore with lowly grace and mild,
The innocence as of a child,
The whiteness of simplicity;
Nor Whittier, our poet-voice,
Who with the ardors of his song
Struck down the strength of ancient wrong
And made humanity rejoice.
In paths of saintliness they trod,
But brighter yet becomes their fame
When of their fellowship we name
This daughter of the living God.
And, Swarthmore, thou wert not unknown
To her beside whose grave I muse;
She shared the large and liberal views
Of those who laid thy corner-stone.
And still to-day her pictured face
Serenely gazes from thy walls,
And like a benediction falls
The beauty of its placid grace.

Howard M. Jenkins

May her example through the years
Unto thy children serve as type,
A living, cheering presence ripe
With strength for hours of doubts and fears!
The inward monitor she heard,
And spoke its hests in accents true;
The perfect peace of God she knew,
This gracious bearer of the Word.

Sleep well, dear heart, while ages roll;
Sleep well in thine eternal rest.
Glories we cannot know invest
The sanctuaries of the soul;
But here beside thy earthly bed
'Tis good to come at close of day,
When worldly things seem far away
And heaven's peace just overhead;
And dreaming of thy sainted face,
A train of grateful revery flows
As tranquilly as bends the rose
Beside thy quiet resting-place.

JOHN WILHELM ROWNTREE

I KNOW not where among the hills of Heaven
Thy sweet aspiring soul may climbing be;
I only know how much of joy and gladness
And shining light went out of life with thee.

HOWARD M. JENKINS

THE breath of May, the coming hand of June,
With quickening power to bless abundantly,
Are felt to-day among these mighty hills.
Wild wood-flowers star the sylvan corridors,
The highland pastures shine with freshened green
Of herbage soft, and dreaming summer clouds

Henry W. Wilbur

Drift o'er the forest solitudes that stretch
In league on league of virgin loveliness.

Here where God's sweet air blows o'er birch and pine
And flowery pasture-land, we come once more
To find fresh joy and peace on these green heights.
One friend comes not,—he who had set his heart
On this fair mountain-settlement, and saw
High promises of benefit and joy
And spiritual good to come to those
Who have their summer homes on these great hills.

God took him from us;—but the memory
Of his fine service will remain to bless
All our activities, to consecrate
Whate'er of tranquil happiness is ours
In contemplation of God's noble works
Here spread about in such magnificence.
His hope be ours, ours be his happy faith;
And let his spirit live in all the songs
Of these wild birds, breathe in these wildwood flowers,
Sound in the solemn cadence of the winds
That sweep these tossing seas of forest boughs.
So will his hopes find fruit, ay, richer fruit
Than he could dream of, and his peace and joy
Like to a benediction on us rest
Unseen yet felt with sure serenity.

Buck Hill Falls, Pa., June, 1903

HENRY W. WILBUR: A MAN OF GOD

(*"Henry Wilbur was a patriot, a reformer, and a man of God."*—WILLIAM T. ELLIS)

WHEN some great mountain is eclipsed in cloud
And only in our memory remains
Far rising with its heaven-reaching head
Above the lowly valleys and the plains,
Our yearning recollections wraps it round

A River of the Spirit

With wonder and affection and we grieve,—
We lonely dwellers of the level ground,—
For that great mountain's majesty and might
As once we knew it bathed in glorious light.

What though the noble soul for whom we grieve,—
Noble and wise and kind and simply great,—
Beyond the cloudy limits of our world,
Beyond the barriers of our mortal state
Has passed,—O yet how warm the glow
And recollected radiance of his power,
His burning zeal for right and truth,
His genial love for earnest-hearted youth,
His strength in speech and in the quiet hour
Of meditation and of friendly cheer!

Life is more noble than he lived, more dear,
Suffused more deeply as with heavenly light.
—O what poor words of ours can tell
How long we loved him and how well
Who gloried in his sunny spirit's majesty and might!
—He truly was A MAN OF GOD.

A RIVER OF THE SPIRIT

*(Written for Founders' Night of the Philadelphia
Y. F. A., 1914)*

WHO does not love, beside some noble stream
That flows with strength majestic through the
meads,
To wander 'neath the willow trees and dream—
Beholding in his vision every rill
And little bubbling brook that feeds,
With never-failing waters sure,
That noble river from each distant hill
And wildwood fountain pure?

O think of all the peaceful farms,
The pastures and the groves of evergreen,

For the Quaker Pageant

The far-laid landscape's dreamy charms,
The old stone bridges, rain-washed, sunny-clean,
Past which those myriad waters go
With glad and silver song,
To mingle with the river and to flow
With ever-widening power along
Through shadowy wood and emerald lea
And melt at last into the sounding sea.

Like one of those far fountains pure and clear
That pours its waters toward the valley's stream—
So does this Friends' Association seem;
From its first flowings in a bygone year
It waxed and widened, fed along its course
By younger currents. Gaining still in force,
And ever from fresh branches gathering strength,
It spread its fertilizing power
And beautified the land, until at length
We see it at this anniversary hour
A noble river of the spirit, flowing
Beneficent and kindly, and bestowing
Abundant blessing in full many a field—
Rich harvests of the heart, a goodly yield.

*Now to the Father offering thankfulness,
We pray that He our labors still may bless.*

FOR THE QUAKER PAGEANT

(Saratoga Springs Conference, 1914)

PROLOGUE

AS upon a painted scroll
Let us now the scenes unroll
That picture how the dreams of Fox and Penn
Found rich fruitage in the lives of men.

Friends' Conference Echoes

Many a garret's antique chest
In our service has been pressed;
Many an olden coat and gown,
Dove-grey dress and bonnet brown,
Beaver hat and faded shawl,—
Precious, precious heirlooms all,
Holding each its memory dear,—
Reverently were carried here,
Brought into the light of day once more,
That we, garbed like those loved Friends of yore,
Might enact beside the silent wood,—
Still the home of peace and solitude,—
Scenes that tell how dreams of Fox and Penn
Found rich fruitage in the lives of men.

EPILOGUE

Now hath our great-souled Founder looked on all
Which to his Quaker brethren did befall,—
How from the old world to the new was brought
The simple faith for which men long had sought,
And how the heavenly precepts of our creed
Were voiced in fearless word and righteous deed,—
Until the hopes and dreams of Fox and Penn
Found rich fruitage in the lives of men.

From these scenes passed in review
Let us now our strength renew,
And at this our Pageant's end
Glory in the name of Friend.

FRIENDS' CONFERENCE ECHOES

(Cape May, 1916)

SEA-SHELLS

THE gleaming shells we gather on the beach
Shall oft recall to us this shining shore,
The children and the music and the mirth,
The lines of plunging foam, the billows' roar.

Friends' Conference Echoes

NAMES ON THE SAND

Name after name we wrote upon the sand
And saw the waters wash them all away.
Not so the memories of those kindly friends—
They live unfading in the heart for aye.

HYDRANGEAS

If great sea-winds and sun and silver rains
Can bring such splendid perfect flowers as these,
Shall we not seek afresh to ope our souls
For God's sweet sun and rain and vital breeze!

CHILDREN ON THE BEACH

Who would not be a little child again
To share with them their innocent delight,
And, free awhile from dulling cark and care,
To frolic in the sand from morn to night!

MUSIC ON THE PIER

Set to the mighty murmur of the sea
That music held a double charm for me—
Old opera airs, old Scotch and Irish strains,
That lead the heart down Memory's magic lanes.

OCEAN MEADOWS

League on green league they melt into the sky,
Bordered with tangled woodlands weird and wild,
Where I would wander as in days of old
And gather flowers, happy as a child.

FAREWELL

Farewell, green meadows and blue ancient sea,
Whose lure and loveliness no words may tell;
Through all we heard of high and noble here
There streams the glory of your wondrous spell.

* * *

THE RISING TIDE

At Cape Henlopen looking toward Cape May
I thought,—upon a tranquil Sabbath day,—

David Ferris

Of those addresses that appealed to me
At our great Conference beside the sea,
Where late we spent such memorable hours
By the bright ocean and the brilliant flowers.

More noble in this setting did they seem,
Those records of the vision and the dream
Of Friendly leaders; for the sea and sun,
Quickening my feelings, made my musings run
Forward unto that happy time foretold,
That ampler era like an age of gold
When brotherhood and loving service flower
Beyond all we dare hope for at this hour.

And as I mused, and watched the waters creep
And murmur up the sands with glassy sweep,
Till the strong inrush of the tumbling tide
Had surged far up those sandy beaches wide,
I seemed to see an allegory there,—
*Each hopeful thought and every heart-felt prayer
That stirred those eager Friends beside the sea,
A wave upon life's ocean seemed to be,
Lifting the levels of the striving soul
Yet nearer unto Time's eternal goal;—
Not without storm and many a backward slide
In buffeting the rigors of the tide
Yet gaining surely toward our heavenly home
Beyond the thunder of the falling foam.*

DAVID FERRIS

HIS recitation of the deep-loved lines
Of Whittier's verse, I never can forget;
The good old man, with his heart-warming smile
And loving voice,—I seem to see him yet!

“Mind the Light”

EDITH NEWLIN

I RECOLLECT with reverence and love
The gentle tranquil one, most kind and dear,
Her home-bred wisdom and her courtesy,
Her face transfigured with unfailing cheer.

AT A QUAKER GRAVE

(J. N. G.)

LIKE to the quiet strength of that great pine
Beside thy grave, seems that long life of thine,—
A life of simple truth and honor clear,
And lit with kindness, love, and friendly cheer.

“MIND THE LIGHT”*

LEND me, Lord, thy kindly grace,
Thy aid through day and night;
Shine on me with friendly face,
And help me mind the Light.
Stand beside me through the storm,
Cheer my soul with radiance bright;
With thy heavenly comfort warm,
And help me mind the Light.

Lord, I lay my trust in Thee,
My faith through day and night;
Through all hours my comfort be
And help me mind the Light.
Never shall I quail or fear,
Feeling still thy heavenly might,
Knowing, Lord, how Thou art near
To help me mind the Light.

*Set to music by Charles T. Sempers

Molly Pryce :
A QUAKER IDYLL

Dedicated to

ISAAC H. CLOTHIER

Who loves old-time Quakerism

I

SWEET Molly Pryce in apple-blossom time
Went down to Yearly Meeting; all the way
The apple-blossoms fell in fairy drifts
About the carriage wheels or gleamed afar
Among the orchards by the river shore;
For Molly and her father drove nine miles
Among Bucks County farms, and then took boat
At old Penn's Manor wharf by that old farm
Where friendliest hospitality prevails.

Most beautiful and lovable was she,
Young Molly, David Pryce's joy and pride,
Bearing in her dark eyes and fragrant hair,
Her sweet unconscious grace and gentle charm,
Remembrance of her mother's grace and charm—
That mother dead five years, beside whose grave
They lingered on the third mile of their way,
A lonely spot upon a breezy hill
Shaded by evergreens that all day long

Molly Pryce

Murmured soft elegies ; here Molly placed
Fresh flowers upon the grassy mound, and thought
With wistful eyes of that dear mother's love
And constant tenderness ; it seemed to her
That naught in all the world could take the place
Of that so dear solicitude that now
Shone holy in the light of memory.
Silent her father,—he could speak no word,
But only press her hand ; thus silently
They stood a few brief moments, then passed on
From out the lonely shade and down the hill
And through long apple orchards white with bloom.

Delightful seemed Bucks County's countryside,
So bounteous in rustic charm, so rich
In farmlands, pastures green, and shadowy woods
In whose cool depths they heard the wild wood-thrush
Fluting his fairy music ; and old homes
Grey with the peaceful years, where, by the wall,
The fragrant lilacs grew, and daffodils,
And dandelions flecked the emerald turf
With golden stars. And now they left the land
And journeyed through the happy afternoon
A-down the gleaming river, past green isles
That dreaming lay upon the silver stream,
Past many a quiet field and lonely farm.
They watched the panting steamboats surging by
With gently heaving swell, and barges piled
With hay and cord-wood ; they enjoyed the stir
And momentary bustle on the wharves
Of sleepy river-towns, and watched grave Friends
Come on the boat, whose purpose was to spend
The week at Yearly Meeting.

Drawing near
To Philadelphia, they beheld far off
And high above the myriad-chimneyed smoke

Molly Pryce

And endless clangor,—Penn's vast statue throned
Against the heavens, o'er the steepled fanes
And dreamy domes and spires of his loved town,
Above the mighty rivers winding slow,—
Gold in the sun or silvered by the moon,
And bright with stately ships; above it all
Great Penn looks down with mild benignity
And mild pacific gesture, facing far
Toward Shakamaxon and the Treaty Elm,
Where that firm league, unsworn to and unbroken,
Was plighted 'twixt the simple forest men
And the great simple-hearted English Friend.

II

THE Pryces found a home in Logan Square
Hard by the great Cathedral, from whose choir
They heard the vesper-service,—heavenly hymns
Chanted in solemn Latin, to the bass
Of deep-toned organ-music. Soaring out
Across the Square at sunset, o'er the flowers
And o'er the peaceful green, they seemed divine,—
Those ancient immemorial vesper-hymns.

And in the evening Molly found a book,
A little leather-covered volume, "Printed
By Luke Hinde, at the *Bible* in *Lombard-street*,
In London, seventeen hundred fifty-three";
And settling in a western window-seat
She read the *Travels of John Fothergill*,
The life and labors of the gentle sage
Of pleasant Wensleydale, whose famous son,
John Fothergill, the kindly Quaker leech,
The friend of Franklin and of Humphry Marshall,
Founded old Ackworth, that great English school
From which our sires a century ago
Patterned our goodly Westtown with high zeal,—
Calm Westtown 'mid its sheltering woods and hills,

Molly Pryce

Breathing of peacefulness and quiet charm,
And dear with many precious memories.

Most quaint and edifying Molly found
This book of Fothergill's,—narrating how
The love and power of Truth had reached the hearts
Of tender-spirited folk, where he had preached
One summer day at Dover; but, he says,—
And 'twas a contrast to his happier hours,—
The evil spirit stirred a woman up
To jangle and clamor against the Truth and Friends,
Till divers of the hearers quieted her.
And Molly further read how this good man
At Nathan Newby's in Virginia
Preached to "world's people" living "there-away,"
And found them eager for the living Word.
Yet on another day at Western-branch
Came many "with whom Truth had little place,"
Though help was given to several "tender Friends."
Thus Molly learned amid what joys and trials,
What heart-felt joys and half-amusing trials,
The early Friends had fared about the world
Arousing souls that hungered for the Light.

And as the twilight deepened, Molly heard,
Leaning from out the western window-seat,
A harp and viol played by young Italians
Along the southern side of Logan Square.
It was a song her mother once had loved,
The melting, sad sweet song, *Alice, Where Art Thou?*
They played it with such fervor that it seemed
The very spirit of that night of May;
Kind Molly's heart was touched, and there was formed
A memory for many days to come
Of that blest evening when the music blent
With Fothergill's quaint volume; such the power
Of simplest joys to move young Molly's soul.

Molly Pryce

Sinking to sleep that night,—above the hum
And sleepy murmur of the streets, there rang
In Molly's dreams that song her mother loved,

*The silver rain falling,
Just as it falleth now;
And all things slept gently,
Ah! Alice, where art thou?*

*I've sought thee by lakelet,
I've sought thee on the hill,
And in the pleasant woodland
When winds blew cold and chill.*

*I've sought thee in forest,
I'm looking heavenward now;
Oh! there amid the star-shine,
Alice, I know, art thou.*

III

ON First-day afternoon the Pryces heard
A thousand children in the Meeting-house
Reciting poetry; it was a thing
To be remembered,—all that innocent host
Of little folk declaiming in accord
The noble Psalms and the Beatitudes,
With passages from the inspiring verse
Of Whittier,—sweet childish voices lifted
In waves of harmony, sweet childish looks
Of earnestness and winsome tenderness,
While they proclaimed the solemn and mighty truths
Poured out from fiery souls to lift mankind,
In words immortal and harmonious:

*The earth is the Lord's,
and the fulness thereof;
the world,
and they that dwell therein.*

*For he hath founded it
upon the seas,
and established it
upon the floods.*

*Who shall ascend
into the hill of the Lord?
or who shall stand
in his holy place?*

*He that hath clean hands,
and a pure heart;
who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
nor sworn deceitfully.*

And Molly mused "The hum of multitudes
Was there, but multitudes of lambs," recalling
Blake's touching song; and as she wended home
Beside her father in the sunset hour,
While the Cathedral bells poured golden floods
Of harmony on high, she still could hear
The cadences of Whittier's tender lines
As they were spoken by that childish host:

*I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.*

*Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.*

*There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.*

Molly Pryce

IV

NOW David Pryce went in on Second-day
And sat among the men in his old seat
Upon the seventh row, facing the "gallery"
Where sat the genial Clerk, among old men,
Grey-haired, from forth whose kindly glances beamed
Ineffable peace and calm. And David nodded
To friends in their old places,—serious men
Of weight and circumstance; young men whose eyes
Were lit by love or dreams of some high good;
With here and there a harmless "enthusiast";
And hearty farmers bringing from their fields
The peace of quiet hills and tranquil streams.

When various matters of routine were past,
A question rose of sending a petition
To some high officer of state; a few
Approved with eager words, but most held back,
And some feared they might reach no settlement;
When Israel Darlington, mild-tempered, calm,
A just, considerate man of dignity,
Counselled their waiting on the Lord; his strength
Recalled more hasty ones whose urgent wills
Less readily brooked delay; the Meeting joined
With Israel in many-voiced assent
Of "So do I" and "That Friend speaks my mind";
And thus, as always, peaceful ways prevailed.

And David's gentle daughter meanwhile went
And took her seat upon the Race Street side.
Many the types of women Molly saw
In that high spacious room,—matrons, and girls,
And venerable Friends of nigh four-score;
Serene, calm eyes of wisdom and of age,
Fresh-blooming faces kissed by country air
And rosy with good health, kind friendly looks
Dark eyes that brooded tranquilly in dreams

Molly Pryce

Of joys and griefs gone by, determined miens
Fixt on good purposes and simple deeds
Of helpfulness. Some restless seemed, and vexed,
Yet these were few; contentment held chief place
In that great gathering, and generous love
And womanly warmth of heart.

Sweet Molly felt
A subtle influence that wrapt her round
With peace and benediction, such as come
In those best hours of life when we repose
Upon the Love Divine. Life larger seemed
In that abounding presence; consciously
Did she respond to that inflowing spirit
That bathed the company with light and love.
Thoughts hitherto half-formed now stood forth clear
With beautiful import, and the precious hours
Were like a rebirth for the noble girl,
As likewise for full many another there
Of that great sisterhood. The noise of the world
Was far removed, and utter calm prevailed
As time moved by, soothing the restless few
To harmony with the others.

V

THEN came the noon that brought mid-day recess
With social mingling in the yard, and hum
Of many voices,—needed rest and change
After the Meeting's tension; like cool showers
Following long sunshine. Molly, in the crowd
That slowly moved through the packed hall to lunch,—
Where many are called but few seem chosen,—heard
Fragments of talk and homely interchange
Of news, as—“Yes, the wheat looks fairly well
But needs a *lectle* rain”; “The Robinsons
Have moved to Trenton, they’ll be sadly missed”;
“I always use three cups of milk in mine,

Molly Pryce

And one of sugar"; "The Queries suited *me*,
Why do they want to change 'em?" "Yes, poor Amy
Has been a sufferer always!!" "Well, thee knows
Samuel has sold his cattle?"

Thus with talk

And quiet laughter, younger folks and old
Enjoyed the hour of lunch, where lemon-butter
(The sort we always see at Quaker picnics)
And meats and crackers and coffee and luscious jam,
Sweet pickles and delicious home-made rusk,
Were handed out in generous store; and then
Some sauntered in the yard, and some took naps
Reclining in the shadowy Meeting-house
On the long benches. Molly met old friends,
Two girls whom she had known at boarding-school,
Lucy and Delia Hoopes, who talked with her,
Standing beneath the trees, of good old times
And bright, glad memories; and presently
A party of their home-friends coming up,
Each was made known to Molly.

All were pleased

With Molly's charming looks and kindly ways;
And more especially did she delight
The soul of Roger Morland, a young farmer,
Comely and tall, and straight as an Indian,
Kindly of look, and ruddy from out-door life,
A noble youth to move a maiden's love,—
Who'd left his acres by the Brandywine
For the week at Yearly Meeting. Roger thought
He ne'er had seen one whom he more admired
Than bonny Molly; and when Lucy Hoopes
Invited Molly for a visit, Roger
Inly was pleased, blessing the happy chance
That brought acquaintance with the gentle girl
And promised further friendship.

Molly Pryce

Molly read,
That evening by the window-seat, the tale
George Fox narrates, of how at Rochester
He fell into a trance and seemed to see
The New Jerusalem descending down
From heaven. The beauty and the glory of it
Did he behold, and in his vision felt
Assurance strong that all who are within
The light of Christ and in his holy faith,
And in the grace and truth and power of God,—
They rightly of the Tree of Life may eat,
Whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.
—The ancient eloquent fervor seemed the crown
Of that day's great experience; Molly mused
Over the olden volume, while a song
Rose from a near-by home, a dear old song
Simple and touching,—

*Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.*

*Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.*

The sad-sweet lyric brought to Molly's mind
Remembrances of girlhood days gone by,
Her home among the hills, the little stream
Down in the valley, and the robin's song
Among the apple trees; and with it all
Mingled a yearning tenderness of heart
Awakened by the thought of love's old song.

Molly Pryce

VI

“THE sweetest song of all,”—still did it sing
In Molly’s heart, though yet she did not know
Its import, for she still was fancy-free,
Albeit dimly feeling the appeal
Of Roger Morland’s manliness and strength.

Now on the sunny Fifth-day of the week
When Meeting would be late in settling down,
And there was time for visiting at ease,
David and Molly strolled up Seventh Street
And breakfasted with Ebenezer Jones,
David’s old friend, who dealt in grain and feed
On Market Street, and therefore gave his guests
Rolled oats and hominy and wheaten grits,—
For Ebenezer was a thrifty Friend!—
And while the two men talked of years gone by
When they were boys together, hunting squirrels
And carrying water from the school-house spring
On poles between them, and at Christmas sledding
Down the steep frozen hill-sides—Molly sat
Browsing in books on Ebenezer’s shelves,
Old Quaker volumes bound in faded calf.

One book attracted her, a portly tome,
The *Journal of George Fox*; she took it down
And in a quiet ingle-nook she read
Its moving tales and testimonies strange,—
How once there came to Fox in Carlisle gaol
A little lad but sixteen years of age
Who sought the truth; and being there convinced,
Became a powerful minister of the Word,—
Young James Parnel. Alas, he lived not long,
But met a martyr’s death. At Colchester,
In that grim castle, where he was obliged
By his inhuman gaoler to abide
In a noisome hole high up in the castle wall,

Molly Pryce

Once, going down by ladder and a rope
To fetch his meals,—so he was forced to do,—
The poor lad fell on the stones and cruelly
Was injured, so that in short space he died.

And on another page did Molly read
How Fox took ship for far America,
And as they sailed, one afternoon, behold
A Sallee man-of-war held them in chase,
Much to the people's fear. In great alarm
They begged of Fox to aid them; he replied:
*"It is a trial of faith; therefore the Lord
Is to be waited on for counsel."* Then,
He praying, knew that God was come between
The vessel and her pirate enemies;
So they escaped.

Kind Molly thrilled with joy
O'er that escape, and silently she wept
At James Parnel's most pitiful fate and end.
And yet this reading fortified her spirit
And wrought in such wise on her sympathy,
That she was touched with love for all the world.
Then silently to Meeting did she walk
Beside her father, silently went in
And drank refreshment from the silence there.

VII

IT was a noble company that met
That morning in the silence. Beautiful
The calm and dignity prevailing there
Among those gentle Friends; and beautiful
The sympathy and kindly spirit of love
Flowing from all toward all. Ne'er had she known
Sweet Molly Pryce, a fuller sense of peace
And gladness; verily it seemed to her
That life must ever fuller, sweeter be
From that environing air of peace and love.

Molly Pryce

An old man, silvery of hair and beard,
Arose and, half-communing with himself,
Told of his youthful sorrows, and the joy
That came in riper years; and much he told
Of the great peace that had been his of late
From thinking of God's words, "Be still, and know,"

*How often, when the storm was fierce,
My path was dreary, and the thorns did pierce,—
I paused, and heeding this divine command,
Beheld sweet roses blooming 'mid the sand.*

*How often, when I long for rest,
Borne down by toil and care,
I wake to find myself most blest,
God's happy child and heir;
To find that good doth ceaseless flow
To those who heed "Be still, and know."**

And then a gentle, sweet-faced matron rose,—
Dove-gray of garb, dear Rachel Pemberton,
One marked by kindness of look, and strong
With strength born not of this world; and she told
How unseen things are greater than the seen,
The spirit more enduring than the flesh,
Being immortal.—Listen to the thrush
Chanting his magic music in deep shade
And pouring forth his heart in solitude;
Or hear the skylark,—dropping down his song
From highest heaven and flooding all the air
With rapturous melody,—Thou art unseen,"
Sang Shelley to the lark, "but yet I hear
Thy shrill delight!"

And Wordsworth pondering
The cuckoo's hidden harmony, exclaimed,—

*Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,*

*By Thora Hago

Molly Pryce

*Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.*

*Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.*

And so with eloquent thought and beauteous verse
From point to point of her discourse she passed,
Showing the spirit's victory. Then far-off
And faintly as some voice heard but in dreams,
There floated in an old beloved song
By a wandering singing girl in Cherry Street,—

*Last night the nightingale woke me,
Last night when all was still,
It sang in the golden moonlight
From out the woodland hill.*

*I open'd my window so gently,
I look'd on the dreaming dew,
And oh! the bird, my darling,
Was singing, singing of you.*

*The flowers that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue,
Oh, heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you.*

VIII

NOW Roger Morland, in the meeting-house
At Birmingham, among the home-Friends there,
Had spoken now and then, being stirred thereto
By inward feeling,—thoughts and reveries
That shaped themselves when he was at his work
About the barn, or following the plow
Across the hills, or fishing in the stream
In summer days. Among the home-Friends there

Molly Pryce

He was beloved for sterling character
And thoughtfulness; and found encouragement
From older Friends whene'er he spoke in meeting.
This morning Rachel Pemberton's discourse,
And that old song a-wavering on the air
So tenderly, touched Roger Morland deeply,
And to his own and his young friends' surprise,—
And Molly Pryce's pleased surprise,—he rose
And modestly but firmly, in fit words,
Enlarged on Rachel's thought; and from his own
Experience, his reveries on the hills
Above the peaceful-flowing Brandywine,
His fireside dreams, his simple-seeming days
Of joy in grass and birds, wild flowers and winds,—
Spoke out his heart.—Something of all of these
Did Roger bring before his hearers, showing
His love of the eternal, in his love
For God's high beauty that adorns the earth.
He quoted from a young dead poet, one
Who sang with tender fervor: "And as I
Do love the neighborhood of green and blue,
The forest and the sky; the silver love
That glistens in the stream, and that low light
That passes from the faces of the flowers;
So by this promise and confession I
Do love thee,"—old Wawassan, childhood stream!
Ah, silence in the forest! *I have learned
More from the hush of forests than from speech
Of many teachers, more of joy at least.*
Thus the young farmer ended; and at noon
The Friends exchanging views of what they'd heard,
Agreed that Roger Morland's quiet power
And warmth sincere, held promise of much fruit
When he should ripen in the ministry
And add to native strength the mellow wisdom
That cometh with the rich and deepening years.

Molly Pryce

IX

THE liberal and liberty-loving Friends
In Yearly Meeting met, with patience drew
Toward a conclusion of their week's assay
Of matters spiritual and matters temporal,
Their "querying after" all the prime essentials
Of daily life, of walking in the light
Of truth as God hath given us to see it.

The noble, pure simplicity of it all,
Its so unworldly nature, its strange force
And tranquil charm, touched Molly's young heart deeply;
And speaking of it to her friends one night,
As they returned together from a session
Where modern ethics was the living theme,—
Her admiration for our simple faith,
Our mystical religion that can feed
Man's spirit bounteously, found warm support
And earnest sympathy from Roger Morland,
Who framed in few but telling sentences
What all of that young group so deeply felt.

* * *

The Meetings over, Molly said farewell
To her father, and with Lucy and Delia Hoopes,
Accompanied by Roger and the rest
Of those whose homes were near the Brandywine,
Fared into beautiful pastoral Chester County
For a visit with her friends at Birmingham.

Then David Pryce returned alone, by boat,
Far up the river, thence by carriage home;
But not until with Ebenezer Jones
He had a farewell evening and a meal
Of barley grits and similar cereals,
With further talk of good old days together
At country school; and Ebenezer walked
To Arch Street wharf and saw him safely off.

Molly Pryce

And looking back across the gleaming tide,
High o'er the spires and house-tops, David saw
Penn's mighty statue keeping eternal watch
Above the beautiful City-of-Brotherly-Love,
Till lost in misty distance. Then for hours,
By barges laden high with hay and wood,
By sleepy river-towns and verdant isles,
David returned up-stream; then disembarked
And drove nine miles across the fertile land
Among old orchards and past opulent fields
Of wheat and corn, to his own well-loved farm,—
Pausing in silence at the sad sixth mile
Where evergreens above his dear wife's grave
Murmured soft elegies in the constant breeze.

Meanwhile sweet Molly journeyed with her friends
Amid green Chester County's beauteous landscapes.
By oaken glades they drove, whose ancient arms
Swung low o'er mossy turf, and cast a shade
Through which the sunlight flickered; past cool streams
And stream-side fields close cropped by nibbling sheep.
The robins chirped in gushes of delight
Among white blossoms; deep in fragrant grass
The quiet cattle browsed, where buttercups
Like golden constellations glowed. They caught
The scent of lilacs by white cottage gates,
And gathered wild flowers by the wood's green edge.
And now as they drew near their journey's end
Late in the dreamy day, and saw the gleam
Of the silver Brandywine among the hills,
They all joined voices in a dear old song,
More loved because our fathers loved it so,—

*How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;*

Molly Pryce

*The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well,*

*The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.*

X

A BEAUTIFUL home of quietude and peace
The old Hoopes farmstead seemed, high on a hill
In Birmingham, above the Brandywine.
Lucy and Delia took their friend around
About the farm, the orchard and the fields;
And Molly admired the old-time garden, bright
With sweet old-fashioned phlox and mignonette,
Sweet-marjoram and pinks and hollyhocks
And London-pride; and in the flowery midst
Was set a dial that admonished all
To "*Mind the Light.*"

She loved the flossy heifers,
Red Devons, and Alderneys with star-soft eyes
And coated like young fawns. She loved the brook
That sparkled down the hillside, winding deep
Among the ferns and fibrous willow-roots;
She loved at eve to hear the father tell,—
As all the family sat upon the porch
Gazing across the emerald hills,—the tale,
How Washington had striven at Birmingham,
Hard by the quaint old Quaker meeting-house,
Against the British; of Lafayette's renown,
And gallant Anthony Wayne. How strange it seemed,
That here, where now was peace, and harvest fields
Spread opulent their ripening grass and grain,—
Red warfare thundered one September day!

Molly Pryce

But that was long and long ago; no scene
Could be more peaceful now, and Molly loved
The warm green valleys where the cattle browsed
Beside the Brandywine's smooth-flowing stream;
The hillsides rich with clover and wheat and millet
And silver-green of oats; and over all
The mighty clouds that reared their wondrous steeps
Of snow, and rosy vapor-wreaths more soft
Than silent dreams. And to herself she sang:

*Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.*

*Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.*

*God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall,—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!**

No need have I, here at my idyll's end,
To say that Roger Morland often came
When work was o'er, and wandered 'mid the flowers
And by the Brandywine with winsome Molly;
Or how he told, ere many days were past,
How she was all in all to him; or how
• Sweet Molly readily returned his love,—
For their affection had begun that noon
Of May at Yearly Meeting. No mere words
Of mine can tell their deep, deep happiness;
Nor the delight of all their friends, who saw
In them a perfect, noble, true-matched pair,—

*By Norman Gale

Molly Pryce

Upright and manly character allied
To womanly kindness and nameless charm.

So ere another Yearly Meeting came
Sweet Molly Pryce was wed to Roger Morland
At David Pryce's home among the hills
Of old Bucks County. Beautiful the sight
That Quaker wedding made, and beautiful
The words of counsel and of kindly love
From silvery-haired old Friends whose presence lent
A benediction. Ne'er was lovelier bride
Than Molly, drest in quiet dove-like gray,
Wearing a spray of apple blossoms; more
Than one kind eye was wet at thought of how
Her sweet unconscious grace and gentle charm
Recalled the grace and charm of her dear mother.

Among the gifts were *Fox's Works* in folio,
From Lucy and Delia Hoopes, who knew how Molly
Loved olden Quaker books; and seven cartons
Of wheaten grits from Ebenezer Jones
(Such was his thrift!); with many presents more
From Pryces and from Morlands; for a host
Of kindly Friends was there from either side
To welcome to their folds this blessed pair,
Who blent in their two staunch old Quaker lines
The best that Bucks and Chester Counties knew.

Roger Morland

Dedicated to

*My WOOLMAN HOUSE friends,—
kindly and unforgettable*

*In this my unambitious rime
I've wandered back into the time
Our sires and mothers used to know,
Those artless days of long ago,
Whose slender records all too brief,—
In some old letter's yellowed leaf,
Or sampler quaint, or faded flower
'Mid olden silks,—tell of the hour,
The vanished hour, when life was less
Encompassed round with noise and stress.*

*I know not why I love them so,
The Quaker days of long ago,
Nor why there lingers such a charm
Round many a memoried field and farm.
I only know I wish to try
And say some word before I die,
To tell to our more restless day
The beauty of that far-away
And happy time they used to know,
Our sires and mothers—long ago!*

Roger Morland

I

WHEN Molly Pryce, the comely Quaker lass
Of old Bucks County, was in wedlock joined
With Roger Morland, that tall, vigorous youth
Who dwelt beside the pastoral Brandywine—
They blent in their two staunch old Quaker lines
The best that Bucks and Chester Counties knew.

Now in their early days as man and wife,
Roger and Molly Morland wisely planned
To make extended visits to those parts
Of the Friendly heritage whereof they knew
By fair report that they would find a welcome
Cordial and kind; and Roger's dawning gift
In the ministry made his Meeting glad to send
A "Minute" recommending these two Friends
To kind consideration in those parts
Where they should journey.

Therefore, setting forth
One bright June day, with "Joe," their faithful horse,
They fared as far as pleasant Wilmington,
And sat next day, the Sabbath, with the Friends
In their old tranquil sunny Meeting-house,
And heard an ancient minister discourse
Upon the reconciling power of *Love*
As Christ hath taught it—Love that shall prevail
O'er evil in the end; albeit weak
And lowly-hearted folk first told the world
Of Christ's great love and loving sacrifice—
Peter, and Stephen, and undaunted Paul,
Long sanctified within the hearts of men,
But in their own day well content to bear
The name of fool and dreamer, only so
They might hand on the legend of *Christ's love*.

The gentle women and the kindly men
Of this loved Meeting gave a cordial welcome

Roger Morland

To our dear Morlands, urging them to bide
Awhile and share the hospitality
Offered by all; but Roger said his mind
Was set on reaching Hopewell, far away,
In goodly season; so they might not bide
Beyond next day in pleasant Wilmington.

That evening, in a quaint old-fashioned home,
Sweet with unworldly simple human charm,
And rich in family heirlooms, Molly saw—
Among the old mahogany and plate,
The portraits, and the rows of old-time books
(The “*Works*” of men like Penn and Penington)—
A faded sampler, worked in red and green
By “A. K.’s” hand, near ninety years ago.
The “*Extract*” touched her with its quaint appeal
And tender piety; and copying down
Its solemn couplets, Molly thereby furnished
For Roger (when he later learnt the lines)
Texts, which he chanced to preach from more than once
In after-time. The faded sampler read:



EXTRACT



*By Love directed, & in Mercy meant,
Are Trials suffer'd & Afflictions sent,
To stem impetuous Passion's furious Tide,
To curb ye Insolence of prosperous Pride,
To wean from Earth, & bid our Wishes soar
To that blest Clime, where Pain shall be no more,
Where weary'd Virtue shall for refuge fly,
& ev'ry Tear be wip'd from ev'ry Eye.*



A. K.
1826



Roger Morland

II

R OGER and Molly, drawn by faithful "Joe,"
Crossed next day into Maryland and drove
Long leagues through landscapes green, beneath white
clouds,
And in the evening found a hearty welcome
From Hiram and Matilda Brown, who dwelt
Above wide meadow-lands beside their mill.

Matilda set before her guests next morn
A country meal of sausages and tea
And johnny-cakes and juicy home-cured ham,
With honey flavored from their own white clover,—
O how delicious was that country meal!
And while they ate, Matilda talked of cooking
And good old family recipes, and how
She baked her "pone" so golden-brown, and how
She hung her hams above the kitchen fire
To sweeten in the smoke, and how she made
Her apple-butter spicy-sweet with bits
Of bark of sassafras.—All this advice
Did Molly cherish up for future use
In her own kitchen on the Morland farm.

And now they rambled out to see how lay
The land on Hiram and Matilda's "place";
How different from theirs—with flocks of sheep
Nibbling the tender herbage in the meads,
And rows of bee-hives, and the droning mill
Beside the swift mill-race. Then Molly went
To see Matilda's garden, with its rows
Of hollyhocks and fluttering bright sweet-peas,
Petunias softly sweet and purple phlox
And lavender and pungent bergamot,
And many an old-time herb of sovereign use
For savor and for salving. Molly begged
A slip or two of London-pride, to plant

Roger Morland

In her own garden by the Brandywine,
And praised the sunny beauty and the peace
Of the bright garden-walks.

And Hiram Brown

Meanwhile showed Roger round the ancient mill;
And in the saw-shed 'neath a willow tree
Close by the swift mill-race, they watched a sight—
One of the most entrancing that I know—
The great round saw go *snoring* through the logs
With riving and sonorous drone, and fading
Down at the end with melancholy moan,
While the sweet sawdust odor filled the air.

Then in the grist-mill, where the heavy beams,
Festooned with cobwebs full of mealy motes,
Trembled forever in the steady thresh
Of the great rumbling water-wheel—the men,
With shouting voices to o'ercome the din,
Talked of crop-prospects. Hiram thought the wheat
Would fetch its price this year, the yield being short;
But oats and corn he guessed would “pan out” well,
If there came rain enough. And Roger said,
Up where he farmed, they mostly had big rains
About the time they harvested their oats,
But corn was fine and staple. “Well,” said Hiram,
“That’s just the way with life—the good and bad,
Full crops and short, are mixt up pretty well,—
I guess we can’t complain!”

Then going forth,

They harnessed “Joe,” and after a good dinner
Roger and Molly drove all afternoon
Toward Hopewell, and at sunset reached the home
Of the Bennett sisters, kindly loving souls,
Who’d been at boarding-school with Molly’s mother;
And now they welcomed and petted the young folks
And *purred* around them with sincere delight,

Roger Morland

And fed them on fried chicken and hot bread,
With sweet-sour pickles and conserves and jam
And layer-cake, and custards drowned in cream;
And next day started them upon their way
Laden with flowers and with a dainty lunch
Packed in a basket made of sea-green reeds.

III

WHO has not visited the Old Dominion
And known the Friendly hospitality
Of Fairfax or of Frederick or Loudoun,—
Has yet before him an experience
Of joy. And now it was to such a joy
That Roger Morland and his Molly passed
As, crossing into that fair southern realm
Of ancient worth and ancient memories,
They came one afternoon among the hills
Of Frederick County, while the sunset light
Lay softly on the far-off mountain slopes.
The cows were tinkling homeward; under eaves
Of barns the swallows twittered; wisps of smoke
From old red chimneys told of supper hour;
The fields were slowly emptied as the men
Came down the hillsides from the harvesting,
Bearing their rakes and scythes and water-jugs,
And cheerily talking.

Dorothea Lane
Received our friends that evening in her home
Amid wide pasture-lands where cattle grazed
Knee-deep in buttercups;—a widow she,
Born in a family of Cavaliers
Who in old days had served the Stuart cause,
And from their King received grants of wide lands
Along the Rappahannock. To them once
A Quaker preacher coming—stayed by storm
As in those parts he journeyed—had persuaded
The daughter to his faith; so she had joined

Roger Morland

The Friends, had come to live among them here,
And wedded with John Lane, a man of worth
And weight and circumstance,—now dead nine years.

Her stately home and generous way of life
Were pleasing to the Morlands, tired with travel,
And glad to rest in peace beneath the columns
Of her wide portico, whose mellow brick
Was flecked with flickering shadows of tall pines
And box-trees quaintly trimmed. She served them brews
Home-made and harmless, cooled with clinking ice;
And delicate desserts whose gracious savor
She had the secret of in manuscript
Among her family papers; ending off
With peaches, pears, and sweet rose-apricots,
And plums of purple bloom.

Roger next day,

With Molly, and with Dorothea Lane
Arrayed in rustling silk of soft dove-grey,
Drove down through winding vales and o'er long hills
To Hopewell Meeting, where Virginia Friends
Gathered from near and far to hold a conference:
Dear, genial, kindly souls from Sandy Spring,
From Waterford, from pleasant old Woodlawn
Among the fragrant woods where Washington
Once dwelt upon his beautiful estate,
From Lincoln and its neighborhood of farms.

To tell the many glad and grave delights
Of those two days, the counsel and advice
Devoted speakers gave, the social hours
Enjoyed by friends long parted, the calm strolls
And talks beneath the trees, the children's fun,
The shy love-making,—all the hearty speech
And hearty ways that kindly country-folk
Who dwell afar from cities, best enjoy—
Were task beyond my pen; so I shall give
Report of but one speaker, my young hero,

Roger Morland

Whose thoughts and ways I have a liking for.
Our Roger, then, in course of his remarks
Warmly described, for sake of simile,
The crops of corn—how, in the Quaker part
Of Pennsylvania, mile on emerald mile,
The waving corn-fields bless the fertile land
With rich and fragrant beauty; how they grow
Tall and long leaved, and break in yellow bloom,
And all through August and the early fall
Delight the farmer's heart, until at last
The golden ears are garnered in the cribs
In blithe October, in that happy season
Of apple-harvest and of golden leaves
And southward-flying birds.

“I speak,” said he,
“But what you know, for God hath blest your fields
With this same crop, our native Indian maize.
To me it is *a symbol of the soul*—
Ripening in stillness, warmed with Heaven's sun,
Watered by Heaven's rain, and growing ever
With hope of heavenly harvest in the end.”

IV

I 'VE read in Molly Morland's diary—
A little brown old leather book, preserved
Along with her and Roger's faded letters
Up in the Morland attic—how the Friends
In north Virginia entertained our twain
So long ago. In Molly's delicate script
There seems an added fragrance in each phrase
That briefly but so poignantly alludes
To comforts and delights which were their lot
During their sojourn. Thus, she noted down
“Music by moonlight,”—“strange old stories told
By darky mammies,”—“slept in valanced beds
In sheets that smelt of lavender,”—“hoe-cake

Roger Morland

And wild-blackberry tart and ginger-bread,"—
"Hundred-leaf roses, Canterbury-bells,
Dark dahlias, and delicious heliotrope,
And rose-geranium,"—"O the kind, kind folks
In Old Virginia!"—Can't you see it all,
The friendly, pleasant, simple old-time joys
Of country visits in those happy days!

Yea, those were happy golden days indeed
For our two Pennsylvania visitors
Among Virginia Friends. The quaint farm-life
Engaged their interest every day anew,
With all its gentle stir of crowing fowls
And bleating sheep, the creak of wagon wheels,
The grind-stone's rusty wail, the lonely call
Of crows across the woodlands, and the shouts
And cheers of romping children. Molly loved
To wander out among the yards and lanes;
She watched the old hens scratch and cluck and scratch
And call their fluffy cheeping little chicks
From out the grass; she saw the murmuring flocks
Of pigeons sun themselves along the roof
With ruffling of their rainbow-tinted necks;
She heard the bob-whites whistling to their mates
Across the fields; she heard the shrill "*pot-rack*"
Of guinea-hens; and in the barn at noon
Patted the friendly horses as they scraped
The floor and whinnied for their feed; she loved
The dreaming dark-eyed cattle, and she loved
The hum of bees among the hollyhocks,
The locusts fiddling through the drowsy noons,
And all the stir and murmur of the farm.

And Roger, as they rode, I think loved well
To see the reapers in the wide-spread fields
Cradling the wheat, and thatching o'er the shocks
Against the storms; to watch the men and boys

Roger Morland

In breezy upland meadows piling hay
Down the long windrows, and the toppling loads
Swaying and rumbling down green lanes and o'er
The old barn bridges to the odorous mows.

But most, I think, they felt the forest's magic:
How wonderful the woods through which they drove
In the long afternoons!—tall oak and ash,
The straight clean tulip-trees, the sycamores
Dappled with sunlight at the wild-wood edge,
The shadowy aromatic evergreens,
And delicate ghost-grey beeches round whose roots
Clustered soft mosses, and the emerald slopes
Of ferns so wildly fragrant. Oft they paused,
And, while "Joe" cropped the herbage on the banks,
They heard the happy wood-thrush fluting far
In deep mid-wood his golden notes of joy,
Or watched the little clouds of butterflies
Hover and veer above the roadside weeds.
Oft-times would Roger gather columbines
And other graceful blooms that blossomed wild
Beside the way, for well did Molly love
Their shy and sylvan charm. —O there amid
The deep green quiet of the woodland world
They felt the Father's love like precious balm
Flow round their hearts: to them the forest seemed
Nature's cathedral, columned with great boles
Down disappearing vistas dim as dreams,
And hung with tapestry of green and gold,
Where day-long litanies and psalms are sung
By feathered choirs high in the pale-gold lights
That sift through leafy windows of the wood.

V

AT Jerry Carter's farm near Waterford
They found their friends were busy with the threshing;
So Molly rolled up sleeves and cheerily sought

Roger Morland

To help Jane Carter and her daughters bake
And boil the dinner for the thresher men.
Puddings and pies and raisin-cake and cheese,
Tea strong as Saul and pickles sour as whig,
“Slip-and-go-down” and sweet moist gingerbread,—
She helped prepare with zest.

Out in the barn,
To Jerry’s delight, young Roger doffed his coat
And took a hand at feeding the machine.
Amid the droning rattle and long *snarl*
Of the swift-whirling thresher, Roger stood,
Untied the sheaves and shoved the straw far in
Till it was snatched and swallowed, while the wheat
Gushed forth in steady flow down at the side,
Where Jerry measured it in bushel bags,
And ever beamed his joy the while he measured,
Or watched the tangled straw and chaff float out
The high loft-door.

He beamed upon his men
And on his patient horses as they trod
The horse-power’s moving slope; for Jerry Carter
Beamed upon all,—his family, his friends,
His farm, his neighbors, even his enemies
(If such there were);—one of those sunny souls
That finds this good old world a paradise.
And specially he beamed at harvest-time,
And on the threshing; and to-day he beamed
On Roger and Molly, and would have them stay
A week or two; and this his friendly urgency
Was seconded by Jane and all their six,
Susy and Dora, Tom and “Little Jane,”
Billy and Betsy L.

The Morlands yielded
In part, and gladly visited these friends
For near a week, and joined in all the work
And merriment upon the Carter farm,—

Roger Morland

Long days of happiness that made a memory
Of warm Virginia hospitality;
Yea, Roger and Molly often would recall
Their farewell to the Carters, when they saw,
As down the long oak-shaded lane they drove,
Kind Jerry beaming on them from his porch
Among the honey-suckles, with his Jane
And all their six, Susy, Dora, and Tom,
And "Little Jane" and Billy and Betsy L.

And now they journeyed to a gathering
Of Friends in Fairfax County, the last place
And nigh the pleasantest, of all they saw
During their Friendly tour in Old Virginia.
The kindly hearts of those dear Fairfax folk
Gleamed in their faces; thoughtful lonely hours
Among the fields and in green garden walks
Had given to the men a pensive look
And to the women such a wistful charm
As tells of inward strength. The younger folk,
Rosy and hearty with fresh country air,
Were fair as flowers new-washed in morning dew;
And in the social hours, at picnic lunch,
And at the golden end of afternoon,
The charm and friendliness of those kind folk
Flowed out in sunny talk and gentle fun.

Among the northern Friends assembled there
Was Ebenezer Jones; and Molly smiled
To find him, as she thought to,—highly pleased
With Old Virginia's hospitality,
Free board, free bed, free rides, free everything
(For Ebenezer was a thrifty Friend!);
And after meetings, when the farmer Friends
Were genial-kind, old Ebenezer found
Them "easy marks," and willing to rebate
One-half-a-cent a hundred on the oats

Roger Morland

And wheat which he would purchase for his store;—
So shrewd and keen was he for “getting on,”
This enterprising Quaker from the north!

The gathering ended with an hour of worship
Beneath the trees; and Roger felt the call
To speak unto assembled Friends some words
About his quiet faith. “O, friends,” said he,
“The great world presses on us from all sides,
And we must mingle with it; we must share
Its burdens, take the sunshine and the storm
With patience ever; yet not be content
With this world’s standards; for there gleams a light,
A joy and glory for the soul that sees
Beyond these worldly walls. O let us seek
And find, Dear Hearts, this glorious light and joy.
It will sustain us through the long day’s heat,
And bring us to the peaceful cool of night
With tranquil power.

“How may we find the way?

I well believe that in simplicity,
In cheerfulness, in studied happiness,
We find it; in the eyes of kindly friends;
In gentle deeds; in counsel of our comrades
Along the road, their loving sympathy
And friendliness; in Nature’s faery charm,
Her wondrous panoramas round us spread
For our delight—orchard and grove and field,
And stately trees, and shining streams that flow
By daisied meadows, and the mighty clouds
Floating across the heavens like dream-ships
Upon that azure ocean. None of these,
But has its message and its ministry
To hearts that hunger for *the beautiful*,—
The pure,—the true.”

In words like these did Roger
Give to his auditors his quiet faith;

Roger Morland

And at the close he spoke these moving verses: *—

*God spake to me in the sunset as the day a-dying lay,
And over the hills from the eastward crept the mantling
mist of gray,—*

*In the sunset's radiant flashes, ere the soft approach of
night*

*Turned its splendor into ashes as the last pale rays took
flight.*

*Standing alone by the casement, bathed in the afterglow,
Into my soul slipped gladness, out of my heart crept woe:
As the twilight shadows lengthened, and the evening star
low burned,*

*My faith in good was strengthened, and my thoughts
toward God were turned.*

*The world with its cares forgotten; stripped of its doubts
my soul,—*

A sense of infinite calmness into my bosom stole.

*"Fear not, I am with thee always," came a Voice from out
the deep,*

*"To the end of the world I am with thee; be still," it said,
"and sleep."*

VI

O to be at home in the end, the end,

O to be at home when the long day dies;

Home,—home where the green roads bend

Round the path that runs to the rainbow skies,

Home once more in the quiet peace of things,

Soft beneath the music that a loved lip sings!

—MADISON CAWEIN

WHO does not dream of home when far away,

Yearning for all the dear familiar scenes

Deep-fraught with old remembrance! Thus they dreamed,

Our travelers, as the golden weeks went by.

*"Immanuel," by Paul Harris Drake

Roger Morland

Then Molly gathered sweet forget-me-nots
And musky pinks, along the garden walks
In the last home they visited; and forth
They fared, and took the river-boat—with “Joe”
Safe quartered on the lower deck—and sailed
For Baltimore. Throughout the summer day
And all the silver moonlit night, they sailed
Adown the wide Potomac’s tranquil flood
That winds by woodlands green, and wider grows
With each bright tributary stream that blends
Its shining currents with that tranquil flood,
And seeks the briny sea.

High on the shore
Of sylvan Fairfax County they beheld,
Our happy pilgrims, that old stately House,
Unmatchable, immortal in its charm,
Amid its emerald lawns and lofty trees—
Mount Vernon—beautiful with memories
And wrapt around with calm and peace profound.
—There on the hillside of his green estate
Sleeps *Washington*; and though the “busie worlde”
Has made some progress since his far-off day,
It still turns back and comes with reverent love
To ponder at his home, and soothe its heart
With contemplation and with reverie
Among those garden walks and ancient shades.

Along the banks full many a pleasant scene
They watched—the farm-folk thronging to the wharves
With loads of produce; village vagabonds,
Too tired to stand, drooping o’er sugar-barrels;
Late-coming wagons hurrying to the shore
With lad or lass embarking ’mid the tears
Of loving home-folks, and all laden down
With flowers and fruit and cakes to cheer their voyage.
They heard the plaintive, weird old melodies
Of darky deck-hands, wheeling up and down

Roger Morland

Their trucks of freight with happy care-free air
And comic "cake-walk" rhythms full of grace.

In many a bay they saw the vestiges—
Romantic in their picturesque decay—
Of old estates, beside whose river-walls
The great square-riggers lay in olden times,
Freighted with treacle and with limes and lemons,
Mahogany and silks and silverware,
With muscovado sugar, and choice books
From "London Towne" (tall folios wherein
Virginia gentlemen would ponder o'er
The rosy songs of *Herrick* or the Plays
Of *Shakespeare*).

Near the dreamy sunset hour,
When pearly clouds swam down the mellow sky
Above the deep, mysterious, silent woods,—
The good boat slowly passed into a bay
Embowered with graceful elms and bordered round
By farms whose fields all wore an ancient look
As if long-settled, rich in memories,
And beautiful with pastoral charm; and here
At old Saint Mary's Church, in Maryland—
Where Calvert came three centuries ago—
The captain stopped his boat, that all might hear
The vesper-service in the ancient church;
And passing through the ivy-mantled portals,
Roger and Molly heard the noble hymns
And solemn service of the Mother-Church,
Those venerated rites that touch the soul
With all their antique beauty.

Then again
The boat sailed forth, bright as some pure white swan,
Upon the sleepy stream; and through long hours
Our well-loved Morlands watched the summer moon
Color the river with her silver fire,
While 'mid the dark wild forests on the shore

Roger Morland

The whip-poor-wills chanted in rhythmic chorus
And filled the night with magic. On the deck
In happy reminiscent mood they talked,
Roger and Molly, of their full, rich weeks
Among Virginia Friends (while tasting oft
Red apples, heaped for them by Susy Carter
In the sea-green basket of the Bennett sisters).

Of Hiram and Matilda Brown they talked,
Those kindly friends beside their droning mill
And sunny garden bright with herbs and flowers;
Of Dorothea Lane, whose gracious welcome
And ample way of life had touched their hearts
With pleasure, mingled with a wistful sense
Of glory vanished from the fair domain
Of Cavalier Virginia.

Long they talked
Of Hopewell Meeting and the hearty folk
From all the Quaker regions, who had made
Indelible impressions, on the Morlands,
Of fine simplicity and kindliness
And warmth sincere; and they beheld again,
In recollection, all the Carter clan
Beaming farewell among the honey-suckles
Of their wide portico. And as the moon
Paled in the west, and lonely ships crept by,
Like spirit vessels on a spirit sea—
They breathed a prayer of fervent thankfulness
For their rich memories.

Are they not made up,
Our life's most precious moments, from such memories—
Thronging like ghosts from out the golden Past—
Of hours made dear with friendship and with love
And gentle kindliness? Yea, that one line
In Molly's diary, "*O, the kind, kind folks
In Old Virginia!*" poignantly sums up,

John Comly's Journal

In tender words straight from her tender heart,
The beauty of an almost vanished day
Of friendly, pleasant, simple old-time joys.

* * * *

*Though another age is ours,
Let us cherish still the flowers
And the loved memorials old
Of the Quaker age of gold;
Cherish still the tranquil mind,
Loving heart, and friendships kind.*

*These are fair and fadeless flowers;
Heaven help us keep them ours,
Help us walk the simpler way,—
As in "ROGER MORLAND'S" day.*

THE GRAVE OF ELIAS HICKS

BESIDE the lonely ancient meeting-house,
Beneath the peaceful sunshine and the snow,
Wrapt in enduring calm, lies the great heart
That beat so mightily long years ago.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER

AS pictured in his "Snow-Bound" still it stands,
Tranquil and hallowed by the passing years,—
But he who loved it deeply, he is gone;
Ah me, the thought doth touch the heart to tears!

JOHN COMLY'S JOURNAL

A SAINTLY man hath here revealed his soul;
Simplicity and goodness mark each page.
Here one may leave our restless day awhile
And live in Comly's sweet and sober age.

Old Chester County

DEDICATED TO THE OLD FRIENDS
AND THE OLD MEMORIES

What child of Chester County doth not love
Her fields and woods all other lands above,
What child of Chester County doth not see
Those fields and woods in tender memory
When from his well-loved home-land far away
He feels the charm of childhood's golden day!

AROUND THE DEAR HOME TOWN (*West Chester*)

THE fields and roads around the dear home town,
Rich in their old-time charm I find them still:—
“The Barrens” whose grey rocks and grasses brown
Seem weird as on some Irish fairy-hill;
The Oakbourne woods along whose leafy side
The squirrels frolic by the quiet stream
Where late I saw October's mystic tide
Bathe that sweet valley in a golden dream;
The Bradford slopes where feed white flocks of sheep,
And cattle in cool orchard-shadows rest,
While far on high great cloudlands soft as sleep
Slow drift and melt along the purple west.—
Dear are they all, but dearer none, I think,
Than those green fields by Brandywine's soft brink.

Avoca's Stream

AVOCA'S STREAM

A LINE of lovely silver
Winds down Avoca's vale;
Who knoweth not each meadow
And every willowy dale?

The bells of old West Chester
Ring down across the hill,
And soft the music echoes
Along this country rill.

Through lonely Goshen woodlands
Where matted mosses grow,
'Mid sassafras and alders
Its waters trickle slow.

Where earliest spring-beauties
And pale windflowers will stand,
Its happy currents shimmer
O'er many a fairy strand.

Across the tawny uplands
Where lies the winter wheat,
And thro' the yellow twilight
The field-larks whistle sweet,—

Soft flows the elfin river,
A molten silver line,
To meet in far-off meadows
The sleepy Brandywine.

From glades remote, sequestered,
From orchards calm and still,
From golden-sunny marshes
Below the purple hill,—

I hear its silver singing
Across my wintry dream;—
I must go rove beside it,
That little homeland stream!

Centennial Ode

CENTENNIAL ODE

*(Read at the Hundredth Anniversary of the Borough of
West Chester, October 11, 1899)*

HERE in the golden waning of the year,
When vale and wood are wrapped in drowsy peace,
And languid vapors dim the distant hill,
When from his toil the farmer finds surcease,
And 'mid the orchard's shadows cool and still
The robin twitters clear,—
We come from clangorous cities far away,
From quiet villages, from peaceful farms,
Long wandering children to the Mother's arms,
Here at the tranquil ending of her Century gray.

It is a precious and a touching hour,
An hour of mingled happiness and tears;
We stand to-day and see a Century's close.
From out the silence of those hundred years
Comes, like the fragrance of a faded rose,
Old Memory's subtle power.
The Future looms before us dim and vast;
With prayerful hopes we face a Century's dawn,
With fond regret we mourn a Century gone;
This sacred moment links the Future with the Past.

Let joyous music greet this stately day,
Let oratory play its noble part,
While happy children with united voice
Uplift high harmonies that touch the heart;
Let all the grateful multitude rejoice;
Let tears their tribute pay.
The glory that we feel, the dear regret,
Must make of this a memorable hour;
We yield unto its pathos and its power;
The joy of this Centennial Day let none forget!

Centennial Ode

How strange it seems, and quaint, and far away,
The little hamlet by the old cross-roads!—
The log-built school; the ancient inn, “Turk’s Head”;
The humble, low-roofed houses, the abodes
Of sturdy village worthies born and bred
Beneath King George’s sway.
Remote and dim as half-forgotten dreams
It fades into the legendary Past;
A glamour and a spell are round it cast;
So strange,—so strange and quaint and far away it
seems!

West Chester lies historic regions near;
From yonder hills she heard the thunders roll
Where surged and seethed all day the fiery flood,
Where that young champion pure and high of soul,
The knightly Lafayette, gave of his blood.
And in a later year
These streets were filled with clamor and acclaim
When that great son of France stood here once more,
Rehearsed the battle and each scene of yore,
And left behind the splendor of a deathless name!

West Chester’s founders lie in peaceful sleep,
Her worthies rest beneath the ivied grass;
Across their graves the sweet wild roses run
And give their balm to all the winds that pass.
Long silent are those gray heads every one,
But still their children keep
Their honest wisdom and their virtues strong;
And much that beautified those quiet lives
In gracious souls among us still survives,
Like fine and far-borne echoes of an ancient song.

Here by the green heart of the countryside,
Close to the pleasant dales and wooded hills
That border on the beauteous Brandywine,—
Sweet stream that “dallies with its hundred mills,”—

Centennial Ode

By meadow-lands where browse the placid kine,
And calm and peace abide,—
Our sires strayed not from Mother Nature's arms,
Lost not their contact with the wholesome earth
Where sterling virtues ever have their birth;
Fresh strength they drew from these encircling fields
and farms.

In those old times of cherished memory
Along these quiet streets the forms were seen
Of many a gifted, many a gracious one:
Here often passed with wise and pensive mien
The Nestor of our science, Darlington;
And from the polar sea
Came he whose white-haired sire is with us yet;
Here cultured Miner dwelt, and honored Bell,
And Worthington, and Haines;—thou knew'st them
well,
Old Town; their precious names we may not soon forget!

Nor were there wanting in a later day
Those who by gifts and culture stood apart,—
The sturdy Lewis, of a learned line;
The courtly poet-scholar Everhart;
Good Father John, the widely-loved divine;
And noble-hearted May,
Grave old-time gentleman of life serene;
Hickman, the brilliant and the eloquent;
Futhey, in whom the law and letters blent;
And Townsend, he of thoughtful brow and gentle mien.

And here our Chester County poets came,
Twin stars of song and brothers of the lyre,—
Taylor and Read. They roam no more, alas,
In Old-World paths, nor chant with lyric fire!
One sleeps beneath the quiet Longwood grass;
Old Kennett keeps his fame,
And sacred are the groves of Cedarcroft.

Centennial Ode

Nor less endeared is Read, whose passionate heart
Found two-fold voice in poetry and art
Rich as his native Chester Valley deep and soft.

These we remember well, and many more ;
In memory's vision once again they rise
To speak the glory of departed hours.
We gaze about us here with misty eyes,
For like the odor of immortal flowers
On some enchanted shore,
The fragrance of the Past is strong to-day ;
Old voices call across the vanished years,
Old faces rise through consecrating tears,
Old names resound from out the bygone hours and gray !

And now while Autumn spreads her gorgeous tide
Across old Chester County's happy vales,
Beside our stream of beauty, Brandywine,
And each green township's fertile meads and dales ;
While soft October suns serenely shine
O'er Chester Valley wide,
Let us, the children of this peaceful shire,
And heritors of this beloved old Town,
With consecrating rites the Century crown,
With ceremony high and song of stately choir !

O let us not forget our noble Past,
Nor lose our fathers' virtues strong and true,
Heirs as we are of old simplicity !
Let us go forth to meet the Century new,
Remembering this solemn jubilee
While life's sweet days shall last !
And this high hour we ever consecrate
With reverent hearts, unto our God above
Who rules with His all-wisdom and His love
Each happy home of man, each commonwealth and state.

Purple Phlox

CENTENNIAL HYMN

Set to music by DR. J. MAX MUELLER

(Sung by the school children of West Chester on the same occasion)

OLD Chester County rests in silence golden,
Her peaceful fields have seen the harvest home;
The fruits are garnered and the year is olden,
The woodlands wide are bathed in crimson foam.
As Autumn's wealth bestows an added glory
And consecration on the ripened year,
So in the closing of thy Century hoary
Our love for thee, old Town, grows doubly dear!

From many a home we come with fond affection
To dedicate thine ancient name anew,
Across the years with loving recollection
To hail the founders whom thy springtide knew.
Beneath the quiet turf they long are dreaming,
Those sires who builded that we might enjoy;
O may we keep their memories brightly beaming,
Our heritage preserve without alloy!

To God who in His overflowing bounty
Hath blessed our beauteous hills and fertile dells,—
The fields and farmsteads of old Chester County,—
Our tide of stately music upward swells.
To Him who gives this hour of consecration
Here in the golden, glad October days,
Whose love enfolds each peaceful generation,
Our voices thousandfold arise in praise!

PURPLE PHLOX

THE golden calm of early autumn hours
Is sweeter made by these sweet old-time flowers,
Brightening the air with softly splendid glow,—
No fairer blooms West Chester gardens know.

An Old-English Pageant

AN OLD-ENGLISH PAGEANT

(At the Normal School)

FAR from the world we seemed on that June afternoon
all idyllic,

Far from the rumble of mills and the wearisome jangle
of commerce,

Deep in the tranquil glades of remote and Arcadian
woodlands.

"Father, is it all real?" asked my little daughter beside
me,

As down the sunny sward and under the dreamy shadows
Slow paced a stately procession out of the Middle Ages.

"Ah, little girlie," I said, "we are back for an hour in
Old England,

And there come Robin Hood and his green-clad folk of
the forest!"

O what a vision it was, as merrily sauntered before us
A troop of story-book people and heroes of old beloved
ballads!

High on her throne sat the Queen of the Golden Age of
Old England,—

Elizabeth,—jewelled, petite, the charming queen of the
pageant,

Surrounded by lovely ladies and gallants in silk and in
velvet;

Under the trees they sat amid the spears and the banners
As the stately and gorgeous pageant paused and paraded
before them,

While melodies drowsy and sweet and enchanting came
forth from the forest.

With music and dancing quaint and the singing of
centuried carols

Trooping came the maskers, presenting from history and
fable

The early, far-off days of the glorious great English
People,—

An Old-English Pageant

A hoary Druid priest with maidens deckt for the altar;
Boadicea, the ancient queen, with her warrior women.
Merlin came, grey wizard, companioned by Vivian the
lissome,
Guinevere, Arthur's queen, and Astolat's lily-fair maiden.

Ah, delightful, indeed, to see that splendid old ballad,
"The Nut-Brown Maid," acted out before us there in the
greenwood,
The banished man and the winsome damsel sweetly
debating
Of constancy and of love, and plighting their troth in
the forest!
Sir Walter Raleigh stepped forth, the elegant courtier
and sailor,
Leading the brown Pocahontas to kneel at the throne of
his monarch,
With Indian girls in their train bringing corn and
fragrant tobacco,
Yielding them to the Virgin Queen from the vales of
Virginia.

Pensive scholars came from old-world Oxford and
Cambridge,—
Immortal homes of Poetry, Music, and every high
study,
And homes of poets themselves, great Milton and
Wordsworth and Shelley.
Following these grave clerks came milkmaids from
Devonshire dairies,
And sweetly danced in the sun to soft and melodious
music.
Ah, how our hearts were rapt as we watched them
gracefully dancing,
Rosy and happy and free, on the exquisite green of the
meadow!

Great Companions

Then came Bottom the Weaver and his troop of jolly
companions,
Soon to enact the drollest of all Shakespearean farces.
Very delicious was Bottom, and dainty and dear was
Titania,
And very bonny and cute was Puck, the mischievous
fairy!

One after one they passed, and bowed, and went into the
forest,
Lost again in the misty Past that had oped for the
moment
And given a glimpse of enchantment to hungry hearts
that were longing
For the charm and beautiful peace of the days of Merrie
Old England.

Back to the noisy world we went from that pageant
idyllic,
Back from the magical forest and people of story and
ballad,
Back to the rumble of mills and the hurry and jangle of
commerce,
Far from the tranquil glades of remote and Arcadian
woodlands.

GREAT COMPANIONS

(To the Normal School Students)

I MAY not tell the envy
Wherewith I look on you
Whose foreheads feel the balmy touch
Of life's sweet morning dew.

O might I once more wander
The paths of golden youth,
How fondly would I follow fast
The master minds of Truth!

Great Companions

Think of the great companions
Who wait by your abode
To point for your aspiring eyes
The splendid shining road!

There Dante in the distance
Reaches a friendly hand
To guide your wandering footsteps down
Through his strange sombre land.

There Emerson and Plato
Will break for you the seal
That sets your dreaming spirits free
For God's divine Ideal.

And there is kindly Horace
With deathless roses crowned,
To bid you greet with blithe content
This life's uncertain round.

There Mendelssohn with music
And Burns with human tears
Will lend a magic wistfulness
To sweeten all your years.

The holy peace of Wordsworth,
High-hearted Shelley's fire,
Can fill the soul with melody
And hope and pure desire;

Dear Virgil's gracious sadness
And Omar's pensive charm
Make strong the heart's imperial home
'Gainst Mammon's cheap alarm.

For if unto these masters
Ye give allegiance true,
The shadows and the ills of life
Will lightly fall on you.

The Harvest

Eager and lovely spirits
Who trod this mortal way,—
Still do they speak with voice divine
From heaven's eternal day.

Their friendship is a virtue
To lift the seadfast soul
Above the seas of commonplace
That round us endless roll.

Then let their wondrous friendship
Inspire your golden youth
And turn your hearts forevermore
To Beauty and to Truth!

THE HARVEST

(In honor of Dr. and Mrs. G. M. P.)

WE know not, when we plant the seed,
What growth shall come in years to be,—
When lo, some morn in far-off days
Behold the fair and splendid tree!

Faith nourishes the striving soul
As God's sweet sunshine warms the seed,
And men enjoy the fruitage rich
Of lofty dream and noble deed.

O happy lot, to bring the light
Of Wisdom and of Shining Truth!
O happy lot, to win the love
Of multitudes of ardent youth!

Then gratitude be ours to-day
To Him who guideth these dear friends
And through the rich and toiling years
Hath shaped them ever to His ends.

Winter in Old Chester County

WINTER IN OLD CHESTER COUNTY

OLD Chester County's well-loved hills and her woods
and winding streams
Are lulled to rest by the winter winds and locked in winter
dreams;
A world of pure and gleaming white,—I love to think of
her so,
The dear home-land, the quaint old shire, enwrapt in the
silent snow.
And out on the wandering, winding stream, our pastoral
Brandywine,
Where the sleepy August angler sat and dozed by his
drooping line,
The skaters glide with shout and song in the silvered
moonlit night,
By leafless willow and fragrant fir, and O 'tis a merry
sight!
And I can see the wood-fire's breath from many a chimney
rise
And melt into the filmy blue that sleeps along the skies,
And watch in the silent afternoon the sunset's dying flame
Fire all the western woods with light too beautiful to
name.
The spice and tang of the frosty air, the hoot of the
wizard owl,
The far-away bark of the lonely fox and the watch-dog's
mournful howl,
Our twilight walk by the desolate woods and over the
windy hill,
And the rabbit-tracks we found in the glade,—O I can
recall them still!
And then to think of the peace and joy through the frosty
evening long,
The fireside talk and the merry tales and the bursts of
sweet old song,

Winter in Old Chester County

And the bonnie children romping there in the ingle's ruddy glow,—
The thought of it wakens remembrances of the old years long ago!
O, I sometimes think that in all this world, no spot is so sunny-bright
As the roaring hearth of an old farm-house on a windy winter night;
And memory holds no happier gleams for grown-up girls and boys
Than the country fun and the country fare and the wholesome country joys.

* * *

And down in the old-time village stores I can hear them talk by the hour
Of cattle and crops and politics and the price of hay and flour.
“Them fellers up to Harrisburg,” they’ll say, “is a precious lot;
And some of ’em’s, mebbe, the farmer’s friend, and some of ’em is not.”
“They make me think,” says Fishing Jo, “of the bass I seen last June,
The biggest bass I’d ever ketched,—ef I hadn’t pulled up too soon.
Well, sirs, them Legislachur chaps sometimes reminds me of him,—
The promises is mighty big, but the fruit is mighty slim!”
Then Sad-eyed Sam will up and say, “Dogged ef our little tads
Ain’t learnt more stuff down there to school than ever was learnt their dads.
I tell you, boys, the teachin’ now ain’t like it used to be
When we learned to measure by rule of thumb and reckon by Rule of Three.”

Winter in Old Chester County

Well, underneath such homely talk a vein of philosophy
lies;—

Not always do the bookish folks attain to wisdom's prize.
At the village store and the blacksmith shop the truth is
often found,

For like the sweet field-lark she loves to dwell on lowly
ground.

* * *

Then the Christmas dance in the wide low rooms, and the
throb of rhythmic feet;—

I can hear the laugh of honest lads and gracious maidens
sweet;

And memory's ear is ringing yet with many a mellow tune
From the violin and the languid flute and the reedy-voiced
bassoon.

And whenever I hear the lilt and fall of a sweetly plaintive
air,

A vision comes back of a holly-decked hall and the country
dancers there.

Of song and mirth and merry cheer that wistful music
tells,

And of jocund sleigh-loads going home behind the jangling
bells.

And then to dream while the wailing wind is loud in the
gusty eaves,

When the old house rocks, and the lonely pine by the
doorway sobs and grieves,

And ghostly voices seem to call across the mournful blast,
And shadowy figures flood our dreams from the half-
forgotten Past.

'Tis then strange memories haunt the dark, and out of
the long ago

Phantasmal forms in weird array flit eerily to and fro;
And the passion and yearnings of years long dead stand
forth in the misty light

And people with pensive visions the gloom of the deep
December night.

A Year Ago

And then in the flush of the rosy dawn, when the storm
has overblown,
And our wistful dreams have faded far with the night-
wind's dying moan,—
How merrily over the snowy hills the morning music
sounds
Where the hunters follow the jocund chase behind the
baying hounds!

* * *

Out in the Chester County hills, ah that is the place to be,
Where hearts are kind and hearths are warm and the
winter winds blow free;
Old memory holds no happier gleams for grown-up girls
and boys
Than the country fun and the country fare and the
wholesome country joys.
— And here at the vanishing year's white end my musing
fancy frames
A dream of the townships quaint with their Welsh and
English and Indian names.
And I send my random rhymes to a friend whose happy
memories go
Back to his boyhood at London Grove seventy years ago.
(*To J. T.*)

A YEAR AGO

(*In memory of Jonathan Travilla, of West Chester*)

A YEAR ago he passed beyond our ken
He of the silvery hair and heart of gold,
Who kept,—despite his nearly ninety years,—
So fresh a spirit, that he scarce seemed old.

I love to think of him, our kindly friend,
In that old, well-loved borough of my birth,
In sympathy of heart so warm and true,
Sharing alike our sorrows and our mirth.

Josiah W. Leeds

We shall remember him through all our days,
We of the younger line who loved him so,—
The genial, tender-hearted, dear old friend,
Who passed to heavenly peace a year ago.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS

TOO seldom have we on this earth
A man of modesty and worth,
Of simple life and kindly deeds,
Like gentle-souled Josiah Leeds.

A plain and quiet man was he
Of honor and integrity,
Who high of courage walked life's road,
Yet grieved and saddened by the load
Of human sinfulness he saw
Obscuring heaven's righteous law.
O then how fearlessly he fought,—
By his own faithful conscience taught,
And guided as by heavenly light,—
For justice, purity and right!

Now may our youth, remembering still
His faithful labors, strive to fill
The public conscience with a zeal
And passion for his great ideal;
Then of this Friend it may be said,—
He sowed the seed from which has spread
And endless growth of righteousness
To lift and purify and bless.

So shall the memory endure,
So strongly founded and so sure,
Of him, the quiet Quaker knight,
Who led a just and blameless fight,—
The man of truth and kindly deeds,
The gentle-souled Josiah Leeds.

Wawassan's Bright Stream

HOME THOUGHTS

I HEARD in minster aisles to-day
Rich voices chanting hymns divine,
Yet through it all I heard the songs
Of children by the Brandywine.

I watched the lordly Hudson flow,
As stately as the storied Rhine,
Yet wished I might be wandering
Beside the peaceful Brandywine.

'Mid crowded mart and dusty street
A vision beautiful was mine—
A dream of children wreathing flowers
In gardens by the Brandywine.

WAWASSAN'S BRIGHT STREAM

(*Air: "The Old Oaken Bucket"*)

THROUGH old Chester County it winds and it wanders,
With whispering song and with silvery gleam;
It winds through the woodlands and buttercup meadows,
The pride of our County,—Wawassan's bright stream.
By highlands historic where battle once echoed
It moves in the shadows majestic and deep,
And plaintively murmurs a dirge for the heroes
Who high on the hillside eternally sleep;
Beloved Wawassan, poetic Wawassan,
That flows by the hill of the heroes' long sleep.

It laves the green margin of many a township
And dances o'er shallows all silvery-bright;
It echoes the laughter of light-hearted children
Who merrily romp by its shores with delight.
It foams and it falls over dark rumbling mill-wheels,
It floats beneath bridges all mossy and gray,
It dreams in the sunshine through beautiful valleys
Where farmers are gleaning their harvests of hay:

Long Ago in Boyhood

Beloved Wawassan, delightful Wawassan,
That flows by the fields with their harvests of hay.

By old garden walls where the lilacs lean over
And roses are red in the sunlight of June,
By orchards where apples and peaches are mellow,
Wawassan goes chanting its beautiful tune;
By grey country homes where through long generations
'Twas loved with devotion enduring and dear;—
And we who remember have cherished from childhood
The charm of Wawassan thro' each golden year:
Beloved Wawassan, enchanting Wawassan,
Whose charm we have cherished thro' each golden year.

(Inscribed to Louise Homer)

LONG AGO IN BOYHOOD

LONG ago in boyhood—what memories are mine,
Coming home from swimming in the bonny Brandy-
wine!

All our muscles still a-tingle from the silvery shock,
Still a-tingle from the plunge off old "Blue Rock";
Coming thro' the meadows and o'er the grassy ridge,
Looking back to see the dear old stream at Jefferis'
Bridge;

Are there any memories from boyhood half so fine—
Coming home from swimming in the bonny Brandywine!

Fairer fields for boyhood's eyes never yet were seen,
Coming home at twilight thro' meadows soft and green,
Coming tired and happy in the golden sunset hour,
Pausing oft for apples or to pluck a gypsy flower,
Pausing oft beside the wood to hear the warble sweet
Of meadow-larks and bobolinks above the waving wheat.
How those happy holidays in recollections shine—
Coming home from swimming in the dear old Brandywine!

The Grave of Bayard Taylor

THE GRAVE OF BAYARD TAYLOR

(*Longwood*)

BY Kennett's hills he sleeps apart,
Deukalion, our hero-heart;

The rustic silence soft and deep
Encompasses his solemn sleep;

With tenderest grace the violets grow
In thought of him who lies below;

Gently the bowering branches shed
Their leaves above his laureled head.

All round the dreamy country lies,
That seemed so blissful in his eyes,

The lovely, soft idyllic views,
Made yet more lovely by his muse,

The farmsteads and the pastoral vales,
That live forever in his tales.

None better loved these valleys fair,
None better loved his native air;

So when his earthly task was done,
And Kennett lost her noblest son,

They bore him o'er the ocean foam
To sleep anear his boyhood's home.

Lulled by the song of country rills
He sleeps apart by Kennett's hills,

By Kennett's hills he sleeps apart,
Deukalion, our hero-heart.

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Old Chester County's Townships

OLD CHESTER COUNTY'S TOWNSHIPS

*O HOW they fill our happy dreams,
Old Chester County's townships fair,
Her hills and woods and wandering streams,
Her landscapes beautiful and rare—
Dear landscapes of our happy dreams!*

What child of Chester County doth not love
Her fields and woods all other lands above
What child of Chester County does not see
Those fields and woods in tender memory
When from his well-loved home-land far away
He feels the charm of childhood's golden day!

Those townships fair,—in dreams he sees them still,
Each fertile farm and every breezy hill,
Dingle and dale and flowery pasture sweet,
And fields of fragrant corn and rippling wheat,
And old ancestral homes beneath the trees,—
All these, all these in memory's dream he sees.

Far in the Coventries he roves again
And sees the farmers reap the golden grain;
Wandering 'mid Warwick's slopes once more doth seek
For shy wild flowers along the wild French Creek,
Around high Honeybrook in memory clings
To Indian Wawassan's mother-springs;
And in the Vincents and the Nantmeals fares,
O'er pleasant uplands swept by wholesome airs.

What child of Chester County but must love
Her fields and woods all other lands above!
Through Uwehlans and the Pikelands doth he take
His way for "auld acquaintance" kindly sake;
Through Wallace and the Brandywines doth roam
And lingers 'round Buchanan Read's old home;
In Whitelands and the Calns doth rapt behold
Great Chester Valley's verdant wealth unrolled.

Old Chester County's Townships

In Newlin and the Marlboroughs he hears
The harvest-sounds that charmed his childhood years,
And finds the old remembered scenes the same
In the Fallowfields with their romantic name.

What child of Chester County but must love
Her woods and fields all other lands above!
The Goshens and the Bradfords move him still
With memories of each lovely dale and hill;
In pastoral Pocopson and in Penn
He finds the fields as beautiful as when
He rambled here a care-free happy boy,
Or in the Nottinghams found country joy,
In the Oxfords and in genial Londonderry
With ne'er-to-be-forgotten friends made merry,
Or in those long-lost summer days would rove
The landscapes green of Elk and London Grove,
And down in kindly Kennett roaming oft
Would dream by Taylor's pensive "Cedarcroft."

What child of Chester county but must love
Her fields and woods all other lands above!
Easttown and Willistown and Birmingham
Where once browsed many a sheep and little lamb,
New London and New Garden rich and green,
Tredyffrin with its quiet fields serene,
Old Westtown with its ancient well-loved school,
Pennsbury where among deep woodlands cool
The wondrous wood-thrush blows his elfin flute,
Fair Franklin with its orchards of rich fruit;—
These and their sister townships all are dear
In recollection. Every passing year
Gives to each hill and stream and dear old farm
Its genial spell, its unforgotten charm;
Each passing year but sets its kindly seal
Of tenderness and beautiful appeal.

"Shadow-Shapes"

THE OLD TOWN

(West Chester)

THOUGH other lands may lure us far
And the stranger's road we roam,
Our yearning hearts still tell us true,—
"There is only one path home!"

We dream of the dear old town on the hills

Near the Brandywine's bright stream.

Of its girdling fields and woodlands wild,

And its shady streets,—we dream;

The shady streets where all day long

The kindly people pass,

And when school is out is heard the shout

Of rosy lad and lass;

The town where the kindly country folk

So honest and true and tried

Come in and seem to bring a breath

From the wholesome countryside;

Where over the golden sunset mists,

Transfiguring roof and street,

The church bells chime their vesper song

All wondrous wild and sweet;

The town so rich in history's lore

And the memories of old,

Where ancient days and present are blent

In one harmonious mould.

O shady streets and kindly folk

And hills by the silver stream,—

I know there is only one path home

To the old town of my dream!

MACELREE'S "SHADOW-SHAPES"

HERE as we linger for old friendship's sake,
Loved Shadows pass before us for an hour,
Like faintly fragrant rose-leaves that awake
Our wistful memories of the vanished flower.

“For Ready and Willing Service”

“MARKET GOSSIP”

(W. W. T.)

THE “Thomson brand” of humor and good cheer

I have enjoyed for many a happy year,
Lighting our little corner of the earth
With genial helpfulness and gentle mirth,
And blessing warmly with its kindly bounty
The folks and facts of dear old Chester County.
His weekly “Market Gossip” brings me joy
As truly still as when, a little boy,
I used to watch him round the market stroll
And listen to the friendly farmers droll
Talking about their butter and their beets,
Onions and apples, sausages and meats,
And how the country surely needed rain,
And how the price was going up on grain,
And what “John Plowshare” said or didn’t say
About his corn and cabbage, hogs and hay:—
All which, and more, he served to us next day
In his own quaint and wise and witty way.

So long ago,—to think of it!—and still
How fresh the message dripping from his quill;
How sunny-kind his daily words of cheer
For all that Chester County holds most dear!
—Ah, truly now our gratitude must flow
Unto our good old friend, who long ago
Became the guiding star, the kindly muse,
The soul and spirit of the *Local News*!

“FOR READY AND WILLING SERVICE”

(A statue over a drinking-fountain near West Chester)

TO men and creatures worn with travel’s stress,
The bronze youth holds his cup with gesture kind,
And seems to say: “Come drink, nor fail to bless
The friends who gave, the artist who designed.”

“Little Friends”

THE YOUNG HERO

(*Harry Lewis Raul's Statue on the Court House Lawn,
West Chester*)

MOULDED in lasting bronze the Hero stands
Fresh minted from the sculptor's loving hands
In that old art whose inspirations seem
Imagination, poetry and dream.

The symbol he of those whose bright desire
For life and love, shrinks not at battle's fire,—
If so their Country call upon its youth
To lay down life and love and all, for Truth.

May his immortal beauty ever be
A consecration,—Loyalty,—to thee,
Bidding our youth remember and revere
Those who for Thee risked all that makes life dear.

“LITTLE FRIENDS”

(*By Eleanor Scott Sharples*)

FULL of childhood days it seems,
Childhood's dear and sunny dreams,
Memories that touch me so
From the golden Long Ago,—

Chester County's kindly ways,
Happy-hearted Summer days,
Picnics by the Brandywine
When the air was dreamy-fine;
Mellow Autumn's fruits and flowers,
And the lingering sunset hours;
Folks around the cheerful hearth
Gathered for the Christmas mirth;
And the crocuses again
Coming with the warm Spring rain.

Memories

All such memories and more
Waken as I ponder o'er
Her delightful childhood lore,—
Warm and waken as I look
Through her sunny-hearted book.

MEMORIES

I WENT in September and strolled through the town of
my birth,
The kindest and dearest on earth;
And heard the high tower pealing grandly its chimes as
of old,
In a sunset of sapphire and gold.
I saw the old houses I knew in my boyhood, and thought
Of the changes the calm years have wrought,
Of the voices now vanished forever that cheered me of
yore,
Kind voices that cheer nevermore;—
Yet the streets are the same, and the great trees in
Everhart's Grove
Where the sun and the shade interwove
Their vistas of beauty and lanes of enchantment for me,—
A woodland of strange mystery,—
And the same little stream with its melody fairy-fine
Still flows toward the Brandywine.
And the churches and dear Quaker meetings, and green
Marshall Square
Cool-shadowed and peaceful and fair;
The environing hills and the meadows,—all, all of it seems
Like the homeland beloved of my dreams:
But O for the voices now vanished that cheered me of yore,
Now to cheer and console nevermore!

SEVEN POEMS FOR THE ANNUAL COMMEMO-
RATIVE MEETINGS OF THE CHESTER
COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

I
THE INDIAN'S GRAVE

HERE RESTS
INDIAN HANNAH
THE LAST OF THE LENNI LENAPE
INDIANS IN CHESTER COUNTY
WHO DIED IN 1802

LAST of her race, she sleeps in this lone grave,—
Lowly and lone, and dim and half-forgot
In these last hundred summers since she died;
Last of her race,—laid here so long ago
And gently mourned by folk of alien stock,
But not of alien hearts, kind Quaker folk
Who cherished the lone Indian, cared for her,
And made her loneliness less sorrowful,
Till life went out.

And so went out a race
That through uncounted cycles had their home
Besides Wawassan's wild and wandering stream,—
Tracking the bear and elk among these hills
And taking fish in those rude stone-built dams
That still remain in old Wawassan's stream,
And celebrating round their flickering fires
Strange pagan rite and solemn dance of war,—
So long and long ago!—ere yet our sires
Forced Magna Carta on reluctant John,
Or yielded unto Alfred's kindly law,
Yea, even ere they stormed the eastern shores
Of Britain, rovers on the wild North Sea,—
So long ago this old Algonquin folk

Indian Hannah

Hunted and warred and worshipped 'mid the woods
That hid these hills in endless greenery.

What tribal memories survived in her,
That last lone Indian woman,—what remote
And pale tradition from the ancient years,
Of sylvan loves and wars, heroic deeds
Of deathless chieftains, wisdom of the gods?
I think some primal feeling surely stirred
At times that lonely heart brooding the Past,
When in gray autumn twilights by her fire
She mused and mourned, recalling how in youth
She heard the old men grieve, old women weep
O'er territory wrested from their tribe
By the intruding English. Hopelessly
They grieved and wept;—she could not understand
The great All-Father's will, she only knew
How numbers lessened, how the forests fell
And spoiled the hunting, how the fishing failed,
And how as farmland after farmland spread
Along Wawassan's shores, her people waned
In ancient power and comfort.

—'Tis but little

We do, in honoring her name to-day,
Toward offering penance for the pitiless force
Exerted by our sires against her race.
To-day, among these grand old Indian hills,
And by this wild and wandering Indian stream,
In reverence and sorrow let us rear
This strong rude boulder o'er the Indian's grave,—
We, of the alien English, paying thus
Some tribute small of honor and remorse
Unto the noble natives of these hills
By Indian Wawassan's mourning stream.

Embreeville, 1909

II

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT
BRANDYWINE

FOREVER honored are these noble hills
And old farm valleys of the Brandywine,—
Honored forever by the memory
Of him, our Hero-chief, who long ago
Marshaled his faithful men at Birmingham
And strove in battle on the autumn hills
Through long hot hours, while near him stood unblenched
The gallant Chevalier who cast his lot
With young America, and lent the charm
Of old-world knighthood to our patriot cause.

What though the day was lost?—The Mother-land
First learned on yonder heights of Birmingham
What ardor stirred, what solemn passion fired
The Colonists who fought for freedom's sake,
Not in offensive war, but to protect
Their hearths and homes, true to the Saxon sense
Of independence, and the Saxon law
Of free self-government,—a heritage
Their sires in England through long centuries
Wrung from reluctant kings. Yea, England learned,
On every field of that hard-fought retreat,
What sacrifices Englishmen will make
For English freedom.

And that slow retreat
Was glorified by Lafayette, who shed
His blood in battle's midst,—brave Lafayette,
Youngest crusader of a valorous line
Illustrious in France from ancient days.
Dear was he to our fathers, and most dear,
I think, to Washington, who found in him
Whole-hearted and devoted heroism,
Most knightly courage and most filial love;

Washington and Lafayette

Theirs was a friendship grand and memorable,
A friendship such as Homer might have sung
In some new Iliad of our western world!

In musing vision I behold them stand
Like heroes carved upon an ancient frieze,
Forever glorious, forever calm,
In marble immortality. Yea, there,
Beside old Birmingham's grey Meeting-house,
Their spirits walk as on that deathless day,—
Great Washington, high-hearted Lafayette,—
The matchless friends in war and peace, whose names,
Renowned and splendid, rank with those of yore,
With all the great-souled patriots of the world.
With Cromwell do they stand, with Garibaldi,
With Bolivar and Gordon,—kingly men
And epic figures from the storied Past,—
In such immortal comradeship they stand!

These ancient houses of our theme to-day,
These quaint grey homes that for a little space
Welcomed those gracious souls at old Chadd's Ford,
And so acquired a glory,—they shall fade
And fall like all man's works; but while these hills
Endure, and while our pastoral Brandywine,—
Old Indian Wawassan,—flows and sings
Among the meadows and the shadowy woods,
Still shall two mighty spirits haunt these hills,—
The great Virginian, the Son of France,—
And lend them lustre through uncounted years.
Chadds Ford, 1910

III

NEW LONDON ACADEMY

(1743-1911)

CAN bills and bonds, can iron and wool and wheat
Render our nation's nobleness complete?

High though their function, yet they have their day
And yield unto the Spirit's silent sway.

'Tis only Education can make great
The destiny and glory of the state;
Beyond the mart she sits in peace serene,
Benignant and august, a deathless queen.

— Here in her ancient home, at this high hour,
We come to celebrate her genial power.

Yea, Education long hath had her seat
And sure abode in this serene retreat;
Our father's fathers at this ancient school
Have passed their golden youth beneath her rule.
Forth from her gentle guidance they have gone
To hand New London's noble spirit on,
And, to whatever region, carry there
Some portion of her liberating air.
Renowned the bead-roll of her sons, and bright
The record of their spreading forth the light,
Strong sturdy souls bred in a faith sincere
By men of simple hearts and life austere,
The brave Scotch-Irish, who so long have lent
Their virile force in our wide continent,
And ever planted virtue's vital seed
By high integrity of word and deed.

New London gave us men who ruled the State
And helped our young Republic to create;
Our colleges have chosen for their head
Great-hearted scholars at New London bred;
She gave us noble preachers, and she gave
Patriots who helped their well-loved land to save.

Read and Taylor

To every walk of life her sons have brought
Her gift of sterling faith and lofty thought.

What love New London's loyal sons must hold
For Alma Mater, never may be told,
Nor yet the reverence and thanksgiving twined
Like fadeless flowers around the heart and mind.
'Twas here they learned as by a second birth
Patience and courage for the trials of earth;
'Twas here that to their youthful souls was given
Foreknowledge of the paths that point to heaven.

New London gave them manly strength and pride
And firmness, that no fears can turn aside;
She gave them heart and valor for the fight
They waged in every land for Truth and Right.
They sought the fields of nobleness and fame,
Faithful forever to her honored name;
Her honored name for them was graven high,
In her dear pattern did they live and die.

Such was New London's share in making great
The destiny and glory of the State;
So shall she live in memory serene,
Benignant and august, a deathless queen,
So shall this ancient Chester County shrine
With noble lustre down the centuries shine.

New London, 1911

IV

IN MEMORY OF BUCHANAN READ AND BAYARD TAYLOR

HOW may I tell my love and admiration
For Read and Taylor, bards of joy and truth,—
With what poor words add to this celebration
Of poets who were lights unto my youth,
To whom I gave my earliest admiration!

Read and Taylor

I read their songs beside our little river,
Our softly-flowing sylvan Brandywine;
I read their songs among the hills, wherever
Old Chester County's wild-flowers sway and shine,
In fields and groves and by our little river.

With Read's and Taylor's song I loved to wander
Among our hills and by our storied stream,
And ever did I give affection fonder
Unto those realms of solitude and dream
Where I so dearly loved to muse and wander.

I loved their fervent songs of sky and ocean,
Romantic mountain and historic vale;
And as I read I shared in their emotion,—
My fancy followed them by down and dale,
By wood and stream and hill and sky and ocean.

I heard Buchanan Read's fond celebration
Of silver Susquehanna's lordly stream;
I heard with joy his lyrical laudation
Of fields where first he learned to love and dream,
The fair home-fields of his fond celebration.

Amid the hills beyond wide Chester Valley
I saw the humble home where Read was born,
Each well-loved field and brook and orchard alley
And hillside fragrant with the waving corn,
In that green peaceful dale beyond the Valley.

From those loved home-scenes how the poet's vision
Wandered at will to regions far away,
Bearing his soul to drift in dreams Elysian
Across the misty blue Vesuvian bay,—
So strong the lift and lure of his bright vision!

Read and Taylor

From Read I turned to follow Kennett's story,
And roamed in this delightful countryside
Which Taylor's art has touched as with a glory,
And saw the Kennett farmers true and tried
Whose fathers figure in that sylvan story.

How deep was Taylor's love for Chester County,
Its every beauteous stream and tranquil farm!
He loved its verdant plenitude and bounty;
He loved, how deeply! all the wondrous charm
Of our historic ancient Chester County.

Friendly of heart, he loved the quiet Quakers,
He thought of them when far beyond the sea,—
"Serene among their memory-hallowed acres,"
Still yearning that his manhood's home might be
At "Cedarcroft" among the kindly Quakers.

And here he wrought his lyric odes impassioned,
Musing and dreaming in this calm retreat;
His best and noblest utterance here was fashioned.
O, I remember how in youth 'twas sweet
To think of him amid his dreams impassioned!

But chiefly was I moved to veneration
Of Bayard Taylor's manliness sincere,
His gifts of friendship and of admiration,—
Who held all beauty worshipful and dear;
His great heart won my lifelong veneration.

Such were the brother-bards whose gifts we cherish,
Poets and dreamers of illustrious name.
We cannot let their recollection perish;
Nay, still enshrined in ever-loving fame
Their bright renown our land full long shall cherish.
Cedarcroft, 1912

Two Chester County Sages

V

TWO CHESTER COUNTY SAGES:

HUMPHRY MARSHALL AND DR. WILLIAM DARLINGTON

OF'T had my grandsire pointed out to me
This ancient house full of serenity,
This ancient grove full of a classic grace,
As we fared past the "Humphry Marshall place"
And saw his oaks, magnolias and pines,
His dogwoods and his shrubs and wildwood vines.
Yea, near to Marshall's time my grandsire seemed;
And I in dreaming childhood often dreamed
There hovered round this olden house some spell,
And round this shadowy grove. I may not tell
What visionary charm they held for me—
So dark, so old, so full of mystery!

Darlington's "Life of Marshall" is a book
Endeared to me since long ago I took
The goodly volume with me to the farm
And fell a happy victim to its charm.
I pondered it through many blissful hours,
Musing on Marshall and his well-loved flowers,
His curious trees and shrubs from far and near,
Each one to him a precious thing and dear,—
The wisely-chosen plants he loved to send
To Dr. Fothergill, his English friend,—
The plants of which 'twas his delight to talk
With friends who joined him in his garden walk,
Or to describe in many a pithy page
To Franklin and like worthies of that age.

How pleasant is the scheme of life he fills,
The quiet Quaker of West Bradford's hills,—
Wise in all rustic lore, friendly and kind;
Through all his years enriching still his mind
By intercourse with Nature, finding her
Repay most bounteously her worshiper;

Two Chester County Sages

Contented in this simple, genial home,
He lived like some old sage of antique Rome,
Like canny Columella, Virgil, Varro,
Knowing the seasons for the plow and harrow,
Learned in all weather signs, skilled in all lore
Of pond and pasture, glebe and threshing-floor;
Among his fields or by his ingle-nook
Reading forever in Nature's open book;
And crowning all with a religious sense
And constant gratitude to Providence:—
Such worth is never lost, but to this hour
Enriches us with its undying power.

The happiness, the dignity, the charm
Of life on many a Chester County farm,
The love of old-world joys and rural peace
Which through the generations doth not cease,—
All these we have inherited, I know,
From Humphry Marshall's time of long ago.
The quiet Quaker by the Brandywine
Was founder of the honorable line
Of Chester County botanists whose fame
Still lends a lustre to her cherished name,
And of those peaceful farming folk sincere
To whom our trees and native flowers are dear.

Foremost was Dr. Darlington; his book
Is full of beauty as some meadow-brook
Winding its way among the sweet wild-flowers
And singing of them through the summer hours.
His "Flora Cestrica" in truth beguiles
The road of life through many weary miles
For all who love the pleasant rural lore
Here wisely garnered in abundant store,
For all who seek and find on every page
The warm heart-knowledge of West Chester's sage,—
Large-minded Darlington, who sowed the seed

General Anthony Wayne

Of public good by lofty word and deed;
The genial, kindly sage whose high renown
Is warmly honored in his old home-town.

Marshall and Darlington are names to cherish;
Their memory is green and cannot perish.
No worthier names, no men of finer soul
Do Chester County's chronicles enroll;
And while their well-loved science shall endure,
Their honored place in history is sure.

Marshallton, 1913

VI

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

(1745-1796)

WHO does not love the memory of Wayne?

Our sturdy patriot of heroic strain;
The simple citizen whose ardor great
Makes him immortal in his native State;
Immortal 'mid the patriots who stand
The liberators of their struggling land!

High-hearted Wayne, he truly seems more near
At this ancestral home he held so dear;
Among these woods and roads and old home-fields
Some vision of the man our fancy yields.
Descended from the valiant Yorkshire Waynes,
The blood of heroes coursing in his veins;
Farmer, surveyor, neighbor true and kind,
The gentleman of liberal heart and mind;
Home-loving, friendly, taking honest pride
In all the interests of the countryside;
With a soul of honor and a heart of gold,
Like one of Plutarch's men of ancient mould.
Such men are sent us when the time is ripe,
Our sterling Chester County's noblest type.

General Anthony Wayne

High and illustrious was the part he bore
In that great epic of colonial war,
Wherein our fathers faced red walls of death
That their dear country might draw Freedom's breath;
And many a field is brighter yet in fame
Linked with "Mad Anthony's" heroic name.
With high distinction still his exploits shine
At Stony Point and hard-fought Brandywine;
The memory of Monmouth and Green Springs
With his courageous gallantry still rings;
And Jamestown Ford and olden Germantown
Still cherish and remember his renown.

Trusted and loved by Washington was he,—
Our valorous knight of antique chivalry,
Ever responding to his chieftain's need
With helpful counsel and with splendid deed.
I love his pictured face upon the wall
Of that great room in Independence Hall;
A very kind and cheery face it seems,
With genial eyes not all unlit by dreams,
The face of one to be a trusted friend,
Utterly staunch and loyal to the end.

Invincible of spirit, generous, brave,
He long has slumbered in a hero's grave
'Neath Old Saint David's venerable trees,
Whose branches sighing in the summer breeze
Murmur their requiem for our valorous one—
Old Chester County's great and matchless son.
General Wayne's home, 1914

The Prayer for Peace

VII

THE PRAYER FOR PEACE

(On the Eve of the Battle of Brandywine, Sept. 10, 1777)

FOR many a year what summers have been mine,

Among the meadows of the Brandywine,
Where oftentime in reverie and dream
I wandered by that old historic stream,
In reminiscent mood oft pondering o'er
The legends lingering by its winding shore.

Of all the tales that haunt these emerald hills
The thought of one my musing fancy fills,—

How on the eve of that great fight

A prayer went up into the night,

Invoking vengeance of the Lord

On all who, taking up the sword,

Would drive beneath the tyrant's yoke

A free and freedom-loving folk.

God's mercy, prayed the preacher then,

Support and shine around our men,

The great of soul, the high of heart,

Who sprang from field and forge and mart

To fight for home and wife and child.

God grant to them his mercy mild

Who shall mayhap to-morrow keep

The vigils of eternal sleep,

Whose hero-blood shall stain the sod,

Whose souls shall go to meet their God!

O grant that wicked warfare cease,

And bless our land at last with endless peace!

There is no "glory" in this simple prayer,

No cannon's thunder and no trumpet's blare.

Yet shall the spirit of that prayer prevail,

And war remembered be but as a tale,

In those far years toward which, though sorely tried,

Mankind still marches on, with God for guide.

Birmingham, 1915

Our Heroic Sires

TO PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE, D. A. R.

LOYAL Daughters,—how often with admiration

Do I think of the great Ideal held by you,
Cherishing still the names of our sires heroic

With a loving loyalty fine and firm and true!

No high deed that marked their dear devotion,

No least service done in those perilous days
But has at your hands its fitting celebration,
From your loyal hearts its meed of noble praise.

This greeting, Loyal Daughters, let me offer

Remembering her who once was one of you,
Who loved through life with deep and warm affection
The great Ideal to which your hearts are true.

OUR HEROIC SIRES

(Decoration Day)

FAR down the street with pensive tread

The grey old heroes pass,
To where their comrades long have lain
Asleep beneath the grass;

Beneath the grass on quiet hills,
In vales by quiet streams,
Where battle's clangor nevermore
Shall break their quiet dreams.

Far down the street the veterans pass;
Their pace is staid and slow;
And sorrowing music marks their steps
From bugles breathing low,

From bugles low, and languid flutes,
And slowly beaten drum . . .
The hours go by,—sad music sounds,
And up the street they come.

Henry Hayes

They slowly come; but empty now
Their arms of starry bloom,
For they have strewn the morning's flowers
O'er many a lowly tomb,

O'er many a tomb on quiet hills
And down by quiet streams.
The dead,—O do they know these rites,
And sweeter are their dreams?

I know not; but to those who see
That sad procession slow,
Who look on those grey heads, and hear
The mournful bugles blow,

There comes a warmer quickening
Of patriotic fires,
A deepening of reverence
For our heroic sires.

HENRY HAYES: OUR ENGLISH SIRE

(Read at the Bicentennial of the Hayes Family in Chester County, September, 1905)

TWO hundred years have rolled away
And mingled with the countless span,
Two centuries since our English sire
Founded in this new world our clan.
What fortitude was his, what faith,
What trust in the all-friendly God
Who led him o'er the trackless sea
To this remote and virgin sod,
Far from his own dear English fields,
Beyond the utmost western foam,
Amid these Chester County hills
To fix and found his new-world home.

Henry Hayes

The pleasant vales of Oxfordshire
Lovely with all their storied charms,
The green-marg'd Thames slow winding down
Amid the peaceful ancient farms ;
The meadows and the hedge-rows green,
The orchard and the flowery garth,
The ancient church and ivied walls
That sheltered his ancestral hearth,—
How far, how fair seemed those lost scenes
When in this new world strange and wild
He thought upon his English home
Dear from the days he was a child !

And yet how happy were his dreams
Had it been given him to see
How this new land would bless his sons
Through all the golden years to be !
God grant some vision yet was his
To dream of these our happy days
When we revere with filial love
Our sire, our founder—Henry Hayes.
Through all our clan, in weal or woe,
Forever may they cherished be—
The fortitude, the faith that drew
Our English sire across the sea.

These dear home meadows, these old roads,
These tranquil fields of clover sweet,
These well-loved woods, these grey old barns,
These acres rich with golden wheat,—
Our fathers loved them one and all ;
They lived and died on this dear land ;
Ancestral feelings stir the heart
As on this sacred soil we stand.
May never son or daughter here
Forget these acres of our birth,
Nor fail to love with loyal zeal
Our portion of the fruitful earth.

At Peace Beside Wawassan

May we, his far-descended heirs,
Be worthy his ancestral gift
Or friendliness and kindly cheer
And simple honesty and thrift.
May we uphold inviolate
The glory of his patriot fame,
True children of his honored blood
And faithful to his cherished name!

AT PEACE BESIDE WAWASSAN

(The Indians and Quakers disputed the possession of the tract of some 7000 acres on the Brandywine,—or “Wawassan” of the Indians,—now Newlin Township, Chester County, which Nathaniel Newlin purchased from the Free Society of Traders. In this little play peace is brought about through the medium of friendship and brotherly forbearance.)

Characters:

HENRY HAYESEnglish Quaker
NATHANIEL NEWLINIrish Quaker
FAITH NEWLINHis Daughter
CHECOCHINICANIndian Chief
WINONAHis Daughter
EAGLE'S FEATHER	}
OPECHEE	
GOLDENROD	
LITTLE THRUSH	

SCENE: Indian village on the Wawassan

TIME: The year 1725

SCENE I

FAITH NEWLIN AND WINONA

FAITH

(Stirring maize meal)

All day I've played beside Wawassan's stream
And watched the creatures there,—the pretty fish

At Peace Beside Wawassan

That leap among the shallows in the sun,
The black-birds flitting in the evergreens,
The happy squirrels. I have seen the deer,
Dappled and tender-eyed, come down to drink
Wawassan's crystal waters. O what joy
This life among the hills! Winona, dear,
Come, for the maize is ready for the fire.

WINONA

'Tis good for you to help me, Faith. Our fathers
will soon be home and hungry for supper. A hot fire will
soon warm the maize; and here are fish fresh from Wawassan. (*Pours meal into kettle, and hangs it and fish over the fire.*)

FAITH

Winona, dear, it grieves me to the heart
To think my father should dispute with thine
About the lands along Wawassan's stream.

WINONA

Yes, I wish they would be friends and agree in peace.
Henry Hayes and George Harlan are good friends
of father, and I hope Nathaniel Newlin will be his friend
also.

FAITH

Perhaps when next they meet, they'll be more kind
To one another. When *we* are such friends,
I truly wish our fathers were so too.
O may they be at peace beside Wawassan!

WINONA

Indeed, that is my strongest wish, dear Faith.

FAITH

The evening falls most sweetly. Let us sing
The sunset song we made together, dear.

At Peace Beside Wawassan

SONG

*Now the squirrels close their eyes,
Now the swallows seek the nest;
In the fragrant forest shades
All the creatures go to rest.*

*Rest is sweet and rest is good
For all things at end of day;
Rose and rabbit, bird and bee
Sleep the drowsy hours away.*

(FAITH enters wigwam)

(Enter from their canoes, EAGLE'S FEATHER, OPECHEE,
GOLDENROD and LITTLE THRUSH)

EAGLE'S FEATHER

Hail, sister! We come with peace in our hearts, and
we bring gifts.

WINONA

Come sit beside our fire, dear sisters. Welcome ever
to our land and to our wigwam. Whence come you?

OPECHEE

We dwell far up; yea, at the headwaters of Wawas-
san's silver stream, far up where the deer have their homes
and where the fish swim up to hatch their little ones in the
springtime.

WINONA

How come you here, sisters? A weary way it is to
Wawassan's upper waters, I've heard my father say.

EAGLE'S FEATHER

We started yesterday,—Opechee here, and Golden-
rod, and Little Thrush, and I whom they call Eagle's
Feather. We heard of the Quaker damsel, your friend;
and we journeyed all this way in our canoes, to look at her.

WINONA

Let me call her. Faith! Faith, dear!

(FAITH enters from wigwam)

At Peace Beside Wawassan

See, little friend of mine, these good sisters of our race of Lenape, who have come from Wawassan's upper waters.

FAITH

O I am so happy to greet them. Thy name, tall sister?

EAGLE'S FEATHER

They call me Eagle's Feather. Here, this will remind you of me.

(Giving long feather)

FAITH

And thee, dark-haired maiden, thy pretty woodland name?

OPECHEE

Opechee; and I bring you shells from upper Wawassan, where the stream flows bubbly-clear.

(Giving mussel-shells)

FAITH

And thy sweet name?

GOLDENROD

They name me Goldenrod, the happy one.

(Giving Indian basket)

FAITH

And this dear little Indian girl?

EAGLE'S FEATHER

She is Little Thrush.

FAITH

(Putting her arm around her)

Dear Little Thrush!

LITTLE THRUSH

This for you.

(Giving flower)

FAITH

O dear friends, thank you, thank you all!

At Peace Beside Wawassan

WINONA

Yes, yes, how kind of you to come! Sit now and rest.
Let us chant "Wawassan the Beautiful," and then we'll
have our forest dance.

SONG

*Wawassan the beautiful,
Silvery stream,
Home of our happiness,
Home of our dream!
Stream where our fathers
Have lived through the years
Love we forever
Through joy and through tears.*

(Repeat last four lines)

*(Indians dance round the fire and among the forest trees,
till all fade away among the shadows)*

SCENE II

(Next morning)

NATHANIEL NEWLIN AND CHECOCHINICAN

NEWLIN

O Checochinican, since yester-week
I have been well advised by our wise friend
Who dwells on yonder hills of Marlborough,—
Yea, Henry Hayes, that gentle Englishman.
At Quaker Meeting held in Henry's house
He preached of peace.

CHECOCHINICAN

Yes, I have heard he is a man of peace.

NEWLIN

True peace and friendliness was all his theme;
Most tenderly, most kindly did he speak.

CHECOCHINICAN

Peace is all I desire, O friend of mine. The great White
Father, William Penn, made promise that so long as one

At Peace Beside Wawassan

Indian lived, grew old and blind, and died, and thus to the third generation,—for so long should we of the Lenni Lenape race still hold our lands beside Wawassan's stream.

NEWLIN

The Free Society of Traders sold
To me this land a mile wide up and down,
And east to that great rock below the hill
Hard by your grave-yard 'mid the lofty oaks.
But sure I would be loath to drive thee off
Or bring thy tribe to harm.

CHECOCHINICAN

Your settlers have built dams which stop the fish from going upstream. Of old our children used to shoot the fish with their bows and arrows.

NEWLIN

Our good George Harlan shall go up and down
And bid the settlers to undo that ill.

CHECOCHINICAN

O friend, I know not how to thank you!

NEWLIN

Since Faith, my daughter dear, has grown so fond
Of thy dear child Winona, I have thought
Far better of the matter. Let us send
For Henry Hayes, and ask for his advice
And counsel ere we order our affairs.

CHECOCHINICAN

'Tis well said. Winona! Winona!

(Enter Winona)

WINONA

Yes, Father dear.

CHECOCHINICAN

Go with your little friends and ask Henry Hayes to come.

(The six girls go off dancing and singing)

At Peace Beside Wawassan

SCENE III

HENRY HAYES, NATHANIEL NEWLIN, AND INDIANS
HAYES

Hail, Checochinican; Friend Newlin, hail!

(They clasp hands)

Friends, let me counsel peace. I long have lived,—
Lately in this new Province of great Penn's,
And, in my earlier years, in Oxfordshire
In green Old England. I have seen disputes
That injured all a neighborhood for years;
Again, I've seen where harmony and peace
Prevailed o'er jarring men and made them friends
And gave them happiness beyond compare.
Now, Checochinican, Friend Newlin, come
Join hands and promise you will live at peace.

NEWLIN

For sake of friendship and for sake of peace,
And for that our young daughters are dear mates,—
Faith Newlin and Winona, gentle maids,—
I do accede to Henry's counsels wise.
Come, Checochinican, forevermore
Shall peace and amity between us last.

CHECOCHINICAN

Well said, well said, my friend.

(They slowly smoke the peace-pipe, then clasp hands and exchange gifts)

HAYES

Truly, a happy ending of affairs;
May heaven's blessing rest upon your treaty!

WINONA

O let us dance and sing for very joy!

(Indian girls and Faith dance and sing)

*Ever let us live in peace,
Ever let our love increase,
Here by old Wawassan's shore,
Friends, O friends forevermore!*

They Slumber in Peace

JACOB HAYES

WHAT peace and quiet happiness were thine
On thy green acres by the Brandywine,
Where kindly fortune filled the rustic year
With farm, and "Meeting" loved, and friendships dear!

"GREEN LAWN FARM"

ON this old farm my family has lived
O'er seven-score years; and an endearing spell
Haunts its green acres and its silver stream.
It has a beauty past all words to tell,
Antique, ancestral,—an endearing spell!

THEY SLUMBER IN PEACE

(A Country Grave-Yard above the Brandywine)

THE grave-yard is peaceful and still
Where they slumber in peace on the hill;
And the winds in the evergreens whisper a song,
They murmur and whisper the whole summer long
Above the green graves on the hill.

The moon in the long winter night
Dreams down on their low head-stones white;
And the winds in the evergreens murmur and moan
O'er the legend engraved on each pitiful stone,
'Neath the moon in the long winter night.

The leaves of the autumn drift deep
O'er the sorrowful scene of their sleep,
And June after June through the limitless years
The roses weep o'er them in dewy cold tears
Where they slumber in peacefulness deep.

Dr. Isaac I. Hayes

O sweet is their dreaming and still
In their graves on the green-shaded hill;
For blest is their fate who in peace shall repose
Sung o'er by the winds and bewept by the rose
Where they silently sleep on the hill.

DR. ISAAC I. HAYES, OF WEST CHESTER

(Lines read at the dedication of the Monument in commemoration of the Satterlee Military Hospital, West Philadelphia, June 10, 1916. This great hospital was in charge of Dr. Hayes during the Civil War, giving refuge and treatment to great multitudes of wounded soldiers.)

TO us who knew him in our childhood days

He was the family hero, Isaac Hayes—
Come back from great adventure on far seas
To tell strange tales beneath the quiet trees,
Painting in vivid words and colors bright
The desolation of the Arctic night
In those vast, lonely regions 'round the Pole
That test men's fortitude and try the soul;
For he had fared across the icy world
And in far Grinnell Land the flag unfurled
Amid those wild wastes of eternal snow
Nearer the Pole than man yet dared to go.

Wholly in keeping with his noble heart
It was, that he should bear a generous part
When civil war raged forth in his loved land.
We know with what solicitude he planned
The spacious hospice that on this low hill
Sheltered and succored men from war's vast ill.
We know with what heroic faith and zeal
He led the forces that allay and heal
The grievous hurts of battle; his the art
To govern here with warm and kindly heart.

Learning and Loyalty

Love followed in his steps, *love* crowned the days
Of him, our *peaceful* warrior, Isaac Hayes.

How great of heart he was, how just, how true,
How fine of soul—they testify who knew
His genial, generous nature, and recall
His friendliness and sympathy with all
Both old and young, his blithe and merry ways;—
We loved him well, our hero, Isaac Hayes.

Long years ago he left this earthly scene,
But in our hearts his memory still is green.
Honor and long remembrance to his name
Who, simple as a child, sought not for fame.
—Strange he should die so young!—his sire survived
Far into white old age, the longest-lived
And most revered of venerable men.*
In recollection clear I see again
The good old man, his tranquil Quaker face
Beaming with benediction and the grace
From quiet, long-enduring patience won
Grieving in silence for his deep-loved son,—
That son to whose bright memory in these hours
We bring the meed of music and of flowers,
Here where through war's dark years he bore his part
And gave so freely of his noble heart.

LEARNING AND LOYALTY

(For the West Chester High School)

WHERE floats the flag, our hearts must follow,
Follow the flag of the silver stars
As over the well-loved High School streaming
It waves to heaven its crimson bars.

*Benjamin Hayes

Learning and Loyalty

O think what they gave with that flag, our fathers,
Patriot sires of the honored land,
Seeing across the years in their vision
Learning and Loyalty hand in hand!

Learning and Loyalty, aye, twin sisters,—
Never the twain shall parted be
While the lands of earth with admiration
Look on our young democracy.

The Flag and the School, what noble symbols!
Each hath given a sacred part,
Each hath touched with patriot ardor
The chords of our strong young nation's heart.

And wherever rises a school's white belfry
Proudly among the sheltering trees,
There the folds of dear Old Glory
Grandly stream in the happy breeze.

Here in the home of our heart's affection,
Centuried town 'mid the fields of green,
Pearl and pride of old Chester County,
Crowning the hills like a stately queen,

Learning and letters have ever flourished,
Fruit of thought and of heart's desire;
Nor ever have sons of hers been lacking
In loyalty and patriot fire.

These streets have known the sage and the scholar;
Why need I call each memoried name,
Or summon from storied fields of battle
The soldier sons of glorious fame!

They softly sleep—though dead, yet deathless:
God hath given them peace for aye,—
Their memory a consecration
To us of the living world to-day.

High School Memories

These rising walls shall gently shelter—
Shelter and cherish the long years through—
Children worthy those sires undying,
Children as noble, as kindly, as true.

They, too, shall love the patriot virtues,
They, too, shall revere the ideals of old,
They shall place clear truth and honor
Above the alluring call of gold;

Nourishing still the nobler vision,
Dreaming still of the good to be,
Led by their kindest friends, their teachers,
To the love of Learning and Loyalty.

These walls in the far off years must perish,
For only hearts and souls endure,
And God shall prosper and bless His children
Who live and die for the True and Pure.

HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES

(Read at an Alumni Dinner)

I REMEMBER the days when we wandered in search of
the early spring flowers
And strolled in the Brandywine meadows through golden
and heavenly hours.
I think I shall never forget them, those days of delight
and of dream,
Nor the kind-souled Miss Whitford who taught us our
love for that beautiful stream!
I remember the music enchanting we heard in the old
High School room,
A tangle of tune and a fabric of sound from some exquisite
loom;—
Ah, golden and sweet and sonorous it has rung in my
memory long,
That music of well-beloved hymns and fragments of
plaintive old song.

High School Memories

I remember the wondrous commencements in the golden
soft evenings of June;
I can still smell the smilax and roses, and still hear the
magical tune
Of the soft violins and piano float out on the sweet summer
air,
While the foot-lights illumined the faces of the graduates
grave or fair.
And our essays and wondrous orations,—O, who of us
does not recall
How mighty we felt as we spoke them in old Horticultural
Hall,—
Those doses of fine erudition and treatises wise and most
deep,
While the audience perspired and applauded, or vulgarly
went to sleep!
Well, those dear old commencements have vanished, and
now looking back o'er the years
I think that the best thing about them was our downpour
of real farewell tears!
And never comes music at twilight but I still hear the
magical tune
Of soft violins and piano at commencement in some far-off
June.
I remember, O, I remember the noble and endless joy
Which the High School teachers opened for a wistful and
dreaming boy,—
The joy of the Poet's pages. They set the doorway ajar
To the paradise of the Muses where the mighty singers
are;
And with all my High School nonsense and fooling and
idle hours,
In that happy garden I wandered 'mid fadeless and beau-
tiful flowers.
And many and many Alumni more eloquent than I,
Still thank those friendly teachers and with gratitude
testify

High School Memories

To the solace and noble pleasure, the comfort and the
cheer,
Which the Poets give their disciples through year on
ripening year.
There are other joys and comforts, yet they perish and
have an end,
While Shakespeare or Shelley or Wordsworth becomes
an eternal friend,
An eternal friend who enchants us with high and
melodious dreams,
In the happy fabled meadows beside immortal streams.
Then gratitude to the teachers who made this solace ours,
And guided our youthful footsteps among the Muses'
bowers!

I remember, O, I remember, how often we left the town
To stroll where our little river goes winding and wandering
down.
O, I think I could linger forever beside that beautiful
stream,
Linger and loaf with my fishing-pole in dream on happy
dream;—
'Tis very easy dreaming when you fish in the Brandywine,
For old Marsh Preston caught the last bass back in
eighteen ninety-nine;
But the flowers still bloom in the meadows and bird-songs
fill the air,
And those who seek for Arcadia will find it right out there.
Our little river is still as fair, its deeps are as clear and
cool
As when we truants wandered there in the days of the old
High School;
And I reckon the present fellows go and fool round old
"Blue Rock,"
And feel the gleam of the soft June sun and the current's
cooling shock.

High School Memories

I reckon, if they stop to think, they're as near to heaven
out there
As they can ever hope to get in this wonderful world so
fair;—
But O, for the far-off High School days and that lost
youth of mine,
When I wandered and dreamed, a happy boy, by the banks
of the Brandywine!

* * * * *

Where are the many children from our Alma Mater's
breast?
Some dwell by the eastern ocean, and some in the mighty
West;
Some by the sunny rivers of the southland sweet and far,
Or where the Lake's mild billows wash northern shore and
bar.
Some—and I think none happier,—have never desired to
roam,
They know the long sweet winters and the summer days
divine,
On the hills of Chester County and in vales of the Brandy-
wine.
As one of the wandering children I know what longing fills
Our hearts for the Brandywine meadows and the Chester
County hills;
I know how our thoughts and affections go back to the old
home town
And the streets serene and shady where we rambled up and
down,—
The town where the gentle virtues still flourish as of old,
Where the folks are kind and friendly—kind folks with
hearts of gold,—
Kind folks who all too easily forgave our fun and noise,
And the trials they had to suffer from the lively High
School boys.

Old Miner Street

Ah, vanished afar and forever are the happy old High
School days,
And a soft and tender remoteness enwraps them in golden
haze.
The Present is blithe and heroic, young hearts still true
and warm,
And every morning is splendid with promise and golden
charm:—
Yet O, how the Past and its glory are freighted with faery
gold,
And Memory's magical story is the dearest that ever was
told!
Then praised be the bountiful Father who blends in each
human heart
In part a most buoyant hope, and of dear recollection a
part,
Who filleth our cups with wisdom, with joy and with wist-
ful tears.
And brighteneth with gleams from Heaven our swiftly van-
ishing years.

OLD MINER STREET

I

O WELL-BELOVED old Miner Street, in memory dear
to me,—
If Riley sang of "Lockerbie," may I not sing of thee,—
The street where stood the home remembered still from
childhood's hours,
With its garden and its pear trees and its sweet old-
fashioned flowers;
The rows of roofs and lofty chimney-stacks that stretched
away
Like magic fairy mansions at the dreamy end of day;
And all the friendly neighbors whom in those old days we
knew,

Old Miner Street

Who patiently endured our pranks, those neighbors kind
and true,—

The gentle dame who lived next door and made bright flow-
ers of wax,

And in her attic kept those never-fading flowers in stacks;
The mild old man across the street who mildly railed in
vain

Against the lads who shot their arrows at his window-
pane;

And other neighbors down the street who fled from their
backyard

When those same lads would hurl at them unripe pears
green and hard.

O boyhood hours on Miner Street,—they seem so far
away,

And yet I still remember them as if but yesterday!

I still recall the “barrels of fun” that made for many a
boy

Those golden years on Miner Street a long unending joy;

I still recall the minstrel-show we gave on Miner Street,

And how we let the ladies in at 7 cents a seat,

And how the tight-rope broke and let me down,—I still
recall

The way those ladies laughed to see my ignominious fall!

And when the minstrels on the roof their “Middle-man”
defied,

I thought those ladies laughing at his sorrow would have
died!

O, 'mid the thoughts of all the years the memories are
sweet

Of boyhood's happy days in that dear old West Chester
street.

O magic power of memory to wake the Long Ago,—

The winter nights when all the street was white with gleam-
ing snow;

Old Miner Street

The lovely April afternoons when robins warbling sweet
Among the maples, made a fairy haunt of Miner Street;
And autumn's drowsy-hearted hours when that dear high-
way old

Was heaped for happy children with October's leafy gold!
O I have wandered since those days in famous lands afar,
I've seen old Dublin's winding ways lit by the sunset star,
I've rambled in Alsatian towns and o'er the roads of
Rome,—

But still I love the little street of my first childhood home,
The little maple-shaded street with friendly houses lined
Of those angelic neighbors so long-suffering and kind;
The street where oft we heard the songs so well-beloved
and old,

"Ben Bolt" and "Old Black Joe" and "Silver Threads
Among the Gold";

The little street that leaves the town and leads across the
hills

By fertile farms and silent woods and softly-singing rills;
The little street that welcomes back at golden eventide
The weary lads of long ago who've wandered far and wide.

II

When well-beloved old Miner Street leads forth across the
hills

By fertile farms and silent woods and softly-singing
rills,—

It winds at first beside the grove where roving oft of yore
I saw the scenes of old romance beside the streamlet's
shore,

Where Rosalind and Robin Hood and Spenser's Red-Cross
Knight

And Chaucer's Pilgrims passed adown the woodland's
magic light.

I wonder if they wander still for children wrapt in dream
In Everhart's enchanted Grove by that enchanted stream!

Old Miner Street

And now the street becomes a road and reaches soon the
vale

Where flows the silver Brandywine by grassy mead and
dale,

And there by Bower's paper-mill from woodlands winding
out

It rambles down the sunny stretch where oft is heard the
shout

And happy laugh of happy boys who gaily dive and swim;

O still I hear those lusty shouts arise in memory dim,

I still recall the cooling stream and balmy sun, as oft

We plunged and plunged, then idled in the herbage green
and soft.

I still can hear the laughing lads who made us "chaw our
meat"

Before we donned our clothes and headed home for Miner
Street.

O happy-hearted boys were we at end of afternoon

As on the homeward way we sang this happy-hearted tune:

Green are the meadows,

Soft are the shadows,

Dear are the days by old Brandywine's stream.

Our little river

Ever and ever

Flows through the meadows and woods of our dream!

Now in the gloaming

Homeward we're roaming,

Sadly we leave dear old Brandywine's stream.

Flow, little river,

Ever and ever,

Flow through the meadows and woods of our dream!

And I remember how we went from Miner Street in June

And camped along the Brandywine beneath the summer
moon,—

Old Miner Street

Also beneath the summer sun, which shone so bright and
hot
That, spite of our desire to work, we thought we'd better
not!
And so we fished and loafed and dreamed, and dreamed and
loafed and fished,
And fondly hoped we'd get a bite, but found our hopes
were dished,
For fishing in the Brandywine, alas, is rather slow
As all the fish except tough carp were killed off long ago.

And I remember all the plates we didn't wash, and how
Our dinner-tent was overturned and eaten by a cow,—
That is, the tent or dinner was, I don't remember which,—
But anyhow that interview in retrospect is rich!
And I recall how one wet night the wind arose and blew
Our blanket and our shoes away; we were a sorry crew
That sat and held the tent-poles up and waited long for
day
With aching hearts and soaking suits,—and homes so far
away!

O boyhood days of joy and fun, of boyhood hopes and
dreams,
Of wandering by woodland paths and fairy-haunted
streams,
Of living through those days of gold among the meadows
wild,
So glad of heart, so free from care, like Mother Nature's
child,—
Where well-beloved old Miner Street led out across the
hills
By fertile farms and silent woods and softly running rills!

Later Verses

VESPERS IN OXFORD CATHEDRAL

O EVER sweeter swells the anthem, rolled
Triumphant and august down that white nave,
While heavenly music as from pipes of gold
Surges and sobs in wave on thunderous wave.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

TOWARDS heaven soar the stately triple spires,
Type of the faith my English fathers held:—
O kinsfolk sleeping in those Midland shires,
How have they ministered to you of old!

ELY CATHEDRAL

H OW lonely on her lonely isle she seems,
Lifting proud towers against the lone wide sky,
A lordly shrine enwapt in lordly dreams,
While the unheeding centuries sweep by!

EXETER CATHEDRAL CHIMES

WHAT benediction cheers the old-world street
As pouring from the old-world Norman tower
The great bells peal and clang at vesper hour
In cadence wild and high and heavenly-sweet!

Gloucester Cathedral

“THOU, LINCOLN, ON THY SOVEREIGN HILL”

I LOVE her for that Wordsworth held her dear,—
That Tennyson first sang within her ken;
The Gothic shrine most noble, most austere,
Queen of the east and monarch of the fen.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

OLD Wykeham's mighty minster I revere,
That still the old-time faith inviolate keeps;
But O its ancient aisles are doubly dear
Where saintly-hearted Izaak Walton sleeps!

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

MEN live and die, and still this grey tower stands
Mirrored eternally in Severn stream;
Men live and die, and sleep by Severn sands,
While this grey tower keeps watch above their dream.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

NOT monkish scroll, nor golden organ tone,
Not book of bard, nor word of holy sage,
Can argue like this mount of carven stone
The faith and glory of the Middle Age.

MATINS IN YORK MINSTER

THE gray-haired dean intones meek Cranmer's hymn,
The mellow organ storms and peals on high,
And solemn chants sweet as from seraphim
Stream to the shadowy roofs and fade and die.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

GOD-GIVEN faith was theirs who founded sure
This shrine august beside old Severn's shore;
Long shall their mighty monument endure,
By that faith sanctified forevermore.

St. John's College Garden, Oxford

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AT SUNSET

UPWARD and upward soars the mighty spire
High over Avon's slow and sleepy stream,
And through transfigured clouds of golden fire
It points men heavenward like some holy dream.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

HERE Chaucer's pilgrims sought the martyr's tomb;
Here still the pilgrims throng from every isle,
And in the Mother-Minster's ancient gloom
Seek some foretaste of heaven's peace awhile.

IN EAST LANCASHIRE

BENEATH these antique oaks on these green hills,
In Spenser's far-off and idyllic day,
Might "Colin Clout" and "Hobbinoll" have sat
Beside their sheep and piped the hours away.

IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE

A MID these quiet fields where Cromwell lived
I muse upon the tragedy of fate
That called him from his peaceful kinsfolk here
To rule a realm 'mid Whitehall's gloomy state.

BESIDE THE OUSE

IMMORTAL River, for one poet's sake
I roam to-day beside thy drowsy stream:—
Ah me, thy tranquil beauty still can charm
As when it flowed through gentle Cowper's dream.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE GARDEN, OXFORD

IMMURED deep in the heart of that grey town,
Meek scholarship's own paradise it seems,—
So fragrant and so warm with old-world flowers,
So wrapt around with reverie and dreams.

ROSES AND LAUREL

(Decoration Day)

ROSES and laurel for them
Who sleep in the silence apart;
The valiant, the noble, the true!
They deemed not if praise or renown
Should follow their deeds; they but deemed
That to die for the land of their love
Was honor's most simple behest.

Roses and laurel and soft
Violets strew on their graves.
Sorrowful flowers and sweet,
For the valiant, the noble, the true.
Tragic regret and wild tears,
O, how you rise at the thought
Of those fathers and brothers who lie
In silence enduring and deep!

Roses and laurels for them!
Remembrance shall glorify still
With each returning of May,
The heroes who saved our dear land
In the far-off and pitiful years.

Roses and laurel for these,
The veteran heroes who yet
Linger among us on earth,
Quiet and kindly old men—
Roses of friendship and love,
Laurels of tender regard
For the valiant, the noble, the true!

S. WEIR MITCHELL

LOVING and loved, he kept his heart of youth
To warm the wisdom of his hale old age;
And with what charm and sympathy he drew
"The days of old" upon his storied page!

Ave Carissime

AVE CARISSIME!

THE GRAVE OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(In April, 1893, John Addington Symonds was laid to rest in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, beside Shelley's *Cor Cordium* and not far from the violet-bank beneath which sleeps John Keats, on that sad and lovely hillside of which Shelley himself once wrote, "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.")

I KNEW not as I mused beside
Yon storied "slope of green access"
How soon another heart of hearts
Must seek this sacred earth's caress.

Yet even then with yearning eyes
He waited for the kind swift death;
In that high city of his dreams
In peace he drew his latest breath.

They bore him softly through the night
Across the streets of silent Rome,
And 'neath the old Aurelian walls
The weary pilgrim found his home.

He sleepeth here in holy peace,
The weary pilgrim sleepeth here,
Beside the Ariel whom he loved,
With Adonais dreaming near.

O kindly fate, whose gift exceeds
The wistful scholar's dear desire—
To sleep through the enduring years
Beside his Shelley's soul of fire!

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

SERENE as Plato's and as beautiful
His words that fell upon our happy ears
Day after day through all the golden term,
Making more holy Delphi's holy name
And Salamis and memoried Marathon,
Building anew the Athens of our dreams,
With Pericles, prince of that ancient world,
And Sophocles the crown and flower of all.
Great friendships and great memories seemed to throng
About us as we listened to the friend
Of Arnold and of gentle "Fitz," and knew
How Ruskin and how Lowell loved him well.

O kindly face lit with the radiant smile,
O wistful eyes where ancient sorrows lay,
And sympathy and crowning tenderness;
Deep, measured voice of wisdom and of charm,
That spoke with what authority, what grace,—
Stirring to noble aim and generous deed
And sight of stars above the mist and gloom!
No youthful heart so heedless but it felt
The blessing of that noble eloquence.

Gone is our master, and we seem to walk,
His student-friends, about an alien world
Uncheered, unsolaced,—save for memory
Of his great spirit and his golden words
August as Plato's and as beautiful.

WILLIAM JAMES

NOBLE and kindly teachers have I known;
Their names I cherish in an honored scroll,—
But none more friendly-kind than William James,
More noble or more reverent of soul.
Of that loved dreamer, prophet, poet, sage,
What memories I hold in heritage!

“Balm for the Souls of Men”

He taught a faith all other faiths transcending,—

How we may make this earth a heavenly place
Where shineth Truth serene with Love unending,

Illumined by the Spirit's radiant grace.

When shall I see again the God in him

Brighten and glorify our pathway dim!

Through all the years, eternal youth was his,

The heart and soul of an unaging boy;

What glimpses did he give of his glad faith,

What friendly tokens of his fadeless joy!

O, I may walk no more, save in my dreams,

With him along the shores of sunny streams.

“BALM FOR THE SOULS OF MEN”

(In William James' laboratory, a friend asked:

“What are you doing there?”

“I am seeking balm for the souls of men,” replied the philosopher.)

Balm for the souls of men,—

He sought for it through all his mortal years,

To heal men's heart-hurts and to dry their tears,

To make them whole again.

—O kindly master with the deep dark eyes,

And didst thou find, this side of Paradise,

Balm for the souls of men?

We saw thee many an hour,

In that old Harvard hall 'neath bowering trees,

Ever with infinite pains yet quiet ease

And heaven-sent power,

Questing for Light and Truth.

—O high of heart and with thy fadeless youth,

In memory I see thee searching still

For that medicament for mortal ill!

Gentlest and Kindliest

Balm for the souls of men,—
How from thy moving voice, thy eager pen,
It flowed,—we apprehend, who cherish yet
Those radiant hours, nor can forget
Thy glorious searching on the seas of time
For that whose blissful worth I may not tell
In my poor perishable rime,—
Albeit I loved thee well,
And in my dreaming see thee seek again
Balm for the souls of men.

GENTLEST AND KINDLIEST

(In Memory of Horace Howard Furness)

THE gentlest and the kindliest of men
Has gone at last from out our mortal ken,
But not from out our memories that keep
Vigils of love beside his tranquil sleep,
And in this season of the fallen leaf
Pour round his name our elegiac grief.

For his own self we loved this honored one,
And thereunto we loved him as the son
Of that old patriot sire* who walked these ways
And fought for truth in old heroic days,
The patriot sire whose more than ninety years
Won all men's reverence, won all men's tears.

Large measure of that father's lofty spirit
Did he the ever-loyal son inherit,—
The old-time courtesy, the simple creed,
The cheery kindness of word and deed;
The charm, the friendliness, the humor quaint
That made him seem half human and half saint;—
Thus cherishing and handing on the fame
Of an illustrious and noble name.

*Rev. William Henry Furness

Gentlest and Kindliest

Who, would not deem illustrious a long
And happy service to the Prince of Song,
A service that in ripeness of his days
Had gained for Horace Furness all men's praise,
All men's regard for his so splendid part
In celebrating Shakespeare's glorious art!
So deeply had he pondered Shakespeare's page
And mused and dreamed in that resplendent age,—
Its very thought and language came to be
A part of him,—its sane philosophy
That looked upon the world with genial glance
And saw in simplest things a high romance,
Yet deeply felt the tragedy and strife
That underlie the mystery of life.

Hamlet the dreamer, Lear distraught and blind,
Imperial Prospero, bright Rosalind
And all her lovely sisters, Jaques wise,
And Falstaff of prodigious wit and size,—
Or grave or gay, of high or low degree,
He loved them all with genial sympathy,
Knew them familiarly and drew from each
Some rare conceit, some gentle turn of speech,
So that with him we truly seemed to be
Made free of Shakespeare's matchless company.

Now have that kindly soul, that noble heart
Become of immortality a part,
Enriching with their wealth some vaster sphere
And shedding blessings surely there as here.
That cherished name shall now forever be
A beautiful and gracious memory
Of one who brightened the gray walks of earth
With sunny friendliness and cheerful mirth.

No more his noble books, his well-loved flowers
Shall minister unto his fruitful hours;

Long Junes Ago

No more the converse with its wit and grace,
The hearty hand-clasp and the beaming face;
No more the thoughtfulness that brought its cheer
To humblest souls and made them hold him dear;
For he the gentlest, kindest of men
Has gone at last from out our mortal ken,
But not from out our memories that keep
Vigils of love around his quiet sleep.

LONG JUNES AGO

(A Memory of Professor Albert Henry Smyth)

BEYOND the sighing boughs that snow
Their blossoms on thy early grave,
I hear thy voice—long Junes ago—
Far on the swinging ocean wave.

Long Junes ago—ah, what delights,
And how did youthful hearts rejoice
To listen through long dreamy nights,
Hearing thy golden-cadenced voice!

Long dreamy nights when all around
The golden moonlight softly fell,
And poesy's enchanting sound
Wove from thy lips a dreamy spell.

Enchanting sound, enchanting lore,
Long Junes ago, in soft mid-sea!
Enchanted, too, Killarney's shore,
Whose pensive charm we shared with thee.

Killarney's shore where "sweet and far"
The horns of elf-land faintly blew,
And every storied "cliff and scar"
With thee for guide we swiftly knew.

Gray cliff and scar through endless years
Stand up and take the storm and sun;
Oh, why must flow our wistful tears
When Heaven calls a gifted one!

Henrietta Emley Walter

Our wistful tears for thee must flow,
And wistful hearts must grateful be
For golden nights—long Junes ago—
Made magical by song and thee.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

GRIEF lies in countless sister-hearts to-day;
Mute is the widowed cause:
A nation mourns for her who led the way
Toward Heaven's ampler laws,—

For her who waged a ceaseless war and long
'Mid consecrating tears,
Assailing all the battlements of Wrong
Through sad, unresting years.

She passeth, but her memory shall live,
Her cherished name endure.
Ah, would that God to earth might oftener give
Such saintly souls and pure!

HENRIETTA EMLEY WALTER

I THINK there is less sunshine in the day
Since she the sunny-hearted went away,
Less cheerfulness for us who loved to greet
Our cheery, genial friend along the street,—
Now she has gone away.

What though ungentle storms might round her roll,
They could not rob the sweetness from her soul;
For as the wind-tost tree puts forth green leaf,
She ever gathered courage out of grief;
She ever grew in kindness and love,—
Dear qualities, all other gifts above;—
So sweet she was of soul.

True heart, we found it hard to see her go,—
Our sunny friend; and yet we surely know
How after life she hath her blissful rest,—
True heart, whose memory indeed is blest
With us who loved her so.

OCEAN REVERIES

*"So the great gray waves may roll
From the heart of that sombre sea;
I only know that its secret soul
Is akin to the soul in me."*

—Howard J. Truman

I

O ANCIENT Sea! once more
Upon the sands of thy wave-smitten shore
I stand. Thine olden harmonies I hear:
Like those of yesteryear
Are they,—and yet unlike, for passing time
Hath made them but more lovely to mine ear.
And as I list to the recurrent rhyme
Of thy green billows, or delighted gaze
On snowy sail and purple cloud,—
I muse on those glad early days
When first I looked on thee
And hearkened to thy surging voices loud,—
Vast and unaging Sea!

From my far inland home
Near one dear stream in lands of waving wheat,
I came and heard the music wild and sweet,
Where on long leagues of coast thy billows beat
And fling their wreaths of spumy foam.
Exultant and rememberable joy
Was mine!—A happy boy,
Along the banks of that dear homeland stream
Oft would I lie and dream,

Ocean Reveries

Lulled by its murmurous and gentle tones
Where over cool white stones
It danced and sang; and in my fancy's eye
I saw its waters join the distant deep.
But never till I saw the surge and sweep
Of thy dark tides, and heard the cry
Of white-winged gulls, or watched thy sunset sky,
Or saw the silent sails fade o'er thy rounding steep;—
O not till then did there come home to me,
 To me an acolyte in Beauty's halls,
 And one of Wonder's youngest thralls,
The mystery and glory of the mighty sea!

II

At this calm hour of noon
I rove along the curving beach
By wave-worn rock and drifted dune,
To gaze upon the ocean's sparkling reach
And hear the surges weave their sombre rune.
Beside the bar the fishing vessels lie,
While the bronzed fishers count their finny spoil
And rest them from their toil.
The veering sea-gull's lonely cry
Echoes unceasingly;
The languid billows rise and fall,
Lapping the weedy timbers of yon pier
With pulses soft and musical;
And high o'erhead the mists of cloud-land rear
Their snowy masses, pile on pile,—
A heavenly archipelago,
Isle after airy isle.

I gaze across the deep, and lo!
On the horizon far and dim,
A noble ship with canvas spread.
Stately and beautiful is she,
And white as is the foam of the caressing sea.

Ocean Reveries

Too soon, alas! below the shadowy rim
Of that fair ocean-meadow she has fled,
Veiling her spotless beauty's pride,
Like to some regal swan that would not be espied.

To what remotest islands of the sea,
O full sailed vessel, dost thou hold thy way?
To what blue Adriatic bay
Within whose circling shore
Was sheltered many a lordly argosy
Of golden Venice in the years of yore?
Or through long days of storm and shine
And wan, still nights 'neath stranger stars,
By reefs and buried bars,
Ploughing and ever ploughing through the crested brine,—
Wilt thou at last attain
The beauteous islands of the Indian main?

Perchance, majestic ship, thou art
Bound to some Libyan mart,
To trade in Afric's ivory and gold,
Or what the diamond-quarry yields;
And thine unresting way wilt hold
Through green Sargossa's weedy fields,
O'er southern oceans where the sun doth blaze
Unpityingly thro' long, long torrid days,—
Where sea-birds strange and lovely have their home,
Skimming the languorous foam
With sleepy wing of green or golden hue;
Where through the sultry night
O'er liquid wastes all silver-bright
Thy prow shall cut a path of livid blue,
While curious monsters of the deep
About thy sides with baleful eyes do peep
And thy brave mariners affright.

Thy destined port, fair ship, I may not know,
But still of thee I dream;

Ocean Reveries

And though the currents of the ocean-stream
Have carried thee beyond my ken
With sweeping flow,
And by these shores to fare again
May never be thy lot,—
Within one heart thou shalt not be forgot.
God speed thee on thy way,
And grant thee voyages safe until thy latest day!

III

This sunny morn
The breakers washed me up a curvèd shell,
Of its small tenant long forlorn,—
An empty and deserted cell.
I held it to mine ear,
And from its purple chambers seemed to hear,
Faint as the echoes of a fairy bell,
Strange tidings from that hidden world
Down in the emerald deeps,
Far from the billows' fretful moan
And sobbing monotone,—
Wide ocean-floors empearled,
Where fair sub-tidal forests wave
Their noiseless leafage in pellucid streams;
Where from the walls of many a coral cave
The soft sea-lantern glows,
Shedding its phosphor beams
On sponges, lucent fronds, and oozy weeds,
And all the viewless life that grows
In those unfathomed ocean meads,—
Fantastic realms more fair than have been sung
In old poetic story.

This fragile shell, methinks, hath clung
Unto the foot of some vast promontory
Deep-rooted in the underseas,
About whose rocky bases curled
The vegetation of the nether world,

Ocean Reveries

But on whose lofty crown the tossing trees
Moaned in the constant breeze.
Tall sentinels of some lone shore,
They little dreamed
That far beneath the wintry roar
Of those chill barking seas
Eternal summer gleamed!

Perchance came one sad day
When this wee denizen
Of that hoar cliff's deep base was torn away
By some wild current keen,
That severed with impetuous rage
Its ancient anchorage.
Up, up, 'twas carried then,
Through azure solitudes and aqueous glooms,
Past loveliest ocean-blooms
Colored with amber-gold and tremulous green,
And tincts that but the diver's eye hath seen;
Thence whirling high and far
Toward this our upper day,
At length it rested on a pebbled bar;
And there by ruthless theft
Of ravening fish the life was reft
From this wee, harmless thing,
And but the shell was left,—
Within whose hollow cavicles still ring,
Resounding sorrowfully aye
The echoes of its dole.

I'll bear thee to mine inland home, fair shell,
Far from the thunderous roll
And roaring of the salty swell.
There thou shalt chant for me
Thine endless elegy,
Soft harmonies to soothe the soul,
'Mid dusty uplands whispering, sweet as sleep,

Ocean Reveries

Cool memories of thy dreamed-of home
Beneath the bubbling foam
Of the complaining billows of the deep.

IV

For two long days and nights a storm hath raged,
And by this sounding shore
The angry armies of the deep have waged
Mad internecine war.
Ah, fierce and bitter was their fight
Upon the tossing champaign wild and white!
But now the serried waves have spent their force,
Sunk is each watery hill;
Though dimly still
The dying cadence of their sad remorse
Moans on the wearied strand.

This quiet evening from the tawny sand
I gather gleaming pebbles many a one,
Where yester-eve those harried pebbles spun
And chafed amid the churning flood
That whelmed the upper shore
With racing sheets of frothy scud,
And strewed the beach with graceful ocean-grass
And purple weeds in tangled mass,—
The lovely wreckage of the deep-sea floor.

This gathered ocean-grass, these pebbles fair,
Peaceful memorials shall be
Of that fierce strife of the embattled sea.
They shall recall to me
The swift on-coming of the gale;
The winds that now with sorrow seemed to cry,
And now loud-trumpeting their boisterous glee;
The clanking fog-bell's iron agony;
The ships with creaking mast and ghastly sail
Fast fading in the misty air,

Seeking for safety on the open sea;
The groaning piers; the low gray sky
Streaked with the driving rain;
The screaming fish-hawks hastening to the lee
Of yonder towering rock,
Against whose rugged sides the seas may knock
Long centuries in vain;
The mighty waves inrolling from the main
Crested with toppling foam,
Moaning and muttering on their way
From their mid-ocean home,
Like helpless giants rushing to their doom,
And at the last
Crumbling and tottering in ruin vast,
And pounding on the beach with thunderous boom
And clouds of seething spray!

But wildest anger is the soonest past;
So with that glorious storm,—
Glorious in beauty and in splendid power!
The quietude of this calm vesper hour,
These breezes warm,
Are like the stillness in some minster vast
After the stately anthem hath uprolled
Unto high heaven from a thousand throats.

The black bell-buoy that so lately tolled
Across the storm, now voiceless floats
On the low-heaving, glassy swell
Of that wide silver, silent main.
The ships that fled the tempest, once again
Display their sails afar:
Touched by the sunset's spell,
They seem,—mast, sail, and spar,—
Like phantom ships that swim in golden mist;
For lo! the splendors of the dying day
Transform the sky.

Ocean Reveries

An Eldorado fair,
A sea of billowy gold, hangs in mid-air,
En-isled with cloudy amethyst,
And bordered round with many an opal bay,
To which warm rosy rivers flow,
Laving with molten fire the crimson capes.

E'en while I look on that enchanted show
The gorgeous clouds assume strange shapes,
And towering high
They fill the arching sky
With pageantry fantastical,
Until I see in that majestic rack
The mythic monsters of the zodiac,
Moving in solemn, slow processional
Toward that far point where heaven's violet verge
Dips drowning in the ocean's sleepy surge.

O for a Turner's brush, a Shelley's pen,
To paint that fairest scene vouchsafed to men,
A sunset by the ocean shore,—
Its visionary spell,
Its glory and its sense of dreamy peace,
Its loveliness ineffable!

Too wondrous is that beauty to endure;
And even now it dies away,
Its evanescent splendors cease;
The soft dream-rivers roll no more,
And vanished is each lustrous bay;—
All, all are gone!
Then tranquil night begins her sway;
And silvery, cold, and pure,
The stars are climbing one by one
The azure steeps,
Up to the firmament's enroofing dome,
Till all their vast white galaxy
Is mirrored in the dreaming deeps;—

While still the drowsy foam,
Along the argent edges of the sea,
With liquid murmur low
Plashes in its eternal ebb and flow.

V

Like the remembered music of old songs,
Gray Ocean, is thy voice to me,
Chanting thy plaintive minstrelsy
Through the enduring years!
Wave after plunging wave prolongs
The same wild cadences that charmed the ears
Of men of old heroic days.

Immortal Homer hymned thy praise,
Singing the wondrous wanderer divine,
Ulysses,—faring o'er the perilous brine.
Sad mariner! what voyage can measured be
With his in legend or in history?
Not Argo's with its fabled fleece,
Nor his who sought to found the Latian line,
Nor his of Genoa whose high-souled quest
Bore him to unknown oceans of the west.
Thy billows ring to this our day
With echoes of eternal Greece,—
Chios and Cos and green Corinthian bay.
Vergil's resounding and imperishable lay
Gave to thy name an added glory;
And through the ages long,
In epic or in figured allegory,
Thy waves have echoed through the poet's song.

Wonder, and might, and majesty are thine!
And beauty changeless through the changing years.
Proud states and kingdoms fade into the past,
Bewept of human tears.
Forgotten is each vanished earthly shrine:
Thou only dost endure,

Illimitably vast,
Based on foundations old and sure;—
God's symbol of eternity,
And type of unimaginable power,
O'erwhelming in one little hour
The mightiest armadas of the sea,
E'en as that single billow yesterday
Swept foaming up the strand
And unrelenting washed away
The little forts and pyramids of sand
So fondly built by children in their play.

From the surf-thunders of thy stony beaches,
From the far voices of the central sea
Where white, reef-nested birds untamed and free
With tireless pinions sweep
Above those solitary reaches,—
There comes a message vast and deep.
To wearied man it calls,
To man enwearied with the fret and care,
The hurry and the heat,
That make these vaunted latter days unsweet.
Across the world it thrills;
'Tis echoed by the forests and the hills,—
By tenderest flowers fair.
Ah, blinded ones, will ye remain the thralls
Of custom and of cant?
Shall hoary Ocean chant
Its poetries unheeded? Shall it roll,
Yet rouse no echo in the sleeping soul?
Must nature's pleadings unregarded be?

Thy shoreward and familiar places,
O many-centuried Sea,
Belovèd are and fair;
Yet to my fancy, as it seems,
The images that we behold in dreams
Most beauteous are and rare.

The Song of the Nautilus

So when I rove once more the homeland hills
Near one dear stream in lands of waving wheat,—
The Brandywine, fed from a thousand rills,
Winding by willowed banks with music sweet,—
And think upon the unseen spaces
Of thy mid-deeps remote,—
Visions shall greet me of the magic boat
Of that wee mariner of summer seas,
The Pearly Nautilus,—upon whose shell
The sun hath wrought, the rainbow laid its spell,
The loveliest of all the creatures strange
That o'er the sea's blue territories range;—
And borne on some imaginary breeze,
Faintly resounding on the ear,
The strophes of its silver song I'll hear:

SONG OF THE NAUTILUS

My silent way I am plying
Afar from the haunts of men,
Over the billows flying
In the lonely sea bird's ken;
Far from the shelving beaches,
Far from the breakers' roar,
Out on the wide sea-reaches
Trailing my amber oar.
Cradled among the surges
Here in the sapphire sea,
I drift where the warm wind urges
My elfin argosy.
Waving my streamers airy
I stem the silver tide,
And rove by the lands of faery
Where the winsome mermen bide.
O'er emerald surges swinging
For many a magic mile,
I hear the sirens singing,
I sail by Circe's isle.

But when the waves are weaving
Their symphonies of woe,
I flee from their sombre grieving
To the twilight deeps below.
Then when the storm is over,
Up from my shadowy home
I wander, a fearless rover,
To rock in the shimmering foam.
From the noise of the world's bewailing
My happy life is free,
In the golden sunlight sailing
Alone on the lovely sea.

ON READING A HISTORY OF ENGLISH FARMING

THE farm-life of five hundred years ago,
Its sowings and its harvests, here are told;
O what ancestral love of country life
Awakes in me at this rich tale unrolled!

AMERICAN APPLES IN BISHOPSGATE

THE sight and tang of these red beauties here,
On London fruit-stalls, set my heart athrill,
And for a space I feel a western wind
Blown from old orchards on some homeland hill.

SUNSET IN VENICE

GOLDEN and rosy vapors float like dreams
And glorify each tower and palace old;
And all these strange and silent water-ways
Are wondrous avenues of running gold.

ALSACE

LAND of my fathers,—many an hour I longed,
Watching from Strasburg's walls thy mountains blue,
To see the hour, now haply close at hand,
When thou to France allegiance might renew!

The Greek Dancer

BETRAYED!

GOETHE and Schiller, Mozart, Wagner, Kant:
How is your noble land of Thought and Song
Betrayed by men who sneer at solemn oaths
And plunge the world in woe, nor hold it wrong!

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

SO late in life beginning?—Yes, what tales
Throughout his middle years he might have wrought!
Yet who would lose the rich autumnal gold,
E'en though with summer's largess it was bought?

ALFRED NOYES' EPIC OF "DRAKE"

THE old august heroic voice I hear
Chanting afresh of England's glorious prime,
In rolling measures of harmonious rime
Worthy of Milton's high memorial year.

ON READING JOHN ERSKINE'S POEMS IN VAN CORTLAND MANOR GARDEN

THROUGH drowsy hours the warm old Garden throws
Upon the drowsy air its summer sweets,
While here I ponder on how warm a heart
Of musing passion through these pages beats.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT'S LETTERS

SAVORING of balsam-breath and salt sea airs,
And sweet with scents from dreamy gardens old,
They tell of happy years and friendships deep;
They show a loving soul, a heart of gold.

THE GREEK DANCER

(A Pastorale)

*WHAT vision of pastoral charm do we see,—
What maenad or maiden of Thessaly she,—
Terpsichore's self can it be?*

She moves to sylvan music, girt with flowers
And flinging balmy blossoms as she moves

The Greek Dancer

With rhythmic steps across the luscious green;
And for an hour we dream of Hellas old,
Of woodland ways and woodland harmonies
And far-off fabled visions long forgot.
Softly she moves, and O so wistfully,
The gentle, silent shepherd-girl; no words,
No joyous song, no silver laughter hers,—
Only the charm of dancing loveliness,
Of flying color and of scattered flowers
And faery ribbons fluttering in the breeze.

*O shepherd-lads, pipe us, O pipe us your fill
Of mellow-breathed measures from Dorian hill;
Your pastoral measures pipe still!*

Now like a young Bacchante cometh she,
With vine-leaves garlanded and purple grapes,
In wild abandon down the orchard slopes;
And now she passes on with stately flow,
A summer-queen among the golden sheaves,
Laden with golden corn and harvest flowers
And wisps of hay,—like to some pasturale
Shaped by a Tuscan painter long ago.

*O daffodil girl from the valleys of Greece,—
O fresh from the realms of Arcadian peace,—
Ah me, must thy dancing e'er cease!*

A Past long-dead awakens at the touch
Of her most magical, most gracious art;
Green Dorian woodlands, vales of Sicily,
And old Italian harvest-fields once more
Pass with authentic grace before our sight.
— O dance forever, wistful Dryad, dance
To Doric music of the rustic pipe,—
That hearts grown weary may once more grow warm
And thrill with olden raptures such as stirred
Theocritus hearing the shepherd flutes

As Winter Wanes

'Mid plaint of doves and drowsy bleat of sheep
Far in the vernal fields of Sicily!
Dance on, O dance, and weave thy pensive charm
Round hearts grown weary; fling thy flowery spells
As Perdita once flung in mid-wood green!
And though thy joyous presence fade away
With evening's light,—let not the spirit lose
The blissful memory of thy grace, thy charm,
Thy sisterhood with sylvan gods of old.

*Alas, she has vanished! No more is she seen;
The shepherds are trailing their pipes o'er the green;
We grieve for our lost shepherd-queen.*

AS WINTER WANES

OH, let us fondly dream, as Winter wanes,
Of his sweet child the sunny Spring,
And long to see her rove adown the lanes
Where early blue-birds sing!

Not many be the days ere we shall hear
The brooks take up their ancient song,
In purling cadence soft and silver-clear
The forest-side along;

And see the fragile crocus lift her face
From out her bed of freshening sod,
Living her little life with happy grace
And thankfulness to God.

The jocund robin from the tree will trill
His roundelays of vernal mirth,
And odors sweet arise where farmers till
The brown and mellow earth.

The first brave swallow o'er the silent pond
Will skim with dip of rapid wing,
And fill the beechen solitudes beyond
With tender twittering.

To the South Wind

The water-willows budding by the brook
Will arch it with an amber screen,
And the long-cloistered scholar leave his book
For forest-alleys green.

Then grieve not, ye with drooping hearts who pine;
Soon will young Spring renew her birth,
Upspringing joyously as Proserpine
From out the fragrant earth.

Not always will the hills be hid in snow,
Not always will the skies be gray;
Beyond our little hour of present woe
There waits some brighter day!

TO THE SOUTH WIND

DEAR South Wind, O sweet is thy blowing,
Sweet is thy murmur by grove and creek,
Here where the air was filled with snowing
And the world was white but yester-week.
Dear South Wind, when the Winter dying
Looked on a land that was bare and drear,
All for thee were our fond hearts sighing,
All for thee and thy sunny cheer.

Hail, O hail to thee, blithe new-comer!
Out of the dreamy south-lands blown,
Out of the lands of endless summer
Far in the realms of the soft mid-zone;
Where all the air with song is laden,
And sunlight sleeps on the purple vine,
Where the shepherd pipes to the listening maiden
In drowsy noons 'neath the shady pine.
A thousand charms from those lands thou'rt bringing,
Waking the flowers on heath and hill,
Filling the forest-side with singing,
With sweeter music each silver rill.

The Return of Spring

Dear South Wind, O sweet is thy blowing,
Sweet is thy murmur by grove and creek,
Here where the air was filled with snowing
And the world was white but yester-week.

THE RETURN OF SPRING

COME Spring, O Spring, sweet morning of the year,
Too long delaying in thy pensive dreams;
Come with thy festal mirth, thy woodland cheer,
Thy tender leafage and thy lucid streams.
Bid laggard Winter go unto his rest,
And pelt him thither with thy rathest flowers,
That like the dying sun in rosy west
He know a glory in his latest hours.
Yea, let him go; for thee our hearts are yearning,—
Awake, awake, fair Spring, and gladden earth with thy
returning!

Come with thy soft and fragrant April rains
And overbrim the pure, sweet-watered rills
That murmur through the meadows' grassy plains
And tinkle down the hollows of the hills.
Come, waken with thy sweetly-breathing spell
The golden daffodils and violets blue,
And gem with joyous tears the crocus-bell,
And fill the tulip's cup with silver dew.
O down the valleys let us see thee straying,
And in the greenwood let us hear thy fairy music playing!
Awake, and with thee wake each vernal thing,
Each wildwood bloom and every budding spray:
And may we hear the sylvan warblers sing
Whilst thou dost show new beauties each green day.
With thy soft airs bring pale anemones,
Those tender sweetlings of the dawning year,
And baby-buds upon the willow trees,—
And all the verdure nature holds most dear.
Then wake, delay no more, O sweet new-comer,
Thou gentle younger sister of the golden-hearted Summer!

April's Here!

APRIL

SINCE Chaucer's antique day when joyously
He sang of April's birds and fragrant showers
In green old England, this most tender month
Has been the theme of song. Who would not pay
Full tribute to young April's wondrous charm!
Her mingled smiles and tears, her sun and rain,
Her fresh and luscious herbage, little leaves
And first frail wood-flowers, ever touch the heart
In each succeeding Spring with fuller joy.
Most wilful, most beloved, doth April seem
Of all the year's twelve children, tenderest
And deepest dowered with wonder, of them all!

APRIL'S HERE!

HOW beautiful it seems,—
A day in April, when the breeze
Is blowing fresh and sweet,
After a night of dripping rain;
And in some lofty tree,—
Some sycamore or oak or odorous pine,—
A joyous bird is shouting,
Shouting his jubilation abroad
In the fresh-breathing wind!
Hope and happiness are in his song.

It is blossom time!

It is nesting time!

Blow, blow thy flute, happy bird;
Blow and warble and shout
In a rushing rapture of song,
And tell the waking world
That *April's here!*

The Blackbird

ENCHANTING GIFTS

ON many a green and golden hill
Bloom violet and daffodil;
The trees forget their wintry grief
And put forth leaf by tender leaf;
In many a moist secluded dale
Blow aconite and wind-flowers pale;
The blackbird in the hemlock high
Utters his sweet delicious cry.

Shall we not praise the Father, then,
For these enchanting gifts to men!

THE BLACKBIRD

OF all our birds I love the blackbird well;
The blackbird is my joy.
When I was but a boy
I came beneath the blackbird's fairy spell,—
O can you wonder that I love him well!

Beside the Brandywine I heard his song,
In morns of early March;
He fluted from the larch
In magic tones that held me long and long,
In those wild morns of March.

It seemed no mortal music that I heard,
In those sweet mornings wild.
I was a spell-bound child,
Rapt by the rapture of a simple bird,—
A fairy-haunted child!

O, can you wonder that I love him well,—
That each returning Spring
I yearn to hear him sing
And thrill me with his old remembered spell,
With that old magic that I love so well!

May

ROBIN, DEAR

ROBIN, dear,
 With thy voice of gold,
Sing to me now
As in days of old!
Sing to me now
From thy crimson breast
Glad-heart songs
That I love the best,—
Thy simple joy
In the golden grass
And the elfin winds
That whisper and pass,
Thy simple faith
In the bloom of May,
Dogwood wild
And apply spray,
All the Springtime's
Joy untold,—
Sing it, Robin,
With voice of gold!

MAY

WITH flush of buds on every spray
 The fields and groves are bright with May,
And every hill and grove is seen
Clad all in fresh and luscious green;
The gentle sheep and placid cows
On sweet and tender herbage browse,
And little lambs disport and bleat
By rivulets of water sweet.
The woods with half-grown foliage seem
Wrapt in a soft and misty dream,
And all the land in blithesome May
Seems deckt for one long holiday.

JUNE

THE bright soft skies, the gentle airs of June,
Its fields of daisies nodding in the breeze,
Its fragrant hay-fields ripening for the scythe
On upland slopes, its clover drowsy-sweet
With stored-up honey,—who can e'er forget
These charms of mild mid-June, or who desire
More beauteous memories than those of days
When great white clouds sail over wheat-fields green,
With sweep of mighty shadows, and afar
Fade down behind the hill, while every hedge
And leafy grove is musical with song,
With twitter and cheeping of the joyous birds,
Heart-full of sunshine. O the magic hours
Unmatched, of this all-perfect month,
Young golden-hearted June, queen of the year!

JULY

THE land is dreamy and the air is sweet
With hum of reapers in the golden wheat.

Far off the robins call at early morn
With fairy notes as from a fairy horn.

The bees drone round the silken hollyhocks
And murmur 'mid the beds of purple phlox.

The locusts in the lofty branches croon,
And frogs in marshy lowlands chant their tune.

By country streams through all the sunny day
The bonnie country children romp and play.

From spreading orchard-branches bent and old
The harvest-apples hang their fruity gold.

In calm content and peace all things abide
In this serene and calm midsummer tide.

Midsummer

MIDSUMMER

Morning

THE breeze is stirring, small wings are whirring,
And up from the heart of the glade
Soft mists arise from the sacrifice
Which the dew to the dawn has made;
And sweet and clear to the listening ear
Come the matins of winged throngs,
And the leafy woof of the forest roof
Is thrilled with their wondrous songs.

Noon

Each lily white and poppy bright
Is wrapt in a golden dream;
From the regal rose one petal blows
And drifts on the lazy stream.
That happy hummer of soft midsummer,
The golden-belted bee,
Is droning over wide fields of clover
And basks in that fragrant sea.

Evening

Fireflies are brightening with elfin lightning
The dusk of the drowsy eve,
While afar is heard the lonely bird
That doth ever grieve and grieve,—
The soft-eyed dove whose notes of love
Betray a hopeless breast,
A song of sorrow with no to-morrow
Of joy for its sad unrest.

Night

The lucent light of the queen of night
Is burning at heaven's crest,
And high and far in her silver car
She sails to the sleepy west.
But all too soon the lovely moon
Will leave the heavens dim,
As she dips below the isles of snow
And meets the world's blue rim.

AUGUST

SOFT August mists drift o'er the drowsy fields
And wrap the land in peace; no sound is heard
Save when some solitary crow far off
Calls with sad note, or when the lone wood-dove
Grieves by the woodland edge. The vast white clouds
In peaceful navies drift across the sky
Where high and far a lonely buzzard wings
His lonely flight. The fragrant gardens glow
With flowery splendor, and by sleepy streams
The soft-eyed cattle browse in velvet grass
Beneath old willows,—while the popped dream
Of August broods o'er all the silent land.

SEPTEMBER

BY what signs do we know September here,
Most drowsy, dreamy month of all the year?

Across the quiet fields of yellowing corn
The crows are calling in the misty morn.

In sunny beds of phlox the droning bees
Are sipping dripping sweetness to the lees.

The purple grapes make golden all the air
With musky odors languorous and rare.

Folded in mystery at slumbrous noon
The far-off hazy hillsides seem to swoon.

From orchard boughs ripe apples one by one
Drop and lie mellow in the misty sun.

Borne on soft winds the thistle's downy seeds
Float o'er wide meadows rich with pungent weeds.

Down from the lofty gum-trees quaint and old
Drift silently the leaves of red and gold.

October

In tranquil fields the cattle lie and dream
By the green marge of many a lazy stream.

By these signs do we know September here,
Most dreamy, drowsy month of all the year.

OCTOBER

O SPIRIT brooding by the sleepy stream
Or pacing down the leaf-strewn woodland aisle,
I think no trouble can disturb thy dream,
No sorrow shade the sweetness of thy smile,
For the full-ripened year
Hath won rich largess from each teeming field:
The orchard-boughs droop with their ruddy yield,
And down the wind come sounds of autumn carols clear.

Far, far away thy sister April stands,
Her balmy eyes the home of happy tears,—
Young violets and bloodroot in her hands:
Ah, can it be that faintly-borne she hears
The robin's elfin flute
Blown in thy waning forests? Doth soft grief
Stir at her heart because the yellowing leaf
Is falling and thy glades too soon stand lorn and mute?

Yea, grief may stir her soft and girlish heart,
Queen as she is of fresh and budding flowers.
Not so with thee, dear Spirit,—far apart
Thou reckonest the drowsy-footed hours;
To thee sweet is the tune
Of pensive winds that rob the swaying rose
And shower the turf with fragrant-petalled snows;
And sweet the chestnuts dropping 'neath the hunter's
moon.

Thou smilest still,—and lo, in every dell
The asters and the regal golden-rod

Autumn Rain

Drowse day by day beneath thy charmed spell
And greet the scented wind with dreamy nod.

Ah me, thou smilest still!—

All day thy wide champagnes lie bathed in mist,
Hung o'er with clouds of vaporous amethyst
That fail at eve and fade beyond the lonely hill.

Thou smilest still,—as in the loved far days

When young Persephone with startled call
Was rapt from Enna's starry-blossomed ways
Bearing with her the summer's self and all

The flowery wealth of Greece.

Thou smilest still,—and thy calm restfulness,
O Spirit of Enchantment, comes to bless
Our fevered hearts with its unvexed and golden peace!

AUTUMN RAIN

I SAT by a western window
Reading from old Montaigne,
While the yellow leaves were sifting down
In the wash of the autumn rain.

When sudden a far piano
Sent forth a Beethoven strain,—
Sonorous and resonant and sweet,—
O'er the grieving autumn rain.

And the spell of that splendid music
And the wisdom of old Montaigne
Seemed blent in a happy harmony
As I watched the autumn rain.

Ah, little guessed the player,
Pouring that wild refrain,
How the yearning melody reached one heart
Through the sob of the autumn rain.

Farewell to October

O thanks to the unknown player,
And thanks to old Montaigne,
For the memory they made for me
Of that day of autumn rain.

FAREWELL TO OCTOBER

*"I love Old October so,
I can't bear to see her go!"*

SO wrote Riley in his rime
In a golden Autumn-time
Long ago; and still they tell
(Those old verses) of the spell
Of October's waning mood
As she fadeth down the wood
Where beside the glassy meres
Weeping willows drop their tears,
While the rainy twilight grieves
'Mid the soft and sodden leaves.

Or upon a misty morn
When the crows across the corn
Call and call through sleepy hours,
There among the gipsy flowers
Old October wanders lonely
By a plaintive brook whose only
Song is of the Summer fled.
While the golden, brown and red
Leaves along the roads are strewn
By the winds whose wailing rune
Is an elegy that sighs
Under sad and sombre skies.

Dawns of rose and amethyst,
Eves suffused with golden mist,
Forest pathways paved with gold,
Drifted down from branches old;
Tangled wealth of weed and vine.
Berries stained with woodland wine;

Christmas Eve

Pensive walks by drowsy streams,
Haunt of reveries and dreams;
All must vanish with the spell
Of the Month we love so well.

*"I love Old October so,
I can't bear to see her go!"*

DECEMBER NIGHTS

DEAR hearts, why should we fill the soul with sorrows,
When song and dream and music all are ours?
Why darken life's sweet days and glad to-morrows,
When Poetry can cheer like summer flowers?

When song and wistful dream and music golden
May wrap us round like tides of summer flowers,
Shall we not sit and muse on ballads olden,
And drink the honeyed heart of wintry hours?

In days to come, dear hearts, we shall remember
How song and dream and music all were ours,
When, deep in drowsy nights of old December,
The Poets charmed us as with summer flowers.

The snow, the moonlight, Winter's every glory
Will fade at last with time's remorseless hours;
Oh, let us lull the dying year with story
And song and music sweet as golden flowers!

CHRISTMAS EVE

WHILE day is fading down the sky
And softly falls the snow,
We'll sit within the ingle's light
And muse upon that wondrous night
Long centuries ago.

Christmas Eve

For on that peaceful eve was born
A little holy Stranger.
Upon no silken bed he lay;
His pillow was a wisp of hay,
His cradle was a manger.

No inn of all wide Bethlehem
Would shield the tender Child;
So forced was he to lay his head
Where oxen lowed and horses fed,
Beside his mother mild.

Not wrapt in naperies of price
Nor princely vestments he;
But swaddled was the Prince of Light
In linens all of fairest white,
In pure simplicity.

The night was dark, ah, chill and dark!
A deep calm held the earth;
Yet all transfigured was the place,
Lit with the glory of his face,—
That Babe of heavenly birth!

The shepherds saw his star on high,
And rising up straightway,
They left their little lambs in fold,
And faring far o'er hill and wold
They came to where he lay.

Rich offerings with them they bare
Whose wealth may not be told,—
The orient pearl and balny myrrh
In silver ark and canister,
And frankincense and gold.

The Salvation Army

And bending low these gifts they laid
At their meek Saviour's feet.
O precious gifts, O blissful sign!
For cold is every pagan shrine;
Now rules this Infant sweet!

He rules, and Fear and Dread no more
Shall hold their hated sway:
Bright as the silver-beaming star
That lit the shepherds from afar,
He brings the better day!

And hark, along the wintry sky
Ring carols sweet and wild,—
Resounding o'er the happy earth
The glorious tidings of the birth
Of this celestial Child!

That angel choir their anthems chant
Through lands remote and wide,
Proclaiming to the sons of man
How Peace and Love their reign began
Upon that holy tide.

* * *

So while to-night the holly bough
And mistletoe we weave,
We'll think upon that wondrous Boy
And all he brought to earth of joy
On that first Christmas Eve.

THE SALVATION ARMY

HERE in the street they call on humble men
To follow One who loved the lowly more
Than folk of pomp and power;—across the way
A church stands empty with a fast-shut door.

YULE-TIDE'S HAPPY PEACE

AND only Love keep in your hearts a place—
At this most holy season of the year
Doth it not come with consecrating grace,
This prayer of Wordsworth our high Poet-Seer!
Love that makes brothers of all men of earth,
The child-sweet Love that lives and cannot fail,
Warm as the fire that cheers the dear home-hearth,
Pure as the snow that whitens hill and vale.
Deep in the treasury of the tranquil mind,
O friends,—ye of sweet faith and hope elate,—
Let Love this gracious day be firm enshrined
And Envy barred forever from the gate.
So shall ye build the temple that endures,
And Yule-Tide's happy peace be richly yours.

DECEMBER

THE ruddy hearth-fires gleam and glow
Across the weird December snow;
The rabbits race beneath the moon;
The frozen beggar asks a boon
At doors that never turn away
A helpless waif near Christmas Day.
The happy children free from school
Enjoy each hour of happy Yule
With merry, merry, harmless noise,—
Dear rosy girls and ruddy boys!

From wide old kitchens comes the sound
Of doughnuts rolled and spices ground;
The pantry shelves are heaping high
With apple tart and pumpkin pie.
So comes the Christmas Day and goes,
'Mid frosty dawns and sparkling snows.
Then, as the closing of the year
With solemn portent draweth near,

The family by the evening fire,
Crowned with content and heart's desire,
Thank God for all the blessings given
That make this earth a door to Heaven.

ROBERT TYLER

(*A memorial tablet in old Bruton Church, Virginia*)

“*POET, Philosopher, Statesman, Gentleman,*”—
That noble record Time can not efface
While loyal love keeps green in memory
His old-time Southern courtesy and grace.

TO A SOUTHERN DAMSEL ARRAYED IN A
GOWN OF THE ANTIQUE MODE

SO might some Southern lass of long ago
Have looked when gathering roses in the dawn
Beside some stately Old Virginia home
Fronting upon a dreamy length of lawn.

TO GEORGE CABOT LODGE

THE winds of your fair “almost-island” home
Sing all the old immortal songs for you;
There, magical the music of the foam,
And every old thalassian fable true!

TO EDWARD T. BIDDLE

WYNKYN de Worde was old Caxton's heir,
And Johann Byddell next to Wynkyn came;
Hence thou, who lovest well their ancient craft,
Right fittingly dost wear an honored name.

TO J. R. S.

STURDY Virginian, dear to thee the charm
And majesty of every noble tree;
How many an orchard, grove and ancient farm
Have taken on new life, new strength, through thee!

A Home

BESIDE THE FIRE

HOW good it seems, this wild and stormy day,
Beside the fire to dream the hours away;
Or, turning Shelley's well-loved leaves again,
Hear his high music throbbing through the rain!

TO J. M.

FOUR themes, old friend, delight thy kindly heart
And fill thy fancies with unfailing cheer,—
Thy Country's annals, Nature's beauteous face,
Great-hearted Books, and Children fair and dear.

TO A. J. M.

IN all thy family's happy work and play
Thine is no minor or uncertain part,—
Kindly inspirer of their noblest dreams,
Of all their deeds the center and the heart.

A CHILD'S FACE

I LOVE to look upon that dear child's face;—
What winsome kindness and contentment there,
What innocent wonder in her dreamy eyes
Beneath her clear brow and her soft brown hair!

A HOME

I KNOW a home beneath a noble oak,
A happy home, made beautiful with books
And all fair things,—whose smiling windows gleam
With gold and crimson as the setting sun
Goes down the dreamy valley.

Joy and peace

Abide within that home; and, best of all,
A child, a winsome child, transfigureth
The house's cheer and charm with holy power
Of innocent and wondrous babyhood.

Child's Slumber Song

LITTLE LEON

SO quaint and so sweet, little Leon, thou art,
Child with the hair of gold,—
Who that knows thee but gives his heart
To Leon, five years old!

Thy father's mirth and thy mother's grace
In thy winsome glances shine;
Scarce have I seen a sunnier face,
Little Leon, than thine.

Dreamy-sweet be thy golden years,
Child with thy soul of joy.
Soft, O soft, be the wistful tears
That touch this bonny boy!

CHILD'S SLUMBER SONG

STILL is every birdie wee
And the stars are gleaming;
Sweetest visions wait on thee,
Darling, in thy dreaming!

Elfin bowers dost thou see
And the fairies dancing?
Happy will my Dearest be
At the sight entrancing!
Mother by thy little cot
Sees thee softly smiling,
Dreams whereof she knoweth not
Thy sweet sleep beguiling.

On the morrow morn the sun
At thy window peeping
Will awake our little one
As she lies a-sleeping.
Now the heavens starry bright
Keep their watch above thee;

Child of Melody and Light

Slumber softly through the night,
Knowing how we love thee.

Come, to Dreamland let us start;
Mother's love enfolds thee,
Safe within her happy heart
She forever holds thee.
Father with his sheltering arm
From mischance will hide thee;
Little Darling, fear no harm
While we are beside thee.

Still is every birdie wee
And the stars are gleaming;
Sweetest visions wait on thee,
Darling, in thy dreaming!

CHILD OF MELODY AND LIGHT

CHILD of melody and light,
Be thy years serene and bright,

Beautiful as sunny May
Till thy life's autumnal day.

Face the future high of heart;
Cheerful, loving, act thy part.

Cloud and storm must come to all,
Soon or late some shadow fall.

Let thy soul be fortified
For what sorrow may betide.

With thy heart in Heaven's care,
Keep thy glad and joyous air.
—'Tis for thee my warmest prayer.

"Peacherino"

TO A DREAMING CHILD

WHAT beautiful dreams, what dreams of joy,
Have come, my bonnie, to thee?
Art thou drifting drowsily, drifting now
In a ship on a faery sea,—
On a faery sea whose froth and foam
Bear thee far from the fields of home,
Far on the sapphire sea?

What wondrous islands wait thee there
Afar on the sapphire sea,
With magic woods of purple gloom
And flowers on a grassy lea,—
On a grassy lea where birds fly over
Daffodils, daisies and honeyed clover
Abloom on the windy lea?

I see thee smile in thy dreams, my dear,
And I know that the faery foam
Which floated thee far on the phantom sea
Is bearing thee back to home,—
Back to home and the little nest
Where throb the hearts that love thee best,
Here in thy own dear home.

"PEACHERINO"

LITTLE darling, full of mischief,
Full of sunshine and rejoicing,
Droll delight and merry humor,—
Peacherino!

Like a humming-bird in summer
Flying, flitting round the roses
With a golden shine and shimmer,—
Such thy faery charm and brightness,
Peacherino.

“*The Age of Innocence*”

In the years that lie before thee
Keep thy merriment and sunshine,
Keep thy cheery charm and brightness,
Spreading happiness around thee,
Little darling,—Peacherino!

LOVELY AND LOVABLE CHILD

LOVELY and lovable child,
Delicate-fair as a flower
And dear for thy maidenly charm,—
I could pray that no happier fate
Befall thee than, careless of gold,
Of fashion and fame and “success,”
To live as the spirit appoints,
Growing in sympathy, faith,
In ardor and joy of the soul,
And crowned by the consummate gift,
Love, that can look with disdain
On perishing things of the hour,
Love that can lift and console
And yield thee contentment of heart,
Peace and ineffable joy,
And lead thee in heavenly paths,
Victorious, glad and serene.

This would I pray be thy fate,
Lovely and lovable child,
Delicate-fair as a flower,
And dear for thy maidenly charm.

“THE AGE OF INNOCENCE”

(*A Painting by Reynolds*)

BBETTER than all his dames of high degree
This sweet and simple maiden seems to me,
Compact of charm and sunlight, joy and tears,—
Eternal type of childhood through the years.

Lavendar

HEART OF JOY

THE singing dawns of April,
The rosy breath of June,
And Autumn's gentle wistfulness,
Are all with thee in tune.

The silver of the starlight
The white foam of the sea,
The sunny river's radiance,
Are sisters all of thee.

For thou art made of music,
A spirit blithe and bright;—
God keep thee so forevermore,
O heart of joy and light!

LAVENDAR

AS to a wanderer on some far sea
Come happy visions of his native shore,
So doth thy gentle fragrance bring to me
Sweet memories of the days that are no more:

Of far-off days when in my childish joy
I sauntered in the garden paths with her
Whose grey and tender wisdom taught the boy
To love the fragrance of the lavendar:

Of later days when 'neath the attic roof,
Among old chests, while sadly fell the rain,
I gazed with misty eyes upon the woof
Of fragrant silks she ne'er would wear again.

O like the lavendar's faint breath to me
The visions of the dear, remembered years,
When that one calm and gracious face I see
Arising through the halo of my tears!

At Brandywine Manor Church

IN THE CHURCH

THE sorrowful soft organ blows
Across the golden air
And fills with solemn harmonies
This home of holy prayer.

A maiden bends her graceful head
Across the yellowed wood;—
Among those kneeling worshipers
None seems more pure and good.

She hears the yearning organ thrill
With melodies divine
Below the triple windows high
That softly gleam and shine.

She sees the white-stoled singers pass
Below the lofty screen,
Like phantom forms beneath the trees
In woodland twilights green.

My heart was fed on other faiths,
A simpler creed is mine;
But yet for me the English Church
Is filled with grace divine.

So stately and so beautiful,—
Grey English Church serene,
Keep safely through all years to be
The gentle-souled Kathleen.

AT BRANDYWINE MANOR CHURCH

GAZING from this high stately house of prayer
O'er league on league of wood and peaceful farm,
I seem to breathe a sweet and wondrous air
And feel an old-time faith's most solemn charm.

“Efficiency”

WASTE NOT YOUR HOUR

O WEARY women, with few hours of ease,
Whose time is taken up with clubs and teas—
Waste not your hour! Learn wisdom in the fields
From birds and roses and the murmuring trees.

O, weary men, whose business lets you find
Small leisure for the masters of the mind—
Waste not your hour! Pause now and then to dream;
Let up a little on your steady grind.

Go back, my friends, to your forefathers' days;
Revive their calm, serene, untroubled ways.
Waste not your hour! The gods look pitying down
While human hearts grow cold and faith decays.

Waste not your hour! Turn from the noisy street,
And hand in hand with little children sweet,
Find God again among the forest shades,
By river shores and fields of waving wheat.

The follies of the time the soul devour;
God calls to you in every lovely flower;
O, heed His voice ere yet it be too late—
Drink deep at Nature's fount; *Waste not your hour!*

“EFFICIENCY”

(“*Life is better than efficiency.*”—Sir George Grove)

HOW godless the “efficiency” that makes
Men selfish seekers for an earthly goal,—
Ruthless, victorious, trampling others down,
Large in “success” and piteous small in soul!

A World of Silver

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

(A Youthful Portrait)

AS in a bud lies hid the perfect rose,
So here high consecration, saintly grace,
Unending love and all-victorious hope
Lie soft foreshadowed in this clear sweet face.

IN APRIL

ONCE more the green and golden days come back,
With song of birds, and buds and swelling shoots;
And far across the hills of dream I hear
The mellow music of the shepherd flutes.

THE SUMMER MOON

THE yellow moon is swimming o'er the sky
Like some vast galleon floating high and far,
A derelict adrift on heavenly seas
And wandering on from star to lonely star.

SEPTEMBER BY THE BRANDYWINE

SLOW feed the cattle in the drowsy meads,
Slow fall the leaves upon the lazy stream
That loiters 'mid the flowers and golden weeds,
And the calm days glide by like some rich dream.

A WORLD OF SILVER

MYSTERIES of rose and silver when the sun was
dropping low,
Then the twilight's faery shadows pencilled on the silvery
snow;
And at last the moon, a silver galleon ponderous and
slow
Swimming o'er the silver silence of the dreaming world
below.

Old Irish Songs

AT NARRAGANSETT PIER

LONG strolls beside slow-winding Indian streams,
Rich talk in rosy meadows by the sea,
Slow lingering sunsets on the windy lea,
Music and moonlight beautiful as dreams.

THE HOTEL BLENHEIM

IN queenly grace above the ocean strand
It lifts its splendid beauty far and high,
And fair as in some Venice of our dreams
Rise towers and domes against the deep blue sky.

SHOP-SIGNS

"PRINGLE and Pretty," "Hoover," "Culver," "Culp,"
"Crocker and Pozzett," "Kasser," "Zindel,"
"Zook":—

How might some Dickens, gleaning names like these,
Make them immortal in a merry book!

A LECTURE ON OLD FRENCH SOCIETY

LIKE odors faint from out an old rose-jar,
Or forms that o'er an ancient arras pace,
There passed before us for an hour a far
And faded world of antique charm and grace.

"THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE"

WHEN spirit-voices call her from all care
To pass unto a lovelier land than this,
O blame her not, that dreamy girl and fair,
Whose heart so yearneth for the Land of Bliss!

OLD IRISH SONGS

WHAT love, what yearning went to make their charm,
Their wistful tenderness and wild despair,
Voicing a thousand years of Ireland's grief
From Donegal's grey cliffs to lone Kildare!

To My Books

AFTER HEARING OLD ENGLISH SONGS

THE busy present seemed to melt and fade,
And back to blithe old English country ways
She carried us in dreams that golden hour
With madrigals and glees and shepherd lays.

AT A BEETHOVEN RECITAL

WHAT dreams and yearning reveries awoke,
What loved melodious memories untold,
While through the wintry sunset into dusk
The golden music murmured, surged and rolled!

AFTER A CHOPIN RECITAL

THE cold blue moon hung low among the trees;
Deep in the frozen woods the winds made moan;
And through it all I heard great harmonies,
Yearnings and hopes and dreams of wondrous tone.

RUBINSTEIN'S "SPHAEREN-MUSIK"

LIKE country-songs some lovely girl might chant
Across the harvest fields at close of day,
So seem those strange, sweet old-world melodies
That laugh and sob and softly die away.

MEMORIES OF HOME

A STRANGE enchantment haunts the dear home hill,
My heart it yearneth for the dear home stream,
And odors from remembered roses fill
The music and the magic of my dream.

TO MY BOOKS

I STREW soft roses sweet with early dawn
Among your leaves because I love you so.
O who will find these flowers when I am gone,
And learn how well I loved you long ago?

IN BEAUTY'S QUEST

I WANDERED wide in Beauty's quest,—
To see her face I followed far,
I could not pause for ease or rest
But still must chase my fleeting star.

With eager feet at morn and night
I searched for her by hill and stream,
But never to my yearning sight
Appeared the darling of my dream.

Heart-sick I vowed I would forego
My gipsy quest for evermore,
And turned me home at last,—when, lo,
The lost Sweet-heart beside my door!

ODYSSEUS

FAR did he fare upon the wine-dark sea,
Divine Odysseus, weaver of all wiles!
For many moons he lingered in the isles
Of fair enchantresses, though fain to flee,
And ever longed his own dear land to see.
Yet was he doomed to visit Hell's dark aisles
And wander sore-distraught for weary miles,
Ere he might greet again Penelope.

O wondrous Wanderer! what voyage can measure,
In legend or in history, with thine?
Not fabled Argo's with its golden treasure;
Nor his who sought to found the Latian line;
Nor his of Genoa, in western seas
Touching on isles rich as Hesperides!

Old Romance

SAPPHO

O SAPPHO, last and loveliest Muse,
Thou Flower of starry Song,
How have thy golden fragments lived
Throughout the ages long!
The red, red apple hanging
High on the topmost bough,—
Ah, wistfully as in thy day
We watch that apple now.
Sweet childhood still enchants us
As in that old-world hour
When thou didst cherish one sweet child
Fair as some golden flower.

The roses,—dear, undying,
By faery shores that blow,
Whose bloom and fragrance touch us yet
From out of Long Ago,
The violet light of sunset
Across the violet sea,
The crocuses and daffodils
That star the emerald lea—
All these are thine unfading
Throughout the ages long,
O, Sappho, last and loveliest Muse,
Thou Flower of starry Song!

OLD ROMANCE

(On Reading the Celtic Poems of Lionel Johnson)

GREY Merlin in Broceliande,
'They say, is sleeping still;
His wizard spirit haunteth yet
Broceliande's dim hill.
*The mystery of Old Romance
Dies not, nor ever will!*

The worldly strive thro' weary days
Their coffers deep to fill;
Romance, they hold, long since is dead,
Forgotten Merlin's hill.

Nay, Uther's son in Avalon
Roams yet by mead and rill;
The ancient glamor of his name
Haunts Usk and Severn still.

If custom's thralls with gleaming gold
May furnish chest and till,—
That Arthur roams in Avalon
To them doth nothing skill.

Ah yet, tho' we may proudly prate
Our news of mart and mill,
Grey Merlin's spirit haunteth yet
Broceliande's dim hill.

*The mystery of Old Romance
Dies not, nor ever will!*

SCHILLER

ABOVE the dreaming thunders of Beethoven,
Above the Minnesingers' joyous throng,
One poet chants for me his golden numbers—
Schiller, the tenderest heart of German song.

Not Heine's wistful charm and lyric feeling,
Not Goethe's mighty muse serene and strong,
Can e'er surpass my memoried affection
For Schiller, tenderest heart of German song.

O student days of mine, long lost forever,
Let me not do your memory the wrong
Now to forget that kindly friend you gave me—
Schiller, the tenderest heart of German song!

At Concord

YOUNG POE BESIDE THE HUDSON

BESIDE the dreamy river
I meditate and dream
And wonder if forever
The phantoms of my dream
Will sail the dreamy river—

For silent and forever
In soft delicious stream
Adown the dreamy river
Soft pageantries do stream
Enthralling me forever—

Far flows the dreamy river,
From underworlds of dream
And drowsy ghosts forever
From poppied fields of dream
Pass down the dreamy river—

And drowsily forever
They beckon from the stream
As down the dreamy river
They pass in sleepy stream
And leave me lost forever—

Lost by the dreamy river
In poppied dream on dream
And wondering if forever
The phantoms of my dream
Will sail the dreamy river.

AT CONCORD

FROM Harvard's halls how well I loved to roam
By Concord's hills and woods and winding streams,
And muse by Hawthorne's home or 'neath the trees
Where Emerson was wont to weave his dreams!

At the Burial of Lord Tennyson

AT THE BURIAL OF LORD TENNYSON

AS I roamed in Oxford's ancient meadows, by her classic
stream,
Came the word that England's Laureate now was passed
beyond life's dream.

Sleeping in October's moonlight, Shakespeare's volume by
his side,
He had crossed the bar, and drifted now on heaven's
eternal tide.

Leaving then those dreamy meadows, far I fared and
mused awhile
Where the Poet's long-loved landscape reaches mile on
verdant mile
To the shore where ancient ocean laves that green and
ancient Isle.

Then in London's mighty Minster I beheld the noble state
Of the solemn service, 'mid the sleeping dust of England's
great,—
Kings and statesmen, saints and poets, levelled by one
common fate.

Up the solemn aisle they bore him, solemnly with honors
meet;
And I watched them as they laid him reverently at
Chaucer's feet,
While the ancient Abbey echoed with great music heavenly
sweet.

October, 1892

Woodberry's "Wild Eden"

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

OUR SHAKESPEAREAN

THREE centuries did Master Shakespeare wait
For an interpreter whose gift should be
Upon his mighty verse to meditate
With wit and sense and sweet humanity;

Pursuing merrily through every Play
With genial satire and with kindly jest
Those grave Malvolios of an elder day,
Johnson, Malone, and Capell, and the rest;

A sage whose library, like Prospero's,
Was dukedom large enough, where year by year,—
'Mid stout old tomes and lordly folios
Shut up in measureless content,—with clear,
Fine touch he did illumine the Master's page
With light that shall renown our prosy age.

A WELL-LOVED AUTHOR

HE kept his youthful soul unto the end,
What though the well-loved face grew worn and
thin,—
For youth and life and love were doubly dear
To his warm heart that breathed them through "Hugh
Wynne."

ON READING WOODBERRY'S "WILD EDEN"

COLUMBIA,—thy like I have not seen
Since old-world Oxford charmed my happy eyes,
Grey old-world Oxford tranquilly that lies
Dreaming amid her river-meadows green.
Augustly seated like a stately queen
On thine acropolis, thy beauty vies
With all thy sisters' charms; yea, strange new ties
Enthrall me as I watch this noble scene.

The Sky-Lark of the Poets

Yet one rich voice I miss ; I come too late
To hear his golden lore, his Attic dream :—
Yet while his lyric page I meditate
This summer eve by Hudson's lordly stream,
I still may hear—most gracious and elate—
The Plato of this little Academe.

THE SKY-LARK OF THE POETS

THROUGH English verse rings forth the sky-lark's
song ;

And I have loved it long,—

In *Shakespeare's* page, and *Shelley's*, and in one

By *Frederick Tennyson*

Less known but not less lovable. They each

Report his heavenly speech ;—

In radiant music beautiful and bright

They sing his starry flight.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!

* * *

Sound of vernal showers

On the twinkling grass,

Rain-awaken'd flowers,

All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh,—thy music doth surpass.

* * *

How the blithe lark runs up the golden stair

That leans through cloudy gates from Heaven to Earth,

And all alone in the empyreal air

Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth!

Of all the poets' songs none do I hear

With more delighted ear

Than hail the lark, "blithe spirit" of the air,

With raptures of despair.

Wordsworth's grave eloquence has won my heart ;

And *Watson's* later art ;

And *Mackay's* lilting song ;—each poet stirred

By that small wondrous bird!

The Sky-Lark of the Poets

*Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.*

* * *

*Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vexed region at my feet,—
Alas, but one have I!*

* * *

*O bonnie bird, that in the brake, exultant, dost prepare
thee—*

*As poets do whose hearts are true, for wings that will
upbear thee—*

O! tell me, tell me, bonnie bird,

Canst thou not pipe of hope deferred?

*Or canst thou sing of nought but spring among the golden
meadows?*

*Now, as I close my book, and by the fire
Dream to my heart's desire
Of larks that lilt across the poets' page
Untouched by grief or age,—
The Ettrick Shepherd's artless verses stream
Across my musing dream,
And wake once more the old unclouded joy
I felt when but a boy
Chanting them idly in the glad sunshine
Beside the Brandywine:—*

Bird of the wilderness,

Blithesome and cumberless,

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place.—

O to abide in the desert with thee!

To Herbert Bates

TO HERBERT BATES

(On his "*Songs of Exile*")

TRUE Ocean-lover thou, who far from home,
From old sea-fronting cliff and streaming beach,
With Poet's vision yet dost reach
Across the wide still plains to where the foam
Surges and seethes all day,
Flinging its flaky spray
O'er many a league of dripping oozy rock
Whose sides are seamed and tortured with the shock
And thunder of a thousand stormy years.
The viking's blood along thine every vein
Doth live again!
The ancient sea is sounding in thine ears;
And joy unto thy heart 'twould be,
Where hovering gulls are flying
Beyond the curlew's crying,
To climb the tossing ridges of the wild white northern sea!

Keen mariner, who dost rehearse
Thine ocean-love in passionate verse
Ebbing and flowing in recurrent tides,—
About thy book abides
The sweet fresh touch and tang of salty waves;
And glowing o'er thy gladsome staves,
Still for the hundredth time there comes to me
The charm and mystery,
The strange weird wonder and delight,
The sleeping indolence or whelming might,
Which men have celebrated in the sea
Since he of Chios hymned his Odyssey.

Poet of Ocean, chanting foam-born strains
'Mid vast drear western plains,
Not wholly do the prairies lack thy praise—
Dead ocean-floors of old primeval days—
And thy poetic thinking,
Far-sundered ages linking,

To a Friend

Is like the lonely fir-tree sung by thee,
Which dreaming of its hilly home
Above the flashing foam
Where the rough world-edge meets the sea,—
Though barred from dear-loved strand and sound of
 plunging wave,
Still murmurs to the prairie Songs of Exile sweet and
 brave!

THE SILENT POETS

“‘**O**F the lost Paradise much hast thou told;—
 Of Paradise found what hast thou to say?”
So spake young Ellwood, sitting at the feet
Of him who sang in stately harmonies
Man’s first transgression and unhappy fall.
“Of Paradise found, what hast thou to say?”
Grave Milton answered not the Quaker youth,
But sate in pensive muse, his mighty soul
Stirred by new visions; and in later days
The second epic greeted Ellwood’s eyes.

High is the poet’s joy: ’tis his to muse
On truth and all fair things, and to enshrine
In silver words the image of his dreams.
But what of those whose friendly wisdom oft
Doth shape his visions,—silent poets they,
Who cherish in their hearts unwritten songs
And hymns that gladden all the secret soul!

TO A FRIEND

I

AMONG thy garden’s golden flowers
 We stood at sunset, thou and I,
And watched the crimson clouds and gold
 Make glorious the western sky.
A splendor filled that western sky
 And held us with its spell divine;

To a Friend

We felt akin to men of old
Who worshipped at some antique shrine.
But never from an antique shrine
Died out the splendor and the light
More swift and sorrowfully dim
Than paled that tract of heaven bright.
What though it paled, that heaven bright,
Like sails on visionary seas,—
We know that Beauty still survives
For us who are her devotees!

II

Far down across the summer woods
We heard the summer thunders roll,
While in the deepening twilight hour
I heard the story of thy soul.
The moving story of thy soul,—
Ah, how it woke my wistful dream
And brought from half-forgotten years
Grey memories in ghostly stream!
I saw them pass, a ghostly stream
Of well-loved hopes, ah, lost for long!—
Dear hopes that haunt my vision now
Like echoes of a vanished song.
Yet who would wake the vanished song
Or live again old years of dream,
When Faith and Beauty beckon on
And fill each morn with golden gleam?

III

How Milton's music filled thy heart
In thy rich youth, thou oft hast told;
While still I held that Shelley's page
Had filled my dreams with songs of gold.
With heavenly airs and songs of gold
Did Shelley haunt my happy youth,
And yet like thee I oft must turn
To Wordsworth for sage words of truth.

To a Friend

He spoke to thee sage words of truth,
He held me captive hour on hour,
Whose simple love embraced alike
The lofty peak, the lowly flower.
Yea, he who loved the lowly flower
I know is on our hearts enrolled
With Milton and his music high,
With Shelley and his songs of gold.

IV

Beethoven's symphonies august
I heard thee play; and from that eve
In many an hour of reverie
His mighty song doth sob and grieve.
Adagios that sob and grieve
Have held me ever with their spell.
Enchanting is their pensive charm,
Their mystic power I may not tell.
I may not fathom, may not tell
The reveries that flood the soul
While stately harmonies august
Thou pourest from Beethoven's scroll.
Twice blest, who from Beethoven's scroll
"Ineffable art born along,"
And dost with sympathetic pen
Portray his "deep harmonious song"!

V

A boyhood vision came to thee,—
Long years ago it seems, how long!—
In music strange a voice was heard
That bade thee give thy soul to Song.
And thou hast given thy soul to Song
And followed still her starry gleam,
And she has yielded many a flower
And sent thee many a golden dream.
From flower and star and golden dream
Thou wovest still a fabric fair,

Her Memory

And ever through the silken woof
Has run a thread of music rare.
O visionary music rare
That woke thy wonder as a boy,—
Still may it bless with fadeless flowers
Of innocence and peace and joy!

AT BUCK HILL FALLS

GOD'S free air blows about these mountain crests
Sweet with the breath of oak and pine and beech,
And ever sounds in accents soft and low
The forest's mystic speech.
Among these highland haunts of bird and flower
Primeval peacefulness and beauty brood;
No echo of the restless world may rise
To this green solitude.
Nature's unceasing music here is heard
In tumbling cataract and foaming stream;
And far above the white clouds poise and drift
Calm as a summer dream.

Ah, sweet it is to banish for a space
The weariness and tumult of the street,
To thread wild upland paths and ferny glades
In this remote retreat;
To contemplate these mighty slopes serene
Where league on league the shadowy woodlands roll,
And find in murmurous leaf and sunset cloud
Renewal of the soul!

HER MEMORY

(*To D. H. W.*)

SHE seems to linger still as in a dream
In this old home beside the silver stream,—
A sweet and gracious memory, making bright
The lonely house as with a spirit-light.

Saint Patrick

LONGING FOR IRELAND

(*St. Patrick's Day*)

O KINDLY of heart are the children of Erin,
'Tis they are the patriots loyal and true.
Daughters and sons of the land of St. Patrick,—
O but the heart of me's longing for you!

It's down in the west by the fairy Killarney,
It's far in the north by the Donegal shore,
You'll find hospitality there by the plenty,—
How my heart longs for you, Erin asthore!

Where are the names that have more of the love in them,
Cork and Kinvarra, Dungarvon and Clare,—
Dear old home-places beloved all the world around;
O but the heart of me longs to be there!

Kinsfolk of mine in the green County Armagh,
Sure, Ireland knows you for kindly and true:
Here at the feast of the holy Saint Patrick
O but the heart of me's longing for you!

SAINT PATRICK

GREEN Ireland, circled round by the ocean green,
Home of a kindly race, of a kindly faith,
Of folk who from ancient years have loved thee well
And have mingled their ancient faith with their love for
thee,—
Of old did Patrick, the holy, walk thy fields,
Pastured the sheep and prayed in the lonely hours,
Prayed in the forests and far on the mountains and moors,
And ever dreamed of heaven and home as he prayed.

In Ulster he wrought, and in Leinster, many a year,—
In "the Gospel's net" bringing men to the harbor of life.

Saint Patrick

By shores of rivers turbid and deep and swift,
By waters of Boyne and mighty Shannon he passed;
Through valleys sweet with the lowing of peaceful herds,
Sweet with the tinkling bells of sheep that roamed
Amid the shamrock and deep in the clover blooms,
On hillsides yellow with gorse, on mountain heights,—
Old Slievenaman where the purple heather blows,
And the larks pour out to the sun their passionate joy,—
O'er moorlands grey in the twilight's wizard gloom,
He passed,—that noble Saint,—and won to his love
The flower of Ireland's sons with his wondrous words.
Warriors and lords and kings before him knelt;
Lowly and simple men forsook old faiths,—
Old druid rites revered by their earliest sires,—
To follow Christ's Apostle forevermore
In his new and holy gospel of heavenly love.

To holy Patrick, valorous, meek and wise,
With his mien majestic, his gracious and kindly ways,
Men listened gladly, moved by his power divine.
To a warlike people he preached the dawn of Peace;
To chieftains and princes he preached humility;
To the druids and bards, a faith more marvellous,
More strangely sweet, than the faiths of elder time.
And over the emerald fields and the heathery hills,
Over the shamrock meadows and mighty streams,
Rose hymns of praise for Christ who reigns from the
Cross,

Hymns for Christ who befriendeth the humble and poor,
And little children, and men despised of men.

In Armagh sleepeth Patrick? or far in Saul,
In Glastonbury, or by Downpatrick's wave?—
No man may tell,—But long as the ocean green
Shall lave thy lonely cliffs and emerald fields,
His holy name, Green Isle, shall revered be
As Christ's Apostle who taught thy early folk
The kindly faith that blends with their love for thee.

Our Ancient Mother

OUR ANCIENT MOTHER

(Harvard College)

HOME of the heart is she, of youth eternal,
Of joy and dreams and fadeless April hours,
A dedicated shrine of Truth supernal,
A garden lovely with the Muses' flowers.

By mystery and beauty is she haunted,
By sorrow born of sweet and loyal tears;
Hers is the glamour of old days enchanted,
And hers the pathos of the vanished years.

"In our dear Attica" each antique portal,
Each quaint colonial hall and elm-swept green,
Is hallowed with remembrances immortal,—
How magical their beauty and how keen!

Yet sadness mingles with her golden graces,
For those red walls dear recollection keep
Of voices musical and memoried faces,
Of comrades gone to their eternal sleep.

How has she stirred the soul to finer vision,
How has she waked the will to fuller might!
And how revealed in reveries elysian,
The upward pathway beautiful and white!

With tranquil tenderness and wistful pleading,
She calls her sons to seek the noblest good;
Not fretful nor insistent, nay, but leading
Through silent power of her great motherhood.

The blessings of that motherhood we cherish,
High heritors of her majestic Past;
Old Harvard's holy memories cannot perish;
Grey tower and ivied wall they shall outlast.

Beside the Sea

Serene, august, magnificent and hoary,
In splendor rich, and rich in great renown,—
Her children's love is yet her chiefest glory,
And "*Veritas*" her sweet, sufficient crown.

BESIDE THE SEA

I SOMETIMES wish that I might be
Alone beside the lonely sea,
With only wife and children there
To make the golden hours more fair,
And one low room whose walls are lined
With long-loved books to cheer the mind.

O how enchanting it would seem
Through quiet hours to muse and dream,
And there beside the drift-wood fire
To talk and laugh to heart's desire,
Or watch the bonnie children play
And romp beside the ocean spray!

And often by the sea we'd read
Old songs of love and knightly deed,
Old ballads out of Ireland brought,
Fair tales by William Morris wrought,
And blithe romances many a one
By well-loved Louis Stevenson.

And every happy dawn of day
We'd ramble by the tossing spray,
And listen all the afternoon
Unto the sea's romantic rune.
— Would not such days delightful be
Beside the wild and wondrous sea!

The Isle of Dreams

A SEA-MEMORY

I KNOW a sea-beach where the land comes down
In wild green marshy meadows to the sea,
And ends in flat grey rocks and tawny sand
Whereon the tireless ocean-tide doth creep
And crawl in languorous summer's sleepy days,
Or moan and thunder through the dreadful nights
Of deep midwinter, yet hath left unchanged
That stretch of flat grey rocks and tawny sands.

Here, many a dreamy August afternoon,
Along the moist, hard sand-slopes have I paced
And watched the whitening breakers roll and curve
And plunge, sending a sheet of watery green,
Flecked all with bubbles and with frothy foam,
Far up across the grey sands to the base
Of those grey rocks, then fleeting leave behind
Myriads of little shells and weedy froth,
While melancholy ocean sadly moaned
And blent his murmurs with the cries of gulls
That swept his tossing crests with tireless wing
Along those marshy meadows by the sea.

THE ISLE OF DREAMS

O SWEET are the verdant valleys,
And fair are the silver streams
That flow by the fragrant alleys
Afar in the Isle of Dreams!

There from dawn to the gloaming
Under the dreamy trees,
Sweet to list to the foaming
And murmur of fairy seas.

And when the moon is waning
All in the rosy morn,
Sweet is the soft complaining
Of fairy flute and horn.

The Bodleian Library

Lying among the roses
There in the greenwood deep,
The wanderer reposes
Wrapt a magic sleep.

Faint and far-heard singing
Falls on his raptured ears,
Elfin echoes ringing
Out of the fadeless years,

Filling his soul with sorrows,
Melting his heart with ruth,
Dreams of sad to-morrows,
Visions of vanished youth.

Full of a soft regretting
He slumbers till dewy dawn,
All the present forgetting
Living in days long gone.

O sweet are the sleepy shadows
That haunt those sleepy streams,
And sweet to lie in the meadows
Afar in the Isle of Dreams!

“MUSA REGINA”

(A Painting by Henry O. Walker)

LO, here the Sovereign Muse inspires her son;
He gathers power from her triumphant eyes.
Through his bright song high victories shall be won
And heroes fired to deeds of great emprise!

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

THE world hath not another home like this
Of antique quietude and cloistered dreams;
The deep-browed student here is wrapt in bliss,
And Oxford's ancient light around him streams.

Princeton University Library

HARVARD LIBRARY

AN endless summer-tide of lettered peace
Here have I found through long, long winter hours,
Wandering in academes of golden Greece
And England's gardens of poetic flowers.

BROWN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

(The Harris Alcove)

ACROSS the dreamy college green it looks,
Beneath old dreamy silence-haunted trees.
Here would I anchor by this isle of books
And gather apples of Hesperides!

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ON this acropolis the city's noise
Seems nothing, and its tumult faint and far;
A sanctuary this of noble joys
Whose portals ope to heaven and every star.

AMHERST COLLEGE LIBRARY

IT seems the heart of that green college town,
'Mid those green hills and near the fair green river;
And in its quiet alcoves one might drown
All memories of the noisy world forever.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

IN that calm house, from Virgil's folios
To Princeton's own true poet* did I roam.
So kind the welcome that its guardians gave,—
Each peaceful alcove seemed to me like home.

*Henry van Dyke

The Children's Reading-Room

VASSAR COLLEGE LIBRARY

WISDOM and peace and beauty have their home
In this high house adorned with Gothic grace;
And happy they who read immortal books
In so serene and beautiful a place.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY

IMMURED among old memory-haunted trees
And wrapt around with quiet Quaker spell,
How it hath ministered to chosen youth,
How waked their hearts to wisdom—who may tell!

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE LIBRARY

SERENITY and peace and sunny dream
Have laid their blessing on these graceful towers,
And airs august from Old World Oxford seem
To breathe among these courts and cloistered bowers.

A LIBRARY BY THE SEA

(Cohasset, Mass.)

HERE twice a day the tidal waters rise
And flood the green salt meadows with soft foam.
How fitting, that beside the eternal Sea
Eternal Literature should have a home!

THE CHILDREN'S READING-ROOM

(New York City Public Library)

WHAT would we not have given in childhood's day
For such a realm of dear delight as this—
Where wrapt in sunshine, beauty, color, joy,
The little readers spend long hours of bliss!

Across the World

THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

AS one who watched old Norman builders raise
Pillar and glorious arch against the skies
In holy and devoutly patient wise,
To stand at last through all enduring days
A temple and a home for God's high praise,—
So do I watch pillar and arch arise,
And muse how o'er the city's grieving cries
This solemn pile its consecration lays.

Columbia's sons: the great goal is not near;
Adown the decades shines the starry lure
And calls you on through year by patient year.
From yon slow-rising Minster learn this truth—
He buildeth Godward steadfastly and sure
Who buildeth firmly in his splendid youth.

ACROSS THE WORLD

(The Centennial Year of the American Bible Society)

SLOVAK and Zulu, Muskokee and Kurd
Alike may freely ponder on the Word;
Latin and Lettish, Filipino, Greek
In this old Volume may for solace seek,—
So wide across the world, through joy, through tears,
Has gone the Bible in these hundred years.

It missionaries have reached the friendly hand
To men of every creed in every land;
Bearers of love to nations wide and far,
For them all gates have gladly stood ajar;
In paths of pleasantness they ever trod,
Rejoicing thus to serve the living God;—
So wide across the world, through joy, through tears,
Has gone the Bible in these hundred years.

Grandfather's Farm

Yeomen of Iceland through their long, long night
Have searched the Scriptures and have found the light;
Fijians, Irish peasants, Persians, Poles
From its loved leaves draw comfort for their souls.
The Servian, the Seneca, the Swede,
Each in his home-land tongue its page may read;—
So wide across the world, through joy, through tears,
Has gone the Bible in these hundred years.

And when we think how on the Flemish plains,
Amid high Alpine snows, and Russian rains,
Soldiers of every warring nation lay
Hatred aside and seek at close of day
The peaceful page and yield them to its spell,—
Our gratitude beyond all words to tell
Goes out to God who gave his servants grace
To bear the Word to every land and race.

LURGAN

(In the County Armagh)

I LOVE thee, Lurgan, for the legends dim
Inherited from thy ancestral earth,—
The kindly parish, whence my kinsfolk drew
Their share of Irish drollery and mirth.

GRANDFATHER'S FARM

I MUSE to-night on recollections sweet with fadeless
charm,
The far-off unforgotten days on dear Grandfather's Farm,
Far in the southern region of that fertile county wide
Where silver Susquehanna rolls its gleaming dreaming
tide.

O memory, call back once more those dear old days,
and bring
To weary boys a cooling draught from that delicious
spring.

Grandfather's Farm

Bring back again the apples, big and rosy-red and
bright,—

I still can hear them thumping down in quiet of the
night!—

And waft to me the musky scent of purple grapes once
more,

And pears whose yellow mellowness we loved so well of
yore;

Bring back the luscious berries on the tangled brambles
there,

And the quaint old-fashioned melons with their flavor
sweet and rare!

And let me hear again the birds we loved so long ago,
The robins fluting 'mid the apple-blossoms' pearly snow,
The meadow-larks that called across the valley wild and
sweet,

And black-birds and bobolinks that piped above the wheat.

How beautiful in memory beside the quiet road
The old brick house knee-deep amid the fragrant flowers
that glowed

In peaceful summer beauty! There the bright corchorus
flowered

Beside the trellised porch with honeysuckle all embowered,
Where in the dreamy Sunday afternoons of long ago,
Dressed in our best the little cousins sat,—a happy row,
And listened to the stories which the older folks would tell
About *their* childhood doings,—O I still recall the smell
Of that sweet-breathed honeysuckle, and I still can hear
the bees

That mixed their droning murmurs with the drowsy sum-
mer breeze!

I still can smell the warm sweet grass wherein we loved
to lie

And watch the great cloud-fleets that sailed across the
silent sky;

And far beyond, we seemed to see the heavens shining
through
On us enchanted children from those skies of summer blue.

Those days are gone, and those old folks now sleep
in quiet rest;
But still the cloud-fleets fade afar down in the sleepy west.
The flowers that bloomed by those old walls have faded
many a year,
And all those happy days live but in recollection dear;
And other children dream beside that porch 'mid other
flowers.—
O may their memories be half as beautiful as ours,
Be half as rich in recollections of the wondrous charm
Of far-off unforgotten days at dear Grandfather's Farm!

JOHN N. RUSSELL

(1804—1904)

I THINK of it with mingled joy and tears,
The quaint old Farmstead where he used to dwell;
For he is gone who loved it long and well,
With her who walked beside him through the years.
He long has gone, but Memory endears
The well-loved place, and still a pensive spell
Breathes from its silent loneliness to tell
Its hallowed story to our yearning ears.

He long has gone from us; but there remain
His sympathy and truth and kindliness
And his high honor that knew not a stain.
These cannot fail, but shall remain to bless,—
New-consecrated by this centuried day,—
The children of his lineage for aye.

A Portrait Painter

ACROSS THE YEARS

SOMETIMES, in precious moments, I can hear
Old memoried echoes beautiful and dear,—
My mother's music,—while her sweet girl-face
Yearns from across the years with tender grace.

BERGAMOT

OLD thoughts, old friends, old songs came back to-day,
And buried recollections half-forgot,—
When in a sunny garden bright with bloom
I drank the fragrance of the bergamot.

BALTIMORE

STRAIGHT did we sail into the silver west
Till at the rosy ending of the day
Lo, where the tranquil city purple-robed
Stood like a comely queen above the bay!

Here first one feels the glamour of the South,
Its tenderness, its fine and wistful grace;
The city's dreamy beauty stirs the heart
Like some fair southern girl's patrician face.

What pathos haunts her hills and olden streets
They who revere the muses sadly know,—
Here walked with eyes a-dream Sidney Lanier,
Here sleeps among the shadows Edgar Poe.

A PORTRAIT PAINTER

SHE is the friend who reverently sees
God's beauty in the clouds and flowers and trees;
And, best of all, in faces loved and fair
Can paint the heavenly spirit shining there.

A QUAKER GIRL'S PORTRAIT

BEHOLD this portrait here,
This likeness of a damsel dreamy-dear.
Did she not draw her charm
From life on some green-acred farm
Whose fresh sweet air
Makes maidens blithe and fair?
Did she not draw her spirit's dainty fire
From that brave Flemish sire
Who made a score of rebels run
When William fought with James at Boyne,—
Her kindly cheer
From that old Irish county dear
Where all the day
Folks talk in "shanacus" the hours away!

With no pretence,—
So modest she,—her's is the wit and sense
Descended straight
From ancestors of wisdom and of weight,
Quakers of loving heart,
Who in their neighborhood bore well their part:—
Dear mothers fair,
Of character benignant, sweet and rare;
And sires of old,
Strong men and valiant, of heroic mould.
— All this I see in this bright portrait here
Of this young Quaker damsel dreamy-dear.

AILEEN'S PORTRAIT

(A Painting by Helleu)

WHO knows her? Who knows
This slip of a wild Irish rose?
I have heard of her charm,
Though her face I've not seen,—
This beautiful young Irish queen,
Aileen!

The Golden Wedding

Who may fathom her spirit,—how keen
The joy at the heart of Aileen!
Her pictured face here
Shows her dreamy and dear,
And her pensive glance muses and glows
As she dreams of her “wild Irish rose.”

Dear daughter of dreams, may she be
Through all time the bright soul that I see
In her pictured face here,—
The lovely and lovable child,
With her wonderful wild
Irish spirit romantic and keen,
Aileen! Aileen!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

(I. H. C. and M. C. C.)

THE long half-hundred years have rolled
To this the happy year of gold,

The full rich fifty years that tell
Of lives spent honorably and well.

After the ocean's sun and storm,
The haven's shelter safe and warm;

After the guiding pilot-star,
The beacon on the harbor-bar.

Your star,—God's love that cannot cease;
Your haven,—deep enduring peace.

Now upon this golden shore
Count your greatest blessings o'er:

Children, and their children too,
Loyal, loving, kindly, true;

Hearts of gold that shall hand down
Record of your fair renown,

Consolation

Echoing in form and face
Heritage of strength and grace,
Following still your simple creed,
Honorable in word and deed,
Handing on your kindly fame
To the latest of your name.
Worthy you and worthy they
Of our solemn joy to-day,
When the fifty years have rolled
To this happy year of gold,
And the genial clan we see
Gathered 'neath the home roof-tree,
Offering their reverence due,
Loving you and honoring you.
May God's love that cannot cease
Give you deep enduring peace,
And the memory of this day
Hallow and hearten us for aye.

1914

CONSOLATION

I

THE daffodils shone round my wandering feet
All dewy and golden and sweet,
The little blue violets lay like soft stars in the grass,
The meadow-lark carolled across the green acres of wheat.
I watched the white cloud-islands pass
And mingle and melt in the limitless heavenly sea,
Mingle and melt and fade in the rose-tinted west,
Till the lark went to rest

Consolation

And all through the grass on green hillside and lea
The bright starry flowers had fallen asleep
In their night-slumber deep.

II

A little child rambled and romped all the sunny long day
In joyous and innocent play;
How happy her song and how jocund her merry sweet
noise!

I longed for the power of the painter, so might I portray
The charm of that little one's joys,
As warmed by the sun and caressed by the summer-soft air
She seemed a true sister of birds and of flowers,—
That girleen so bonnie and fair,
Singing on through the sunny-bright hours.

III

I saw by the ocean a sunset of purple and gold;
Far down in the south fled a thunder-cloud dim,
And the thunder still muttered and rolled,
Though faint and more faint till it failed on the rim
Of the billowy, heaving, wild fields of the sea
Late vanquished and vexed by the turbulent storm.
How delicious and warm
The flaming soft cloud, all ablaze
With the myriad hues of the rainbow that hung o'er the
lea,
While the west seemed enwrap in a luminous haze,—
A light and a glory that live with me yet;
Its wonder how can I forget!

IV

And now at some line or some musical magical word
Of the well-beloved poet Lanier is my memory stirred,
And I muse on the pathos that sings
Through the sobbing of flutes and the yearning of eloquent
strings,

“*Elmwood*”

The lordly and eloquent voices of violoncellos,
The bass-viol's murmuring deep,
And the horn's clear victorious clangor that mellows
And dies into dream-music tranquil as sleep:—
To these I could listen forever,
Listen, and muse in a tremulous dream,
While the harmony flows like a deep shining river,
A golden and glorious stream.

V

O, what do they say to our hearts,—the rich music,—the
child,—
The flowers,—and the thunder-cloud wild,—
So wonderful they,
So wonderful, touching, harmonious, each in its way?
That *God's in his heaven, all's right with the world*, as he
sang,
Our great-hearted Browning;—that the message which
rang
In the harping of David,—the wonder that rolls
Through the harmony Shakespeare applauded in beautiful
souls,
Will heal our heart-sickness, and bless,—
'Mid our foolish and pitiful world-weariness,—
With their peace and victorious calm,
Will bless with their healing and heaven-sent balm.

“ELMWOOD”

(*Cambridge, Mass.*)

JUNE'S “perfect days” that Lowell loved so well
Could find no home more beautiful than here,
Where ancient elms and wildly flowering shrubs
Caress the rambling house he held so dear.

At a Performance of "Comus"

PAGANINI'S VIOLIN

IN Genoa's minster John the Baptist sleeps;
From here sailed Godfrey on the First Crusade;
Upon her roll of admirals she keeps
Columbus, whose renown shall never fade.

Her graves, her names, her palaces, all tell
Of glory past, of splendor that hath been.
One only relic with a living spell
Still speaks to us to-day
From out the far-away:—
Great Paganini's wizard violin.

O, its imagined and immortal tones
With what compelling pathos spoke to me,
Above all monuments, all martyrs' bones
Cherished by this bright city of the sea!

WHEN DOROTHY PLAYS

WHEN Dorothy plays, it resembles a harp
With its sobbing and sibilant strings.
Now merry and mad,
Now pensive and sad,—
How lovely the lilt as her fancy takes wings;
And under her fingers how fondly it sings,
As she touches the sibilant strings!
Play, Dorothy, play,
Till at dying of day
Thy music shall lull to repose
In the twilight of purple and rose.

AT A PERFORMANCE OF "COMUS"

THE joyous students deckt in costume quaint,
The high verse chanted in soft summer air,—
Fresh beauty gave to Milton's golden lines,
His noble sentiments and precepts fair.

Her Beautiful Singing

THE VIOL, THE HARP, AND THE REEDY BASSOON

O WONDROUSLY wistful and tender the somnolent
measures

Poured from the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon!
I think I could sit in the shadows and listen forever

Rapt by the spell of the strange and enchanting soft
tune.

With you, O my dreams, I could linger and listen forever,
Delighted and soothed by the somnolent flow of the tune
That weaves and upbuilds me a tangle of magical music
Poured from the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon.

Visions and memories waken that long have been sleeping,
Stirred by the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon;
Phantoms of flowers and of songs of the far-away summers
Rise at the sound of the haunting and eloquent tune.
The sweep and the sway of the plaintive and somnolent
measures

Charm and enchant me and flood all my thought with
the tune,

As I dreamily sit in the shadows and listen delighted
To the song of the viol and harp and the reedy bassoon.

HER BEAUTIFUL SINGING

(On hearing Louise Homer)

BEAUTIFUL, golden, and tender with tears,
Waking old echoes from memory's years,
Touching his heart who with happiness hears
The flow of her beautiful singing.

Wonderful, sweet, the melodious roll
Of music from some old composer's great scroll,
Given warm life and endowed with a soul,
By the charm of her wonderful singing!

Music Manuscripts

Beautiful, yearning with mystical power,—
Song that is sister of cloud and of flower,—
Long let me cherish the memoried hour
That brought me her beautiful singing!

“THE SONG OF THE SHEPHERD LEHL”

(A Victrola Record by Alma Gluck)

WHAT a very, very merry song of love and laughter,
Telling of the maidens on their happy holiday;
What a jolly shepherd in the mountain meadows piping,—
Piping to the maidens in the woodlands at their play!

Ever could I listen to this singing sweet and tender,
Ever could I listen to the happy shepherd play;—
*Wonderful the art that can bring to mine own fireside
The music and the beauty of an Alpine holiday!*

MUSIC MANUSCRIPTS

(In the New York Public Library)

IMMORTAL music in such fragile form;
Such precious manuscripts,—O guard them well!
What tenderness and passion must they hold,
What yearning aspiration, who may tell?
Here Wagner has inscribed with strong bold hand
The moving fire and ferment of his soul;
Here Mozart's notes minute and fairy-fine
Are woven in a heart-revealing scroll.
The glorious harmonies that Haydn knew,
The majesty of Bach's great organ-peal,
And Mendelssohn's melodious, pensive dreams,—
These wondrous pages touchingly reveal.

And does this yellowed stain tell where a tear
Fell from the old composer's brimming eye
As musingly from forth the keys he called
Remembrances of magic days gone by?

Easter Anthems

Is this uncertain, wavering phrase the sign
Of some great tenderness that touched his heart;
And does this wistful wild cadenza show
His proud and splendid mastery of his art?

How may I tell the joy of that rich hour
When high above Manhattan's roar I heard
Immortal music sounding from the leaves
Of those old manuscripts all dim and blurred!

THE SONGS OF HAWAII

WHAT love, what melancholy, what emotion
Thrill the wild poets of that golden land
Where round old Molokai the mighty ocean
Thundering upon white leagues of shining sand
Thrills the wild poets' hearts with deep emotion!

Their mournful songs throb with a savage glory
Magnificent beyond all words to tell;—
Only the heart that loves can feel their story,
Only the heart that grieves feel their wild spell
And throb with sympathy for their sad glory.

O could Beethoven but have known their splendor,
How richly had he built, with these for theme,
Some symphony of power and pathos tender,
Leading us through an unimagined dream
Down avenues august of mournful splendor!

EASTER ANTHEMS

(In the ancient Church of St. John Lateran)

THE bright-stoled cardinals and bishops shone
Like stately flowers, while high above them soared
Celestial notes from voices of young boys
Chanting the glory of the risen Lord.

Rome, 1893

By Airship from Sea to Sea

RUSSIAN HYMNS

(In the Cathedral of St. Nicholas)

ANGELIC voices soared and sighed and mourned
In heavenly canticle and stately hymn,
While the majestic echoes slowly died
Adown far spaces shadowy and dim.

TOWARD GREECE

ONCE from an old Italian hill I gazed
Toward Greece with yearning, past all words to tell;
Nor nearer have I seen, save in bright dreams,
Hellas, that holds me by her antique spell.

AT HORACE'S SABINE FARM

HOW wild this spot, how rustic and remote,
Where once the happy poet had his home
And 'mid these ancient meadows tuned his pipes
Far from the roar and din of dusty Rome!

BY AIRSHIP FROM SEA TO SEA

(An Imaginary Voyage)

WITH sure and powerful lift of mighty wings
We towered high above the Golden Coast,
Then heading eastward soared through azure tracts
And vast savannahs of the buoyant air
In steady flight toward home,—the little home
Among the apple trees and well-loved fields
Of our ancestral farm beside the waves
Of old Atlantic.

As we swung through space
I leaned far out and saw recede and fade
Estuary and gulf and steel-blue sea
And endless orchard-lands and peaceful farms;

By Airship from Sea to Sea

Then soon we swept above Nevada's hills
And glassy lakes inlaid in forests green,
And so in easy smooth delightful flow
High o'er strange melancholy chasms and cliffs
And monstrous mountains where no human eye
Hath ever looked, no foot of man hath ranged,
Since old upheavals raised them from the ooze.

Far down and faintly heard the eagles screamed
Among the world-old Colorado peaks,
Elsewise as still as death; while warm soft rains
Washed us from billowing clouds, and sudden ceased,
And sunlight flashed again. Afar we soared
O'er many an ancient winding Indian stream
Like metal strands threading the emerald woof,
And beautiful of name,—Osage, Sheyenne,
Neosho, Chattanooga, Tennessee,—
And saw the Kansas counties league on league
Verdant with waving corn, and in the night
Beheld pale moonlit countrysides far down
And cities drowsy in the deep of night,—
A phantom world of weird and silent gloom.
— O God, how lonely and how lost we seemed,
How far away the little fields of home,
In those cold midnights up beneath the stars!

All day the steady flapping of vast wings
That wakened boyish dreams of that great roc
In the old Arabian tale; all night the swing
And rhythmic pulsing of the enormous bird
That bore us so serenely down the sky
And faltered not in its majestic flight
Beneath the wheeling planets strewn around
With pale star-dust and rainy-golden mists,
Through old immensities of chilly space,
Among cloud-islands desolate as doom,
Through rosy sunsets and through rosy dawns.

By Airship from Sea to Sea

While o'er the continent with velvet speed,—
As of some giant gull stemming the trades,—
We floated, now in sunlight, now in dusk,
And gazed on far-stretched landscapes laid below,
How fair Missouri's pampas warm and ripe
With golden miles of wheat, how beautiful
Kentucky's fertile meadow-lands, how fair
Green Georgia's pines and languorous fields and fens,
And Alabama basking in the sun!

And now the last morn broke, and hovering
O'er old Atlantic's rim, we saw once more
Estuary and gulf and steel-blue sea
And silver lapse and foaming of white waves
For mile on mile of pearly sands, and watched
The fishing fleets and mighty liners crawl
Like faery barks across the wrinkled sea
Off Carolina's coast where Hatteras
Juts into restless ocean, and far up
Beyond the frothy capes of Chesapeake
Where driving gusts of storm beneath us hid
The continent and hid the bellowing sea
Whose hoarse voice rose about us mournfully
In one long melancholy wail; yet still
The vast wings oared us on our steady course,
And pacing our small platform back and forth
We felt the foggy damp of glooming clouds
Drip from the sodden cordage and the sting
Of briny fragrant breezes,—till we rushed
Forth into flashing sunlight, coasting north
Beyond the fields of Delaware, and last
Came down with graceful swing and smooth descent
Among the apple trees and well-loved fields
That lie about our dear ancestral home
Here by the grey Atlantic's plunging tides.

That is the Life for Me!

THAT IS THE LIFE FOR ME!

THE farmer follows the shining share
Plowing for winter wheat,
And while he furrows the mellow earth
His song is lusty sweet,—

*O some folks love the city,—
'Tis there they'd rather be;
But a country wife and a country life,
O that is the life for me!*

At the end of every furrow long
His horses stop and steam,
And he gazes down the wide hill-slope
In a momentary dream.
He looks on the roofs of his old gray home
And thinks of the dear ones there,
His bonnie wife with her wistful smile,
And his children rosy-fair;
And he sings:

*In the smoky city
Some folks would rather be;
But the country ways and the country days,
O they are the days for me!*

And then the horses jog along,
And he sings with jolly cheer,
While deep in his heart he thanks the Lord
For home and his darlings dear.
He thanks the Lord that a friendly fate
Has linked him to the sod,
Where he can live as his fathers lived
And worship his fathers' God;

The Delaware River

And plowing there for the winter wheat
His song is lusty and brave and sweet,—

*O some folks love the city,—
'Tis there they'd rather be;
But a country wife and a country life,
O that is the life for me, dear heart,
O that is the life for me!*

THE DELAWARE RIVER

THE River, this radiant day, is wondrous fair,
Moving majestic between the purple woods
And the exquisite green of lawns and of level farms;
Its lambent silver warm in the drowsy sun,
And broken only when some tall ship sweeps by,
Leaving a winding wake of bubbling foam
That swirls away into eddies and wreathing rings.

On high the clouds of pearl and of tumbled snow
Drift to the west and fade o'er the emerald hills,
Followed by fuming smoke from the throbbing tugs
That draw the flat-boats heavy with hay and wood,
Or take some black-hulled vessel toward the sea
To voyage across the world ere yet again
She sweeps with a swirl of foam between these shores
And wakes these emerald hills with her horn's deep boom.

Far off, two ghostly ships bear swiftly down,
Cleaving the silver surface with steady rush
And sending lines of ever-widening waves
That ripple and dance among the reeds by the shore,
The "Usk" and the "Ethelwold" they,—romantic names
And fit for these swift, bright ships that wander wide!

Horace Howard Furness

O never enough do I see of this splendid Stream,—
Whether far up where it flows amid mountain walls,
Primeval, beautiful, wild as in those dim days
When the Indian warriors dwelt by its flashing tides;
Or where in calmer reaches it laves the fields
Of ancient farms where quiet Quakers lived,—
Those generations of kind, unworldly folk;
Or here where the stately ships set out for the sea
With swift reverberant throb of their pulsing screws
And swish of swirling foam that whitens the blue
With heaving lanes of choppy, bubbling froth,—
Tall ships, that swim in the golden sunset hour
Through fields of lucent gold till they fade like ghosts,
Fade and vanish afar in the misty blue
Adown the radiant River that seeks the sea,—
The Delaware, dear through many a memoried year.

THE DELAWARE AT CAPE MAY

WHO, standing by the marge of that white beach,
Can watch the tossing seas without emotion,
Where the great river brings its mighty flood
To meet at last and mingle with the ocean!

AIR-SHIPS AT WILLOW GROVE

I LOVE those stately “ships”;—a fascination
Haunts their high steady flight above the trees,
Circling with majestic swift gyration,
While far-borne music floats upon the breeze.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

HE seemed the soul of kindly courtesy,
Of sunny friendship and of genial cheer;—
Last of our race of old-time gentlemen,
He left a memory beloved and dear.

Early Dutch Farmers

THE LAND OF PENN

GREAT Commonwealth, thy children feel deep pride
When musing on thy history, and when
They hear the bead-roll of those noble sons
Whose homes and deeds make dear "the Land of Penn."

THE SUSQUEHANNA

SOUTHEY and ardent Coleridge dreamed of thee
As noblest of the waters of the west;
And Stevenson held thee dear; but thy own bard,
Thy own home-poet Mifflin, loves thee best.

THE FORKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA

MAGNIFICENT the sweep of waters here,
Down from great mountain gateways far and dim,—
A friendly force that bears fertility
To endless orchards, farms and gardens trim.

THE JUNIATA

HIGH on the roll of earth's romantic streams
Thy name, blue Juniata, still shall stand,—
Bright river, winding league on sylvan league
Among majestic mountains wild and grand.

THE DELAWARE AT PENN'S MANOR

AS peacefully it flows to-day as when
Great Penn dwelt here beside its silver tide;
And still his tranquil spirit seems to bless
This realm of fertile farms and orchards wide.

EARLY DUTCH FARMERS

SOME legend lingers in Monroe and Pike
Of antique farms along the old "Mine-road"
O'er which the drowsy Dutchmen drove their wains
Of cider and wheat in many a ponderous load.

General Peter Muhlenberg

THE EARLY SWEDES

(Tinicum Island)

REMOTE and very far away they seem;
And yet at Tinicum I find some trace,
Some echo of that pious, thrifty folk,
In this quaint, sleepy and old-fashioned place.

CONRAD WEISER

HE sleeps at Womelsdorf, the good old man,
Loved by the Indians from his early youth;
They put their trust in him, their faithful friend,
Their champion, armed with honesty and truth.

COUNT VON ZINZENDORF

GOOD missionary-nobleman, thy name
We cherish still with reverent esteem,
As his who taught the simple forest sons
The hope of heaven and the Christian dream.

THE MORAVIANS

NOT theirs to walk the ways of public life,
To join the forum's crowd or take up arms;
But still to pass their days in kindly peace
Among their pleasant towns and thrifty farms.

OLD PENNSYLVANIA IRON-MASTERS

RUTTER and Nutt and Lincoln, Potts and Bird,—
All honor to those sturdy men of old,
Whose furnaces and forges paved the path
Unto our State's prosperity untold!

GENERAL PETER MUHLENBERG

“A TIME to preach,” he said, “and time to fight,”—
Staunch warrior-parson of heroic breed;
One of those valiant patriots of old
Who wrought for liberty by word and deed.

James Logan's House

ROBERT FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE

(Lancaster County)

WHAT lessons learned he from the fairy waves
That sang to him the secret of their power,
When here by Conowingo's winding stream
He sailed his boats in boyhood's magic hour!

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY'S GRAVE AT NORTHUMBERLAND

PREACHER beloved of Coleridge and of Lamb,
He fed their spirits as with Heavenly lore;
Now 'mid the quiet Quaker graves he sleeps
In this old town by Susquehanna's shore.

"WHEATLAND"

(The home of James Buchanan)

I GRIEVE for his lost happiness who left
The groves and meadows of this fair estate,
This beautiful retreat,—to waste his days
In struggling with an all unfriendly fate.

THE PENN STATUE ON CITY HALL

(Philadelphia)

GREAT-HEARTED Penn; how tranquilly he looks
Toward Shakamaxon by its storied stream,
High o'er our little tumults and annoy,
Wrapt in the mazes of his mighty dream!

JAMES LOGAN'S HOUSE

(At Stenton)

HERE stands the stately house where Logan lived,
A witness of the ample days of yore;
What antique ceremonial here hath passed,
What noble figures thronged this welcoming door!

Independence Hall

OLD PHILADELPHIA STREETS

“CUTHBERT” and “Apple Tree,”—what quaint old names,

Speaking of bygone days and bygone men!
Amid their mouldering beauty one may walk
And almost see the small town loved by Penn.

LOWER CHERRY STREET

(Philadelphia)

HERE is a fragment, perfectly preserved,
Of that small old-time city of our sires.
Through such a precinct might “Hugh Wynne” have
walked
To greet his ships home from the English shires.

OLD STRAWBERRY STREET

(Philadelphia)

THE roaring traffic throngs the streets beyond,
But in this tranquil byway peace still reigns;
And here at twilight, ancient worthies walk,
And ghostly faces peer from out the panes.

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN

(Philadelphia)

HARD by the olden streets he loved so well,
All heedless now he sleeps, the genial sage;
Type of our New World wisdom, sense and thrift,—
His memory greener grows from age to age.

INDEPENDENCE HALL

IN calm and simple dignity it stands,
Matchless memorial of heroic years.
What lover of our land can pace these halls
And muse upon their past untouched by tears!

The Philadelphia Cathedral

THE PORTRAITS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

BEFORE the pictured patriots on these walls
How good it is in reverent mood to stand,
Musing upon their valiant loyalty
And their triumphant spirit calm and grand!

THE BETSY ROSS HOUSE

(Philadelphia)

WHO holds great shrines and stately halls alone
Worthy of worship and illustrious fame?
Behold the endless pilgrim stream that seeks
This little, lowly house of noble name.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN MORTON

(St. James' Church, Chester)

HERE sleeps the Signer who in his last hour
Still gloried in his life's consummate deed,
When with those hero-hearts of '76
He set his name to Freedom's new-born creed.

THE GRAVE OF JAMES WILSON

(Christ Church, Philadelphia)

HE wrought with noble heart and spacious mind
To guide our young Republic on its way.
How fitting that his dust at last is laid
By this historic temple old and gray!

THE PHILADELPHIA CATHEDRAL

HERE daily many a soul finds solace true
In revery and prayer 'neath this great dome,
'Mid all the antique beauty that makes fair
Their faith who love the mother-church of Rome.

Arch Street M. E. Church

AT YEARLY MEETING

WHEN in cathedral aisles I walked to-day,
Then went and worshipped with the tranquil
Friends,—
How beautiful they seemed, those sister Faiths,
Each in its own way seeking noble ends!

THE GRAVEYARD OF OLD ST. PETER'S CHURCH

(Philadelphia)

WHAT recollections haunt these hallowed stones
Caressed by vines and many a fondling flower,—
'Round this old church where Washington communed,
Finding deep peace through many a tranquil hour!

VESPERS AT HOLY TRINITY

(Philadelphia)

THE yearning twilight hymn, the reverent rites,
The gracious words of hope, the organ's roll,
All speak to me of him,—here well-beloved,—
Of Phillips Brooks, that great and simple soul.

THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

(West Philadelphia)

LIKE that old London church where Goldsmith lies,
It dreams in silence near the surging street,—
A quiet refuge, offering to all men
The solace of a faith benign and sweet.

ARCH STREET M. E. CHURCH

(Philadelphia)

NO lover of the Gothic's noble power
And beauty as of the spirit, but must feel
The charm of this white church whose gracious spire
Points to the heavens with beautiful appeal.

The Old Chew Mansion

THE OLD PHILADELPHIA BAR

BRADFORD, Meredith, Binney, Biddle, Rawle,
Brewster, and many another honored name,
Make bright the roll of wise and courteous men
Who give our Philadelphia Bar its fame.

THE LAW SCHOOL

(University of Pennsylvania)

WILSON and Sharswood are remembered here;
'Mid the great jurists' names theirs hold high place,
Here where their noble lore fitly is taught
In halls adorned with dignity and grace.

A STREET-PIANO IN LOGAN SQUARE

MEN smile and step more lightly down the street,
Young girls hum o'er the tune, the children dance,
And trees and grass and flowers in that old square
Gleam in the golden sunlight of romance.

JOHN BARTRAM'S GARDEN

(Philadelphia)

TO one who wanders down these sylvan slopes,
Amid these lanes of bowering greenwood old,
There comes a dream of ancient Arcady
And happy islands of the Age of Gold.

THE OLD CHEW MANSION

(Germantown)

AS quaintly dignified it seems to-day,
Its old-time beauty is as stately yet,
As when it stood in midst of Freedom's war
Or later welcomed glorious La Fayette.

The Old Meeting-House

THE MORRIS HOUSE

(Germantown)

DREAMING of Washington and Jefferson—
Of their deliberations once the scene—
It standeth like some veteran of old time,
Peaceful and patient, dignified, serene.

GETTYSBURG

WITH Salamis it ranks, and Waterloo,
In Freedom's annals glorious and bright,
Where ocean-floods of Error surged in vain
Against the serried champions of Right.

THE STATUE OF GENERAL MEADE

(Fairmount Park)

STERNNESS and pity warring in his breast,
His calm eyes glowing with supernal light,
He rides as in those days at Gettysburg—
Our own home-hero, matchless in his might.

THE PEACEFUL BRANDYWINE

LONG have I loved that fair, romantic stream
Whose sylvan music charmed me as a child;
Fair stream, now winding 'mid the peaceful farms,
And now 'mid woodlands beautiful and wild.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE

(On Brandywine Battle-field)

WHERE once around this olden Quaker shrine
Thundered the boom of guns and trumpet's blare,
Now golden harvests crown the peaceful hills
And balmy roses scent the summer air.

General Anthony Wayne

OLD ST. DAVID'S CHURCH AT RADNOR

HOW simple, touching, beautiful it is,
This little church among its ancient trees
Set like some Old-World isle of heavenly calm
Amid our troubled time's uncertain seas!

THE GRAVE OF "INDIAN HANNAH"

(Near Embreeville)

LAST of her race, the lonely Indian lies
Beside Wawassan's wild and wandering stream;
And where her fathers led the forest chase,
Now farms and orchards lie in peaceful dream.

THE "STAR-GAZER'S STONE"

(Chester County)

MASON and Dixon spent a winter here
"Star-gazing" by the frozen Brandywine;
And this their quaint rude stone is standing yet
Memorial of the laying of their "Line."

HUMPHRY MARSHALL'S GARDEN

(Chester County)

STILL grow the oaks, magnolias and pines
Which he, the friend of Franklin, planted here;
And in the ancient county where he dwelt
Our Quaker sage's memory is dear.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

IF "mad" at all, thou wert but nobly mad,
And fearless 'mid the roar of hostile guns.
Intrepid hero, well thy mother-shire
Holdeth thee high 'mid her immortal sons!

Great Pennsylvania

BAYARD TAYLOR'S GRAVE

AT Longwood lies the dust of him we loved,
Lulled by the birds and summer breezes soft;
And o'er yon hills his deep-loved Kennett grieves
For him who sang of her at "Cedarcroft."

WEST CHESTER

HEART of Penn's ancient county,—well I love
Thy kindly homes, thy streets, thy pealing chimes,
Thy fields and groves, and old historic haunts
Still fragrant with the charm of bygone times.

COATESVILLE

THEY do misjudge thee much who take as type
An ignorant mob with helpless passion blind.
Rather, I think of thy old sturdy stock
Of folk benignant, upright, gracious, kind.

AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST (*Swarthmore*)

'MID England's mighty dead in tranquil sleep
He rests, beside great London's central roar,—
The Quaker painter, who in boyhood roamed
These fields and watched the sunset from this door.

A WOODLAND NEAR SWARTHMORE

WHEN sunset lays its charm on these weird oaks
And fills with faerie glamour all the wood,
How easy seem old legends to believe,
How near the ballad-days of Robin Hood!

GREAT PENNSYLVANIA

GREAT Commonwealth, what child of thine but loves
Thy hills and streams and fields of rich increase—
Woodland-of-Penn, set 'mid thy neighbor States,
Eternal pledge of Brotherhood and Peace!

Pennsylvania

PENNSYLVANIA

I

I LOVE thy virgin woodland streams
That in deep meadows croon their ancient dreams,
Bright rivers born of forest fountains
And lit by sunny gleams,
Cradled afar among thy lonely mountains;
On their primeval charm the Indians set
Melodious names remembered yet:

*Juniata, Monongahela,
Allegheny, Susquehanna,
Wawassan, Conewango,
Conestoga.*

II

I love thy verdant, widespread, fertile shires,
Settled by our heroic sires
And called by them from those gray homeland places
By Old World croft and mere,
Round which our antique races
Wove their devotion deep and dear
Through year on historied year:

*Lancaster, Lawrence,
Cameron, Cambria,
Somerset, Huntingdon,
Montgomery.*

III

I love thy pleasant towns; each seems to stand
The peaceful heart of its green land,—
Quaint towns wherein what kindly recollection,
What warmth of heart and hand
Keep olden memories fresh; what leal affection

Pennsylvania

Cherishes with its genial spell
Saxon and Celtic names loved long and well!—

*Darby, Kennett,
Birmingham, Selkirk,
Powys, Duncannon,
Gwynedd, Tyrone,
Avondale.*

IV

I love the sites that history enrolls
High on her honored scrolls,
The fields that give our Commonwealth a glory,
A legendary fame
Magnificent in song and story.
Peace-lovers though we be, deep were his shame
Who loved not each immortal name,—

*Valley Forge,
Brandywine Battlefield,
Gettysburg, Germantown!*

V

Thy streams, thy mountains, thy deep woods,
Thy pleasant towns and pastoral solitudes,
Where Old-World folk, Scotch-Irish, German, Quaker,
Led forth by zeal divine,
Sought liberty to praise their Maker,—
Stir every son of thine
To loyalty undying, noble, fine,

*Woodland-of-Penn,
Great Keystone State,
Beloved Pennsylvania!*

Crowned and Sainted

AT PENN'S MANOR

HERE came the Founder in the far-off days,
And 'mid these fields and by this noble stream
In rustic quiet loved to meditate
Upon the young republic of his dream.

CROWNED AND SAINTED

(In Memory of Susan B. Anthony)

CROWNED is she and sainted
In heavenly halls above,
Who freely gave for her sisters
A life of boundless love.

I saw a strange, rich vision,
I heard strange music ring,
As I dreamed o'er my well-loved poets
On a night in the early spring.

I mused o'er the great-souled Wordsworth
(Oh, to me he is half divine!),
And I found again in his pages
The song with the beautiful line
That tells of the perfect woman,
In whose spirit blithe and bright
There shines like a consecration
A gleam of angelic light.

And I seemed to behold in my vision
The sorrows of all the years;
I heard the women pleading,
Pleading with soft, warm tears;
And ever above the praying,
Above the sorrowful song,
And the tender, wistful grieving
For the long, long years of wrong,

Crowned and Sainted

I heard them speak of the leader,
In whose spirit rare and bright
Should shine like a consecration
A gleam of angelic light.

I saw the nation toiling
In grief and darkness lost,
Like a ship on the pathless ocean,
O'erwhelmed and tempest-tost.
There was need of a faithful pilot,
There was need of a God-sent hand,
To guide o'er the pathless ocean
To guide to the longed-for land;
And oh, there was need of the woman
In whose spirit sweet and bright
Should shine like a benediction
A gleam of angelic light.

Like pilgrims wandering the woodlands
In a country wild and strange,
Who daily front new dangers,
And sigh for the blessed change
Of kind and friendly faces,
Of dreamed-of comrades dear,
The comfort of friendly firesides
And pleasant household cheer,—
So sighed the toiling people
For her in whose spirit bright
Should shine like a consecration
A gleam of angelic light.

And then I saw in my vision
How the mighty of earth grew proud;
They scorned their humbler brethren,
They laughed at the lowly crowd.
Ah me, to think of the folly
And fashion that fill our days!

Crowned and Sainted

Ah me, to think of our scorning
Our fathers' simpler ways!
Ah me, to think of the greedy
And godless kings of the mart,—
And then to think of our hunger
For one great human heart!

The land was weak and helpless,
It lacked the leader true
Who should cure it of its blindness,
Who should break a pathway through
The wall of outworn tradition
That still around us stands,
Ready to yield and crumble
At the touch of heroic hands,—
Hands of noble heroes
Fearless and great and strong,
Who shall heal the old-time evils
And the centuries of wrong.
In my vision I saw those heroes,—
And there by the men of might
Stood their sisters consecrated,
With eyes of angelic light.

And was one sister foremost
Among those women there?
And who was she whose bearing
Made her seem so queenly fair?
Was it high-souled Mary Lyon,
Uplifting her sisters' lot?
Was it the saintly Quaker,
Our own Lucretia Mott?
Was it noble Frances Willard,
Who strove as angels may?
Was it the loved and lost one
Whose passing we mourn to-day?

Nay, none of any was foremost,
But hand in blessed hand
They stood as Olympian women
On old Greek friezes stand.
All shared a common glory,
All were linked by the fate
That gave them names undying
In the annals of the State.
But the newest comer among them
Gazed 'round and serenely smiled
As her sisters turned to greet her
With heavenly motions mild.

And then my vision faded,
And a lordly melody rolled,
As down celestial vistas
The saintly company strolled.
But the face of that latest comer
I longest kept in sight,—
So ardent with consecration,
So lit with angelic light.
And I woke from my wondrous vision,
And oh, my heart beat strong!—
I had seen the perfect woman
Of Wordsworth's beautiful song.

Crowned is she and sainted
In heavenly halls above,
Who freely gave for her sisters
A life of boundless love.

ROBERT FULTON

IN Little Britain, close by old Drumore
And Conowingo's waters silvery-clear
That sing among these hills and drowsy fields,—
Upon a day of mystery and dream
And peaceful country calm,—was born a boy

Robert Fulton

Gifted by God and destined in his time
To knock at Fame's high portals, yea, to lift
This wayside hamlet into bright renown
And make old Fulton House a name to ring
Across the centuries.

To-day he sleeps
Beside the stately Hudson, where the noise
Of endless traffic surges evermore
Round Trinity's most venerable shrine.
— More fit I think it were he rested here
In some lone country grave-yard's peaceful shade,
Lulled by the songs of birds and country streams,
'Mid these dear fields his earliest childhood knew.

It was a day of mystery and dream,
When he was born, by Conowingo's banks;
Its peace and stillness filled the joyous house,
Its peace and stillness flowed along the veins
And round the warm heart of that winsome child,—
Grave Mystery, that in the ripening years
Should fill his deep, dark eyes with wonderment,
And harmonize his moods with Nature's own,—
With winds that stir the leaves of solemn oaks,
With flow of river waters, song of waves,
And endless chanting of the little streams
That wind and wander through these tranquil fields.

Those quiet country hours so beauteous
With golden peace and charm, filled his young heart
With magic Dream, whose strange enchanting force
In boyhood's budding years and youth's rich hours
Should ripen fancy's blooms and wake to life
Imagination's seed,—a glorious gift,—
Promise of harvest and immortal fruit!

Heaven-gifted boy,—how he would feed his thought
In day-long wanderings and lonely strolls

Through yonder meadows round old Lancaster,—
His youthful home,—or here in Little Britain
When summer holidays had called the lad
For happy hours on Conowingo's banks!
Far up and down this fair enchanting stream,
Among these woods and by these peaceful farms
In Little Britain and in dear Drumore,
He roamed delightedly; oft would he pause
By fairy waterfalls to hear their song
And muse upon the sweeping current's force;
Or on the smooth deep stretches he would sail
His tiny boats for many a summer hour;
Or 'mid the dusty air of stream-side mills
Would watch the great wheel turning steadily
In green twilight 'mid dripping moss and fern.

And farther roaming, as I think, he sat
High on the slopes of Susquehanna's hills
To meditate and muse upon the power
And noble splendor of that lordly stream
Winding far down between the emerald hills
'Mid "river islands that in clusters lie
As beautiful as clouds."—O who may tell
What unsuspected strength and high resolve
He gathered from the sight and from the thought
Of that majestic and mysterious stream!

From Indian waters of melodious name,—
From Conowingo and great Susquehanna,
From Octorara's wild, romantic stream,
And Conestoga where he first essayed
The art that was to make his name renowned,—
From these and from old Lancaster County's farms
And woods and wayside smithies and old mills,
No less than from yon neighboring city's shops,
Her forges and her foundries, did he build
His lore, his craft, his high-aspiring art,

Honor and Homage

This Heaven-gifted boy; and when the hour
Was ripe for harvesting his spirit's fruit,
How noble his achievement, how superb
His victory, how splendid his account
Of gifts wherewith he had been dowered from Heaven!

Yea, Mystery and Dream had guided him;
The eager youth obeyed their kindly law
And followed where they pointed to the stars.
— So did he lift this hamlet to renown,
This quiet village by the silver stream
Of Conowingo winding through these fields;
So did he make old well-loved Fulton House
A name to echo through uncounted years.

HONOR AND HOMAGE

*(Read at the Dedication of the Soldiers' and Sailors'
Monument, Media, Pa.)*

HONOR and homage in this hour we render,
Honor and homage, yea, the patriot's meed,
With song, with music and with martial splendor
We praise the heroes' deed.

Yet what can our poor words add to their story,
What song of ours augment their certain fame?
Theirs is a sure serenity of glory,
Theirs an immortal name!

From field and forge, from many a quiet village,
They gathered when the nation called to arms;—
Farewell to peaceful toil and fruitful tillage
Of loved ancestral farms.

Farewell to hearts and homes, perchance forever,
To wife and clinging little ones farewell;
Ah, me, that men these holy ties should sever
With battle's awful knell!

Honor and Homage

They questioned not—our heroes—but when Duty
Sounded across the land her summons dire,
They left their tranquil fields and vales of beauty
In this old Quaker shire.

Through dark and anguished days on field and ocean,
What deeds were theirs, their children's children know,—
What sacrifice of sorrowing devotion
Against a valiant foe.

For them was sorrow and for them was weeping;
Back to these hills of home they came no more.
Their grieving comrades left them softly sleeping
By far-off hill and shore.

They softly sleep in bivouac eternal
On lonely fields beneath a southern sky,
And o'er their quiet graves in seasons vernal
Creep tender wood-flowers shy.

Where rolled the thunder of the cannon's booming,
White flowers of peace wave in the Summer air;
Those storied hills are fragrant with the blooming
Of roses soft and fair.

And to these few survivors old and hoary
Fulness of honor and of love we yield,—
What though fate gave them not the dreadful glory
Of falling on the field.

Those, who in starry youth were doomed to perish—
These, whom the Lord hath granted length of days—
With equal reverence their land shall cherish,
Their native county praise.

This stately monument shall stand a token,
A consecrated mentor to our youth,
Serene and pure as simple faith unbroken,
Steadfast as simple truth.

A Child of Ocean

Let its high teaching be forgotten never

While it shall stand to touch the heart to tears;

And may its guardian soldier look forever

On sweet and peaceful years!

THE LOVE SONGS OF "SIDNEY FAIRFAX"

I

BY SEVERN SEA

WE gathered roses, she and I,
And poppies on the purple lea;
We threw them in the yellow tide
And saw them float on Severn Sea.

I sailed away the morrow morn,
And watched her waving from the lea;—
And would to God that I might sleep
Beneath the tides of Severn Sea!

For when I came another year
And hastened to the purple lea,
They showed me one low grave beside
The moaning tides of Severn Sea.

II

A CHILD OF OCEAN

You seemed part of all loveliness
Of that sweet summer day;
Yours was the wild sea-rose's red,
The white of blowing spray.

Wild, wonderful sea-music
Seemed singing, Dear, through you,—
The old immortal witchery
That once Ulysses knew.

A Southern Girl

O child of wind and ocean,
Wild roses and white spray,
Why did you break my yearning heart
That fatal summer day?

III

IN HERRICK'S GARDEN

Sweet-heart Cecily, you and I
In Herrick's garden over the sea
Watched the butterflies sailing, sailing
Over the grassy Devon lea.

Cecily, Sweet-heart, sweet our day
In Herrick's garden over the sea;
And 'mid the Poet's old white roses
We plighted troth by the grassy lea.

Sweet-heart, Cecily, sweet our parting
In Herrick's garden over the sea;
There 'mid the butterflies, sailing, sailing,
I left my love by the Devon lea.

O, Cecily, Sweet-heart, home returning
To Herrick's garden over the sea,
Your sailor lover found you sleeping
Forever under the grassy lea!

IV

A SOUTHERN GIRL

Some memory as of dreaming years
Long, long before the War
She seems to bring to our grey skies
From olden Baltimore.

The charm of far-off southern days
Like roses breathes from her;
Her fine and tranquil ways rebuke
Our fruitless noise and stir.

Golden Dora

Most womanly and true is she,—
Ah me, where shall we find
Another lass so blithe of heart,
So beautiful, so kind!

V

ON BREDEN HILL

Rosalie mine, do you remember
Our twilight walk on Breden Hill,
And how we heard the rapturous thrushes
Sing to the twilight star their fill?

Sweet was the rapturous song of the thrushes,
But O your words were sweeter still!
And the twilight star was long a-slumber
When we came home o'er Breden Hill.

Rosalie's voice and the rapturous thrushes
And our twilight walk on Breden Hill—
My lonely heart alone must cherish,
For Rosalie's lonely heart is chill.

O lost, lost Rosalie—I remember!
And I know the thrushes are singing still,
Though I wander half a world asunder
From Rosalie's grave on Breden Hill.

VI

GOLDEN DORA

Golden Dora,
I remember
How we plucked the scarlet poppies
In the weeping-willow meadow
All among the dreamy rushes
By the Avon;

Marian Marlow

By the Avon,
In September,
Where the drowsy scarlet poppies
In the weeping-willow meadow
By their splendor gave no token
Of my anguish,

Of my anguish,
In December,
When I wandered drear and lonely
In the weeping-willow meadow
Where you sleep below the poppies,—
Golden Dora.

VII

MARIAN MARLOW

Marian Marlow, wistful Marian,
What was the song you sang for me
While slow I paced in the sleepy twilight
There by the shore of the Irish Sea?

Pacing there in the sleepy twilight,
Musing deep on the vanished years,—
Ah, how your music, Marian Marlow,
Touched my lonely heart to tears!

Old and wild and all regretful,
Marian Marlow, your song to me;
Not sadder seemed the moaning billows
Rolling in from the moaning sea.

What strange touch of old enchantment,
Marian Marlow, dwelt in your song,
Weird old Irish melancholy,
Sorrows suffered long and long?

In the Cathedral

A lost and lovely and faery magic
Abides in the song you sang for me,
Marian Marlow, wistful Marian,
There by the shore of the Irish Sea.

Marian Marlow, wistful Marian,
Was it yester-year or years ago
I dreamed I heard by the moaning billows
That selfsame song with its surge and flow,

Its surge and flow and its yearning cadence
Calling to me from the vanished years,
While here by the Irish Sea I wandered
And felt the rush of unbidden tears?

I may not tell why it strangely moved me,
Its magic pathos I may not tell;
But ever your song, O Marian Marlow,
Shall hold my heart with its wondrous spell.

VIII

IN THE CATHEDRAL

Beyond the golden organ tones
And silver horns of soft acclaim
I seemed to hear your angel voice
And dream upon your lovely name.

They sent soft incense through the aisles,
They raised on high the holy wine;—
I only seemed to scent your hair
And dream upon your face divine.

O am I pagan thus to kneel
In this grey shrine with ardor faint,
And 'mid the praying folk devout
To dream upon my own sweet saint?

With Shakespeare in Warwickshire

IX

VANISHED

I watched you in the dreamy dance
Beside the sunlit summer sea ;
Your winsome grace, your pensive glance
They thrilled the lonely heart of me.

I watched you wander down the sand
At eve beside the sunset sea ;
And O, one touch of that soft hand
What benediction 'twere to me !

You vanished round the curving shore
Beyond the vast and moonlit sea ;
And wistful yearning evermore
Must fill the lonely heart of me.

WITH SHAKESPEARE IN WARWICKSHIRE

(For the students of West Chester Friends' School)

YOUNG friends of mine, here at the end of May,
When Chester County's fields are bright and gay,
Will you not sail in spirit o'er the sea
And roam in Shakespeare's Warwickshire with me?

Along about the first of June,
When all the world is well in tune,
When buds and blossoms fill the fields
And bird-songs fill the air—
Who would not ramble hand in hand
In Shakespeare's happy wonderland
With Perdita and Imogen and Rosalind the fair !
*O, to ramble and amble with Shakespeare in Warwickshire,
In hours of early summer, when all the world is fair!*

With Shakespeare in Warwickshire

Then at the shearing-feast we'd haply hear
These words of Perdita, warm-hearted, dear:
*"Give me those flowers, there, Dorcas, Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!"*

* * * * * *Daffodils,*

*That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."*

So would she speak, this "queen of curds and cream,"
The sweet creation of the Poet's dream.

Along about the first of June
Who would not ramble 'neath the moon
With Lorenzo and Jessica
And hear their words of joy;
Or by a bank of sweet woodbine,
Of muskrose and of eglantine,
Hear Oberon rebuke his Queen about a bonnie boy!
*O, to ramble and amble with Shakespeare in Warwickshire,
In hours of early summer, when earth is full of joy!*

Then would the elves that round Titania throng
Sing her "a roundel and a fairy song:"

*"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby;
So, good night, with lullaby."*

Thankfulness

Along about the first of June
It would not be a bit too soon
To roam with merry Touchstone adown the forest dales,
Where Caliban and Ariel
Should fool us with their fancy's spell
And jolly old Autolycus should tell us merry tales.
*O, to ramble and amble with Shakespeare in Warwickshire,
In hours of early summer, adown the forest dales!*

And then as we sat in a random ring
Our jolly Autolycus would sing:—

*“When daffodils begin to peer,
Why, then comes in the sweet o’ the year,
The lark that tirra-lyra chants,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts.*

* * * * *

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a.”*

O, to ramble and amble with Shakespeare in Warwickshire,
In hours of early summer, when all the world is gay!
May, 1916

THANKFULNESS

*“Soul of the beautiful! with upturned face,
A world waits reverent in this holy place.
Where is the secret land from which she fares,
From sun to sun dissolving all our cares?”*

I

NOT only on an appointed day of November, not only
on the Sabbath-day of each week, should we pause
and think of our blessings.—

Every season, every day and hour, let us be filled with
glad thankfulness,

Thankfulness

Helping, if we may, to overcome the clouds of disappointment or grief with the sunshine of joy.

Grief and the memories that abide in the stricken heart are holy and not to be put aside;

Yet a calm and wise joyfulness, a rational striving for tranquil contentment, can soothe and cheer, and tenderly soften the bitterness of sorrow.

As bright days outnumber stormy days, as gentleness and patience overcome hostility,—so should our days and hours of cheerfulness outnumber, in ever greater proportion, our intervals of gloom and discouragement.

The spirit of gratitude, the deliberate thinking upon our blessings, will help us wonderfully to gain this cheerfulness and contented tranquillity.

II

The good All-Father surely gave us this beautiful and radiant earth for our full enjoyment and high benefit.

He sends more light than darkness, more warmth than cold, more friendliness than enmity.

Then let us be thankful for our manifold blessings and gifts that make life noble;

Thankful for the kindness of our friends and the glad-some faces of those who love us and wish us well;

For the dear affection that binds the family circle close together and makes home the beloved place it is;

For the unending love of fathers and mothers for their little ones, and the devotion of children to their parents;

For the tender care of the stronger over the weak,

The protecting and chivalrous regard of strength for beauty.

III

Let us be thankful for the responsibilities that urge us to wholesome and profitable labor,

For the evidences of sober thrift that surround us;

For the towns and villages with their comfortable dwellings,—

Thankfulness

The attractive cottages of the working-folk, embowered with honeysuckles and roses,—

The spacious and dignified mansions built by the ancestors of those who maintain the family traditions of wise conservatism and old-fashioned courtesy and hospitality;

Thankful for the antique Quaker farm-houses that stand amid their venerable trees,

With their sheltering roofs, holding so much that is precious and dear,—

The portraits and relics of those who have gone, and their sacred memories intangible but beautiful,

The living presences of their descendants,—the sturdy fathers, the gentle affectionate mothers,

The happy and hearty children, rosy and bright-eyed,

All gathered round the ruddy hearth in winter twilights, or beneath the orchard boughs in the blossomy days of spring,

Or among the golden wheat in the warm ripe harvest season.

Let us be thankful for the deep-seated patriotism of these kindly people, for their simplicity and quiet sincerity,

For their sensible neglect of disturbing agitators who know not the foundations of true comfort and prosperity.

IV

When we roam through the countryside in our daily walks, let us think with heartfelt gratitude of the abundance yielded by the goodly earth to the tillers of the soil, the plowman and the reapers of the golden grain,

Of the great stone barns with their mows heaped high with sweet hay for the cows and the mild-eyed oxen of mighty strength,

Of the granaries with their rich stores of yellow corn and oats that have ripened on the breezy hill-sides.

Thankfulness

Let us think with gratitude of the mellow apples and pears, the downy peaches and the purple plums that grow in the olden orchards,

That bend the branches with their luscious weight, and delight the heart of the thrifty farmer.

Let us think with gratitude of the flowers that adorn the door-yards and the green lawns and sunny garden-walks,—

The old-time silken hollyhocks and the pungent marigolds beloved by our grandmothers, and the lilacs beautiful and sweet-scented,

The purple phlox that dreams in the drowsy sunshine of late summer,

The red, red roses of June, and their sisters the white roses and the yellow,

The spicy chrysanthemums that gladden the garden in the melancholy, late autumn days,—

All the sweet, friendly flowers that have a charm delightful beyond words.

Let us give silent gratitude for the spruces and hemlocks and the lofty pines,

Green and fragrant trees that cheer us amid the white wastes of frozen winter;

Gratitude for the cherry trees and apple trees that glow with white and rosy blossoms in the exquisite April hours;

For the oaks and sycamores, stately and magnificent, that hold the secrets of the old bygone years in their mighty hearts,

That breathe forth from their murmuring leaves their nature-lore to all who will rightly listen.

V

Let us be thankful of heart for the green wildwood silences,

For the great peace of the shadowy forests, God's own cathedral aisles,

Thankfulness

For the warm fragrance of ferns and the music of mountain streams,

Thankful of heart when we hear the winds playing among the tree-tops their godlike harmonies ;

Thankful for the august pageantry of the storm-cloud and the majestic symphony of the thunder ;

Thankful when we hear the gushing and jubilant song of the birds,

The delicious joy of the robins and black-birds in the silvery mornings of spring,

The pathos of the meadow-larks calling across the fields of nodding clover ;

Thankful when we hear the bells of churches chiming grandly from their heaven-pointing steeples,—

Calling men to worship and pray, in the peaceful Sabbath mornings or at the holy vesper hour ;

Thankful when we hear the lowing of cattle, the cooing of doves,

The fairy song of meadow streams, and the laughter of merry children,

The tinkle of sheep-bells, and the cheery voice of the farmer among his fields.

VI

For all noble books let us be eternally grateful,—

Books that hand on to us the wisdom and glory of prophets and saints of olden time,

Or that elevate and enchant us with the meditations and lyric melodies of more recent writers,—

For the Psalms and the precious and comforting Beatitudes,

For the words of Socrates and of Buddha,

For the stately cantos of Spenser and Milton,

The heart-warming essays of dear Charles Lamb, the sweet and moving poems of Wordsworth and Shelley.

VII

For the goodness and nobility that environ us round
let us be deeply grateful,—

For the tranquil, unassuming people who perform their
tasks cheerfully, and show patience in affliction,

Who seem to make this earth a pathway to heaven by
their Christian fortitude and their brotherly and sisterly
kindness of manner and deed,

Who are but humbler members of the immortal com-
pany that includes Francis of Assisi and George Fox,

Florence Nightingale and Leo Tolstoy, and all who have
lifted humanity to nobler heights.

* * *

So shall the thankful heart prevail in us through every
hour,

And when the evening comes, we shall pause as at the
summons of some unseen angelus bell,

And thank the All-Father for his gift to us of home-
coming and peaceful love and night-long rest from labor.

CECILY

CECILY, daughter of dreams,

Sister of flowers and birds,

What do the wind-voices sing

To thy spirit musing apart

Far in the Brandywine hills?

What do the waterfalls sing

Tumbling over cool rocks

In ferny and shadowy dales?

O miss not the message they bear,

Voices primeval and sweet,

That speak unto those who will hear,

And feed with their magical song

Hearts that are tuned to their hearts,—

Cecily, daughter of dreams,

Sister of flowers and birds.

Earth's Fair Divinity

EARTH'S FAIR DIVINITY

FOR earth's fair divinity
Grateful must the Poet be.
He alone it is who knows
All the beauty of the rose;
He alone it is may hear
The softest tones of rivers clear,
And the passionate half-words
In the fervent songs of birds;
He alone whose eye may see
All the lily's purity,
All the silver of the rills,
All the glory of the hills,
And Nature's universal face
Clothed with beauty and with grace:
And in heart rejoiceth he
For earth's fair divinity.

The cloud-strewn heavens to his sight
Bring illusions infinite;
Wondrous shadow-shapes they show
Fairer than the earth may know,—
Drifting cities hung aloft
Circled round by meadows soft,
Forests of fantastic trees,
Azure isles in silver seas,
Argosies of airy shapes
Coasting by the crystal capes,
Filmy shallows zephyr-fanned
Sailing out of fairy-land.
Ever changing, ever new,
To the Poet's raptured view
All too brief their glory seems,
Vanishing like faded dreams.
Then in heart rejoiceth he
For earth's fair divinity.

The Children's Fishing

When the dying sun is low
All the firmament doth glow,
And a golden splendor sweeps
Down across the lucent deeps.
There are amber mountain sides
Washed around by rosy tides,
Crimson rivers rolling far
Over the horizon's bar,
Purple gulfs and irised bays
Shimmering in lucent haze,
Till their loveliness expires
Melting far in fleecy fires.

Then in heart rejoiceth he
For earth's fair divinity.

In his soul this thought hath birth,—
*All the loveliness of earth
Is a symbol and a sign
Of the joy of the divine,
Teaching man that beauty mortal
Is but as an outer portal,
Paling when the spirit's sight
Resteth on the Infinite.*

Then in heart rejoiceth he
For earth's fair divinity.

THE CHILDREN'S FISHING

WE threw care away
On that bright July day,
For the weather was truly divine,
And we all had been wishing
To go off a-fishing
In the sleepy old Brandywine.
Our sweet girls and boys
Love all country joys;
But chiefly, as I opine,

The Children's Fishing

They love to leave home
And go off to roam
For a day by the Brandywine.
So Georgie and Will
Their baskets did fill,
For they knew we should want to dine,
And Peggy and Kate
They put in some bait
For the fish in the Brandywine;
And flaxen-haired Ellen
And blithe-hearted Helen
Brought the hooks and lots of line,
And Stella she made
Some good lemonade
To drink by the Brandywine.
Nor did we o'erlook
Izaak Walton's old Book
Where the sun seems ever to shine,
For we knew we should need
His dear pages to read
'Neath the trees by the Brandywine.
We joyfully heard
The song of each bird
That lives in those meadows divine;
And merry and sweet
In the acres of wheat
They sang by the Brandywine.
How lovely the gleam
Of the sun on the stream
Through the long afternoon's decline!
And how fragrant the hay
In windrows that lay
In the fields by the Brandywine!
Far away and aloft
So dreamy and soft
Cloud-islands in wavering line
Melted down to the west

The Children's Fishing

To their haven of rest
O'er the hills by the Brandywine.
As they sat in the shade
What a picture they made,
Sweet lassies and laddies fine!
My words are too faint
The picture to paint
Of that scene by the Brandywine.
But true joy is soon past,—
Our day ended at last,
And as farmers were calling their kine
We sang a sweet lyric
From old Robin Herrick
And turned from the Brandywine.
But what of the fish,
And what of our wish
To bring home a well-laden line
Of perch and of bass,
Each laddie and lass,
That day from the Brandywine?
Did we follow the rule
Of the old Angler's school,
Honest Izaak's, who tells every sign,
Every pool and each nook,
In his charming old Book
Which we read by the Brandywine?
How much did we harp
On that wondrous big carp
That swallowed twelve feet of our line?
And what did we say
Of the fat bass that day
That we—missed, in the Brandywine?
To give you a list
Of the fish we just missed
Would wear out your patience and mine,
For with never an eel
Or a fish in our creel

Epilogue

We returned from the Brandywine!
But George says: "Don't laugh,
For the littlest half
Of such trips is to catch a full line;
But the long happy hours
With the birds and the flowers—
That's real joy for the Brandywine!"

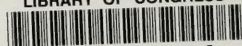
EPILOGUE

*HERE at ending of my Book
As I take a backward look,
I remember youthful days
When I loved and longed to praise
Beauty round me everywhere;—
All the world to me was fair,
Bright with sunshine, music, flowers,
Kindly friends and golden hours.*

*Phrases from an olden song
Haunted me for long and long;
Deeply happy were my dreams,
Wandering by country streams;
And I loved the poets old
Chanting numbers all of gold.*

*Now at end of many days
Still I love and long to praise
Beauty, goodness, honor, truth,
Still despairing as in youth
Of recording justly well
Half of all that I would tell
Of the loving Father's care
For His children everywhere.*

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